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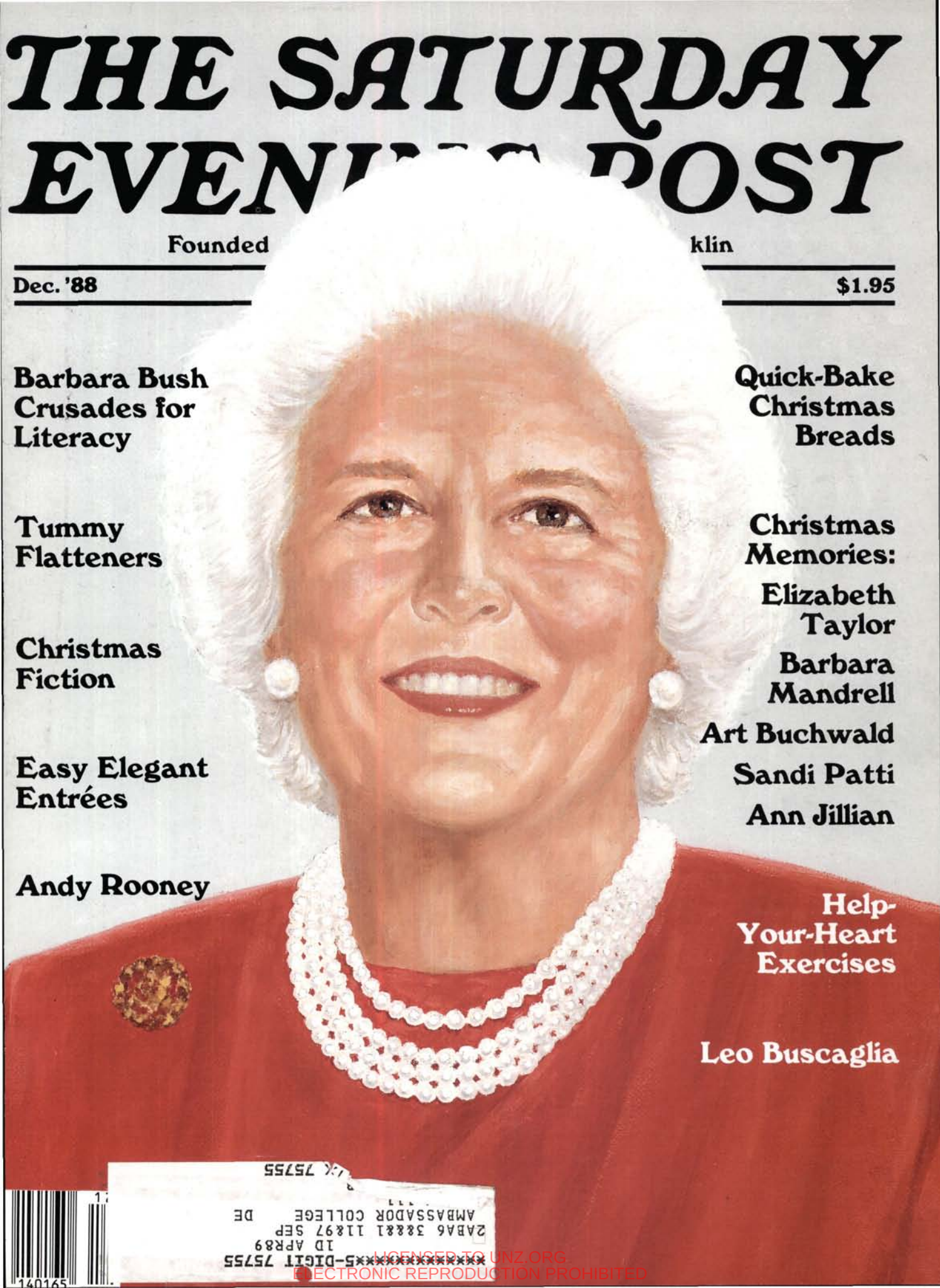

Barbara Bush Crusades for Literacy

Tummy Flatteners

Christmas Fiction

Easy Elegant Entrées

Andy Rooney

Quick-Bake Christmas Breads

Christmas Memories:
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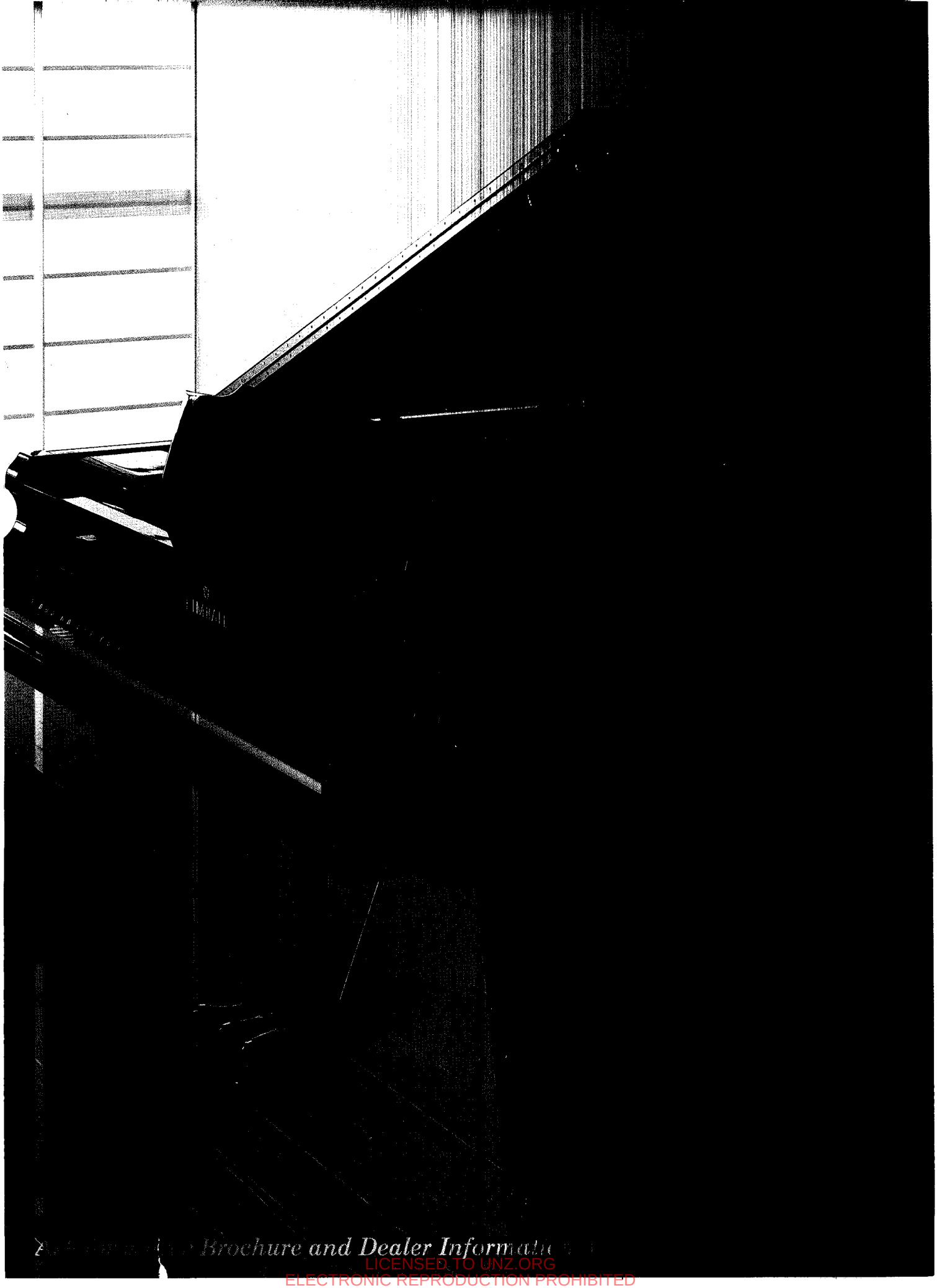

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Leo Buscaglia—remembers boyhood neighbors who didn't believe in Christmas. **40**

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728

Published by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SOCIETY
a division of THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LITERARY & MEDICAL SOCIETY

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(Cover painting by Lucian Lupinski)

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*Kenneth Kister, noted encyclopedia reviewer, Tampa Tribune interview, 1988.

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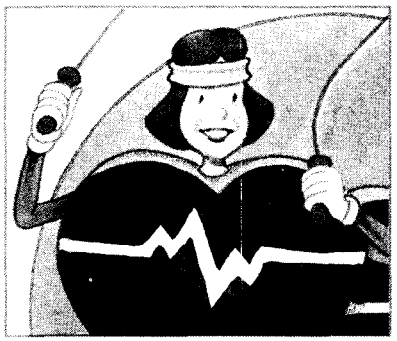
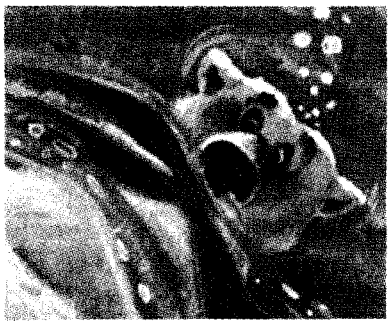
The Stars Reflect—on Christmas, and the one they remember best. **68**



A Revolution in Heart Health—can be seen on country roads, in city parks, and in exercise clubs across the nation. **90**



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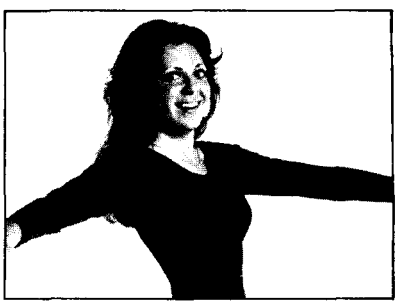

Taking It Out of the Middle—with exercises that flatten the tummy and make you feel better. **36**

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Letters

Lisa with an "S"

I was thrilled when I opened my mail yesterday and discovered that I had won the December 1987 caption contest in your magazine. I had all but forgotten about it, and it was a refreshing change to find a check in the mail instead of bills!

Also, I was glad to see that my name had been spelled correctly on my check. So many people like to spell my last name of Westenbroek as "Westenbrook" or "Westenbrock." However, when I got a September issue of the *Post* and flipped to page 94, I discovered that I am identified as "Lisa Westenbroer, Leeland, Michigan."

Just wanted you and your readers to know that I really am Lisa Westenbroek of Zeeland, Michigan. Thanks again!

Lisa Westenbroek
Zeeland, Michigan

Alcohol Rub

In your November '88 issue was a letter by Mrs. Dorrance protesting the creative cooking with wine article (April '88).

I have appreciated your magazine and its views on healthful living. If people want to drink they can find an excuse for it, but as for me and my house, and as a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, I don't want anything with alcohol in it (whether it is cooked out or not) in my house. I hope you will not print any more recipes using wine or any other alcohol.

Sarah Esther Smith
Cambridge City, Indiana

Pulling for Maynard

I just have to write again to tell you how much I enjoy Maynard Stoddard. He really "cracks me up." We need more humor in this world today.

He and his wife, Lois, must have a wonderful marriage.

Cecelia Phillips
Sequim, Washington

I really do enjoy reading the *Post*. It has more good educational and entertaining articles than any other magazine I know of.

The reason I'm writing is because of Maynard G. Stoddard. He really has a

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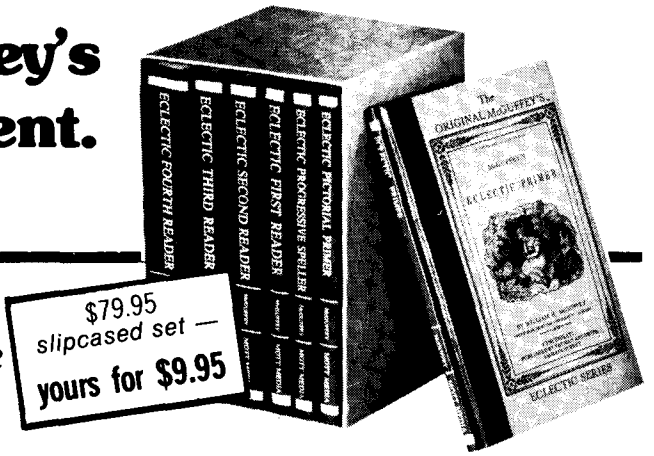

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wonderful sense of humor. Sure he picks on his wife, but she knows him (I hope). She knows he loves her. It shows in his work the way he writes about her. As to some of his "white lies," as I shall call them, he's way behind the politicians! You sure will have to agree with me there.

So keep up the good work, and I will enjoy your articles as bedtime reading because they are humorous and make me feel good.

So don't pick on him anymore.

Emma S. Dauberman
North Canton, Ohio

Dr. Bomgaars' letter of fury at Maynard Good Stoddard's hilarious piece "Sailing Down the Root Canal" leads me to wonder if that doctor has *any* sense of humor at all. Surely he knew Maynard was kidding, and as surely he must know that children have always had a sense of terror when faced with a trip to a dentist. It's not a laughing matter, but Stoddard put a laugh into it, showing he knows more about human nature than the angry doctor.

Surely that doctor knows the old-time jokes—if not, where on earth did he grow up? The jokes on the family doctor who brought the new baby in his valise but a wee bit too early. Surely the jokes about Dr. Boneset, or Dr. Bighter, who'd rather pull teeth than eat! Surely the many others—all other jokes about some occupation, the men in them, and whether or not we really trusted them, especially when we'd grown up with them, gone swimming in forbidden water holes, etc., ad nauseam.

Has that doctor no sense of humor whatever? Is he so weary of looking into those awful caverns that he has forgotten how to laugh? Better yet, how to laugh at himself—even his very occupation? Sad, if true, as it seems to be by his childish rage at Stoddard's delightful words! At this point let me say that Maynard Good Stoddard is one of the reasons I take and also enjoy the *Post*. Bless its dear heart and his, and may we hope some stroke of lightning softens the heart and activates the risibility of that solemn creature, one Dr. Lee R. Bomgaars of Waukegan, Illinois!

Helen A. Sinclair
Highland Park, Michigan

"You Fish on Your Side"

When I was a little girl, growing up in Providence, Rhode Island, my mother used to sing me a little ditty about

"Lake Cha-gog-a-gog
Man-chog-a-gog
Cha-Bun-a-gung-a-maug"

Now, your article "What's in a Name?" [July/Aug. '88] mentions the same place, but Mr. Bohannon has omitted the four syllables in the middle. Have I been saying it wrong all these years? Did my mother teach me wrong, and did I compound the error by teaching it my way to the children in my elementary-school classes? They used to be amused at trying to memorize this rhythmic tongue twister.

Incidentally, during my dating years, I often took Sunday afternoon drives with my boyfriend. Not far from the corner where the three states of Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts meet, we would pass through Webster, which, as I recall it, wasn't even a "whistle stop" (not a train within tootin' distance) but had maybe a general store, post office, and a few other buildings all close to the edge of the lake which the Indians gave that designation "You fish on your side. I'll fish on my side. No one fish in middle." Mr. Bohannon's article didn't mention the lake which makes sense out of the Indian name. I believe that at the time I went there, there was still a sign that showed the original Indian name as well as the name "Webster." I notice that the current map issued by the Massachusetts Division of Tourism shows only the Webster name for both the lake and the town. That seems to me a shame. Even if the "Chagogagog . . ." is a little hard to pronounce, it does have such a rhythmic sound. If those people who lived there were too lazy to say that long name, I wonder why they didn't just abbreviate it to "Lake Chog."

Other places have retained their original Indian names. Our Northeast abounds with interesting names—Lake Winnipesaukee in New Hampshire, Lake Ronkonkoma in New York, Misquamicut and Quonochontaug in Rhode Island, to name just a few of those places which have retained their original Indian names and help us to remember who the *real native Americans* were.

Gladys Edwards
Bayside, New York

Editor's note: Indian names often have dozens of variations on spellings. Our own search of historical sources in Webster turned up spellings with as few as 17 letters and as many as 46! Your version comes close to one we discovered: Chargoggagoggaman-chuggagoggchaubunagungamaugg.

"Well, now what do you feel like doing?"

IRS on IRA

Please be advised [regarding the

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"Money Talk" article] on page 70 of the September issue that the Internal Revenue Service changed its position and will allow an entire required IRA withdrawal from one certificate.

However, they do say you must take all IRA accounts into consideration when computing the amount to be withdrawn.

Louis L. Theiss, Jr.
Bayside, New York

Editor's note: Venita VanCaspel is happy to report that the IRS has changed its position. (There was a great outcry.) Its new ruling on mandatory IRA withdrawals after age 70½ specifies that if you withdraw the required amount that year, you may take it from any of your IRAs that you choose.

Who Can Compete with Lunden?

Re: the article "Good Morning, Joan Lunden" [September 1988].

I feel the article on Joan Lunden, co-host of "Good Morning America," presented a slanted viewpoint. As a regular viewer of "Good Morning America," I have enjoyed her program. She is definitely an accomplished, intelligent woman. In that respect, she's a model for women.

The article, though, does not emphasize the tremendous support system she has on the job and in her personal life. The staff behind the scenes is a support system the average woman does not have. The average woman works at a less glamorous job, receives substantially less pay, and has to do the menial tasks both on the job and at home.

Also, Joan Lunden receives frequent vacations as co-host of "Good Morning America." I am sure this helps her in many ways, both personally and professionally.

I enjoy reading articles about Joan Lunden, but having a slanted view presented is frustrating. The average woman in no way can measure up to her, because the average woman lacks the dependable, capable support system that Joan Lunden effectively manages and benefits from in her various roles: professional TV person, wife, and mother.

Marva Allison
Powell, Wyoming

Cover Charge

I just recently started receiving your magazine and enjoy the informative articles, humor, and stories. The letters sent from subscribers I most especially like.

As a matter of fact, I'm writing because of a letter I read in the October '88 issue. Dave and Laurie Evans had a letter entitled "Well Covered." They spoke of how much they enjoyed the *Post* but missed the "real" *Post* covers. I would like to say I agree 101 percent. What does a person think of when *The Saturday Evening Post* is mentioned? Before any consideration of subscription I would have answered Norman Rockwell. As far as I was concerned *The Saturday Evening Post* was Norman Rockwell. The only magazine I know of that had a true artistic touch. Norman Rockwell and *The Saturday Evening Post* go together like Grandma and the love she gave and still gives. Why, take the love out of Grandma and you have just another grandma. Get my point? It's not too comforting to think I have just another grandma.

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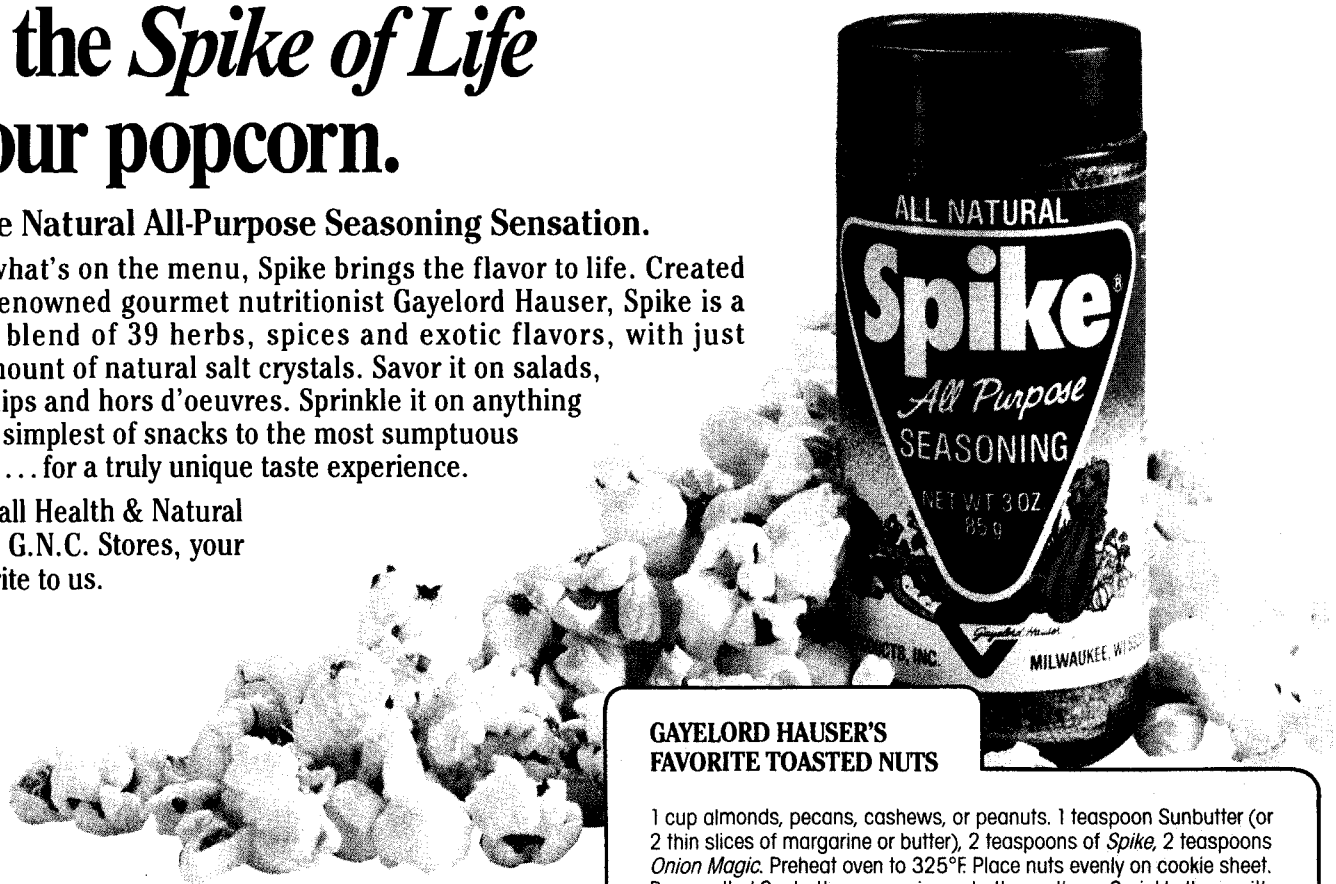

GAYELORD HAUSER'S FAVORITE TOASTED NUTS

1 cup almonds, pecans, cashews, or peanuts. 1 teaspoon Sunbutter (or 2 thin slices of margarine or butter), 2 teaspoons of *Spike,* 2 teaspoons *Onion Magic.* Preheat oven to 325°F. Place nuts evenly on cookie sheet. Pour melted Sunbutter, margarine or butter on them. Sprinkle them with *Spike* and *Onion Magic.* Stir occasionally while toasting in oven (approximately 5 to 7 minutes). Place toasted nuts on small flat tray or decorate plate and garnish with large black or green olives.

Gayelord Hauser

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Mine is special. Rockwell once or twice a year isn't enough; how about every month or two?

As a subscriber this means a lot to me. I am submitting my request for more of what I thought you were famous for.

John K. Cheeseman
Concerned Subscriber
Winter Springs, Florida

Unbeaten Loretta

I am writing to say I've seen stories on other country singers like Dolly Parton and Barbara Mandrell in past issues of the *Post*. But my favorite singer is Loretta Lynn. Loretta can't be beat. I love Loretta. She has been my favorite singer for years. Every award she's gotten she deserves.

How about a feature cover story on Loretta? She deserves it. I would appreciate it if you could do a feature on Loretta in the future.

Greg Bennett
Union, Kentucky

Recipe Rouser

Come on! The recipe for Apple-Almond Coffee Cake, page 18, October '88 issue and photo do not even compare. You show a Bundt cake. The recipe is a cake baked in a 6" baking dish with apples poured on top. Shame on you. Give us the Bundt-cake recipe!

Alice Billings
Mesa, Arizona

Editor's note: After that strike-out, we're going to try to Bundt our way on base with the following recipe, courtesy of the Washington Apple Commission.

Golden Apple Bundt-Style Cake
(Makes 8 servings)

3 (about 1 pound) medium Golden Delicious apples
⅓ cup margarine
½ cup sugar
¼ cup brown sugar
2 eggs
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk

Core and slice 1 apple. Arrange slices in bottom of well-greased Bundt-style pan. Pare, core, and finely chop remaining apples to 1½ cups. Cream margarine and sugars until light. Beat in eggs, orange juice, and peel. Combine flour, baking powder, and salt; mix well. Add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fold in chopped apples. Spoon batter over apple slices in pan. Bake at 375° F. 40-45 minutes or until wooden pick inserted near center comes out clean. Cool in pan 10 minutes. Turn onto serving plate. Serve warm or cold.

Up Anchor

I am so glad to see Peter Jennings receiving such high acclaim in your November edition.

We admire him very much, and it just goes to prove that anchoring doesn't have to be the ruthless and vicious performances some anchormen have deluded themselves into thinking the public wants.

It is also refreshing to see what loving family relationships he has. More power to Mr. Jennings and to *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Mrs. Howard Helton
Copperhill, Tennessee

The Raw Truth

RE: "Feeling Your Oats"

I read with interest the above mentioned article in the September issue of the *SatEvePost*.

In the article you noted that "two ounces of oat bran a day in hot cereal or muffins can help reduce blood cholesterol. . . ." From your studies did you determine the effectiveness of raw oat bran on fruit or cold cereal? If there is any difference in the effectiveness I would appreciate your advising me of same.

My doctor recommended I put raw oat bran over fruit in the morning, and since I am very interested in keeping my cholesterol level down, I would appreciate knowing the most effective way to eat oat bran.

B. S. Reid
Jacksonville, Florida

Editor's note: Thank you for stating your question so well. Many others have asked the same question.

The important point to keep in mind is to get in the habit of consuming oat bran in some form daily. The way you use the oat bran doesn't change the wonderful effect that oat bran has on lowering your cholesterol.

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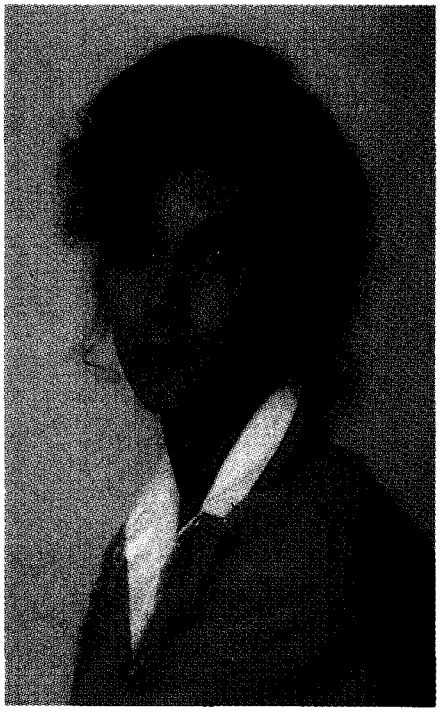
Post People



Kate Jackson, reportedly the highest-paid woman in television, is grateful for the "miracle of mammography." She is talking about her breast surgery, which did not involve a mastectomy or even a lumpectomy.

The actress admits having never had a mammogram, until one morning when for some inexplicable reason she woke up saying, "I've got to have a mammogram today."

Happily, she did. For, as the procedure revealed, she had a calcification, too small to feel, which often indicates abnormal cells.

"The thing was not invasive," says the star of the ever-popular "Scarecrow and Mrs. King" TV series and NBC's new hit comedy "Baby Boom." "It was only in one place, a pinpoint on the mammogram. The procedure was done under a local, and they even checked my lymph nodes, which were O.K.

"I can't urge enough that women, both young and old, no longer fear mammography," she says. "I'm already back to work."

Former ***President Richard Nixon***'s grandchildren were the candles lighting his 75th birthday, celebrated this year at Saddle River, New Jersey. Reading counterclockwise from the shoulder, that's Melanie Eisenhower, three; her sister, Jennie, nine; their brother, Alex, seven; and Christopher Cox, eight.

From all appearances, grandpa has forgiven Alex, who, at the family baseball game, pitched the ball short

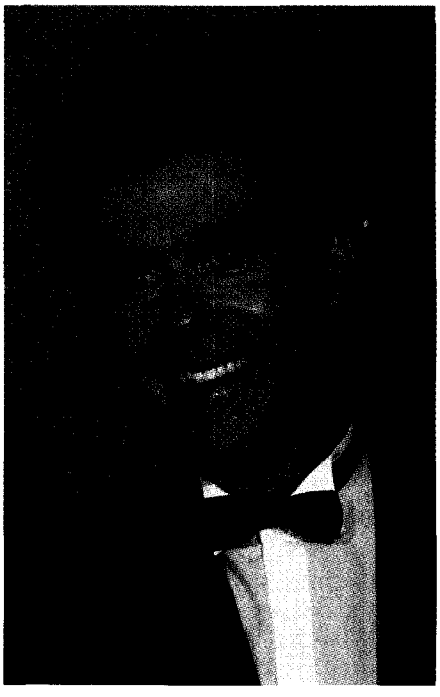
of home plate. The result was a nubber, as it's known in baseball circles, and Grandfather Nixon was an easy victim at first base.

In contrast to many senior gentlemen who choose to rust out rather than wear out, ***Norman Vincent Peale*** remains positive, "with lots to do."

At age 90, the retired minister maintains a schedule that would floor a horse: up at 5:30, on the road 40 percent of the time (not including his daily two-mile walk), giving three speeches a week. He is also the chairman of *Guideposts*, an inspirational magazine he and Ruth, his wife of 58 years, founded together.

"I haven't persuaded everybody out there to be a positive thinker," says the spry nonagenarian, perhaps best known for his best-selling book (15 million copies in 40 languages) *The Power of Positive Thinking*.

Peale says he learned the secret of life at an early age, when his mother said she never wanted to hear him say "can't" again—as in "Mother, I just can't get this algebra."



Fans of the popular TV series "Growing Pains" know that ***Alan Thicke*** is one of TV's hottest dads. What the fans may not know is that, besides sharing custody (with his ex-wife Gloria Loring) of his two sons, Brennan, 11, and Robin, 9, he has written theme songs for more than 35 TV shows and continues to write for some of today's top performers.

Thicke is a prominent antidiabetes spokesman, a role that began when Brennan was victimized by the disease. Alan's work has brought him many honors, including "Father of the Year" by the Juvenile Diabetes Association as well as the National Diabetes Association.

The road from stand-up comic to "Growing Pains" has been a long one for Alan Thicke, today one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. But now he sees that road stretching ahead to more serious acting roles.

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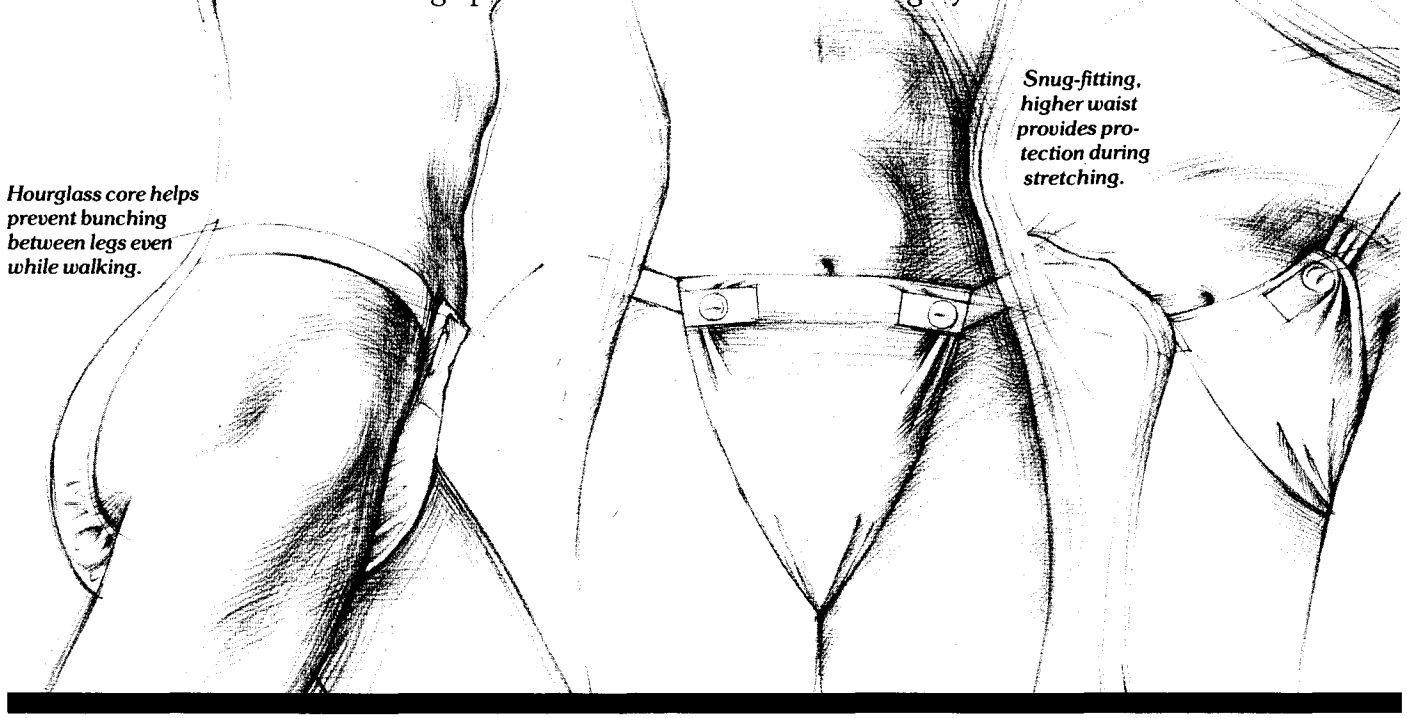
Hourglass core helps prevent bunching between legs even while walking.
Snug-fitting, higher waist provides protection during stretching.

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stretching, twisting bladder muscles. design helps protect moments of motion.

heart of the undergarment. Its shape is that of an hourglass: narrow between the legs to prevent bunching and wide where maximum absorbency may be needed.

Attends designed its undergarment with this exclusive core to help make movements like walking and rising secure and comfortable.

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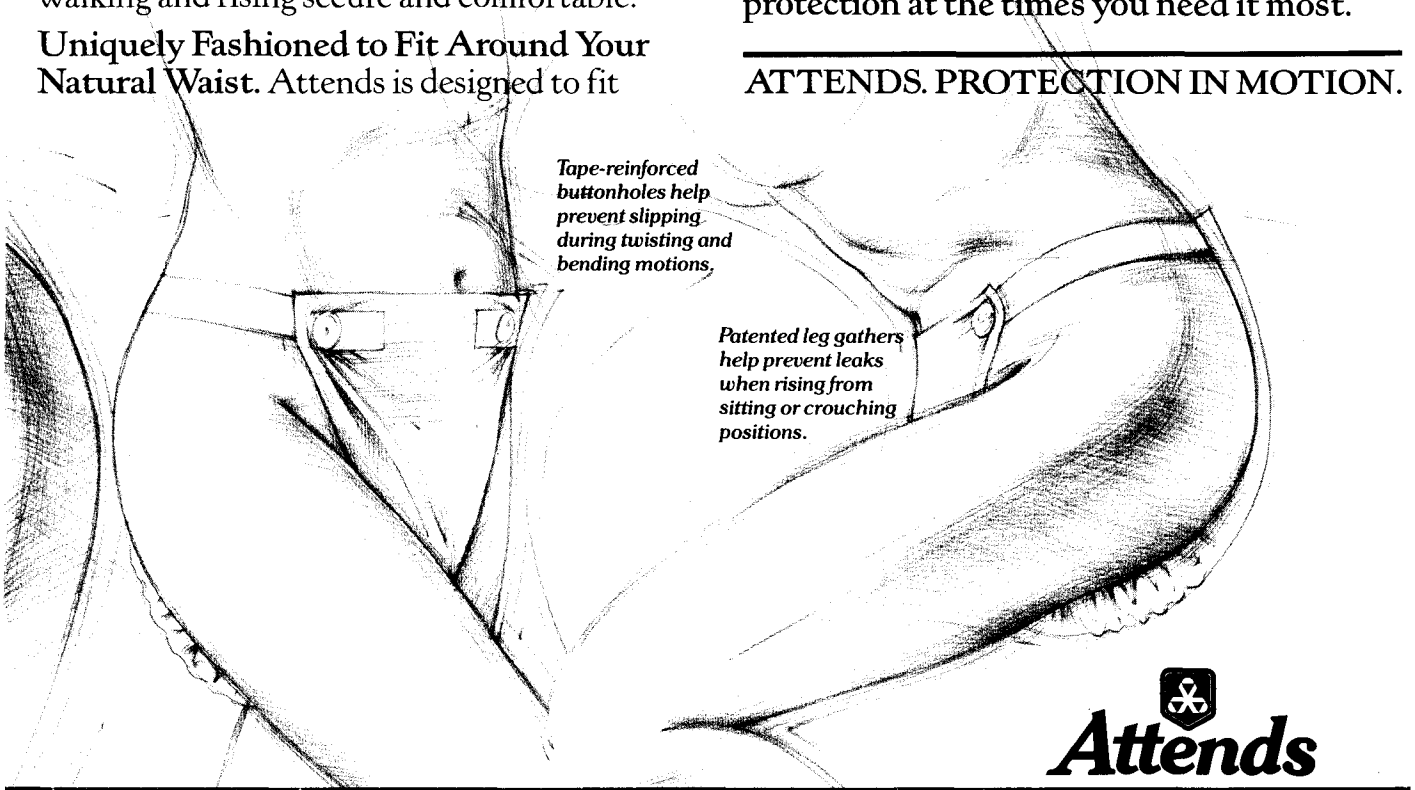
Tape-reinforced buttonholes help prevent slipping during twisting and bending motions.
Patented leg gathers help prevent leaks when rising from sitting or crouching positions.

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BRIEFS AND UNDERGARMENTS

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A GUIDE TO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Things to consider when it's time to shop for Christmas:

by Andy Rooney

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Don't buy anyone socks for Christmas.

If I worked behind the counter of a store that played Christmas music over its loudspeakers, I'd want to be paid extra for having to listen to it. There are just so many times anyone can stand to hear "Jingle Bells," "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer," or even "Silent Night."

If you're going to be out shopping for several hours, remember to buy the heavy presents last.

It's difficult to keep from buying Christmas presents for other people that you'd like to have for yourself. For instance, I've been thinking of buying a Makita band saw for someone, but I know she'd only take it back and exchange it for a cashmere sweater.

When I was a kid, I always felt sorry for grownups because they got such dull presents. My mother always got slips, usually pink.

Asking salespeople if the item you've selected would fit them or what size they take never helps you get the right size for someone else.

Some people like anything you give them just because *you* gave it to them. Other people never like anything you give them and there's nothing you can do about it.

It's hard to buy things in some stores. I always give up when I have to deal with more than one salesperson. A lot of places ask you to pick out what you want, go somewhere else to pay for it, and then return to the original place to pick it up. I go somewhere else to shop.

The closer it gets to Christmas, the quicker I make decisions about buying presents.

I spend more money on presents than I used to but people don't seem to like them any better.

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It might be worth it for the big stores to go to the trouble of providing coat-check rooms or lockers. When I enter a store from the cold, I'd stay a lot longer and probably buy more if I could get rid of my coat while I'm in there.

You often see ten things you'd like to buy for one person, but nothing seems right for someone else.

Two weeks before Christmas, I always think of a good present for someone but it has to be ordered three weeks in advance.

If you buy several Christmas presents early and have them wrapped or wrap them yourself, it's possible to forget whose present is in which box. You can't always tell what something is by the shape of the box, either.

I get tired a lot faster walking around a big store than I do running around the tennis court.

No matter how many presents you buy, you're always going to be worried you didn't buy enough or the right present for someone.

Bedroom slippers used to be more popular as Christmas presents than they are now. I never wear them myself. On the occasions when I ought to, I go barefoot. Someone always says, "You'll catch cold," but I never have.

Department stores could save a lot of money if they didn't keep their places so hot. Make the clerks wear coats.

I'm surprised perfume is still considered a Christmas gift. It seems old-fashioned. When you can smell perfume, someone's wearing too much.

Stores ought to give customers a choice of wrapping paper. I don't like it to look as though I bought all my presents in one store.

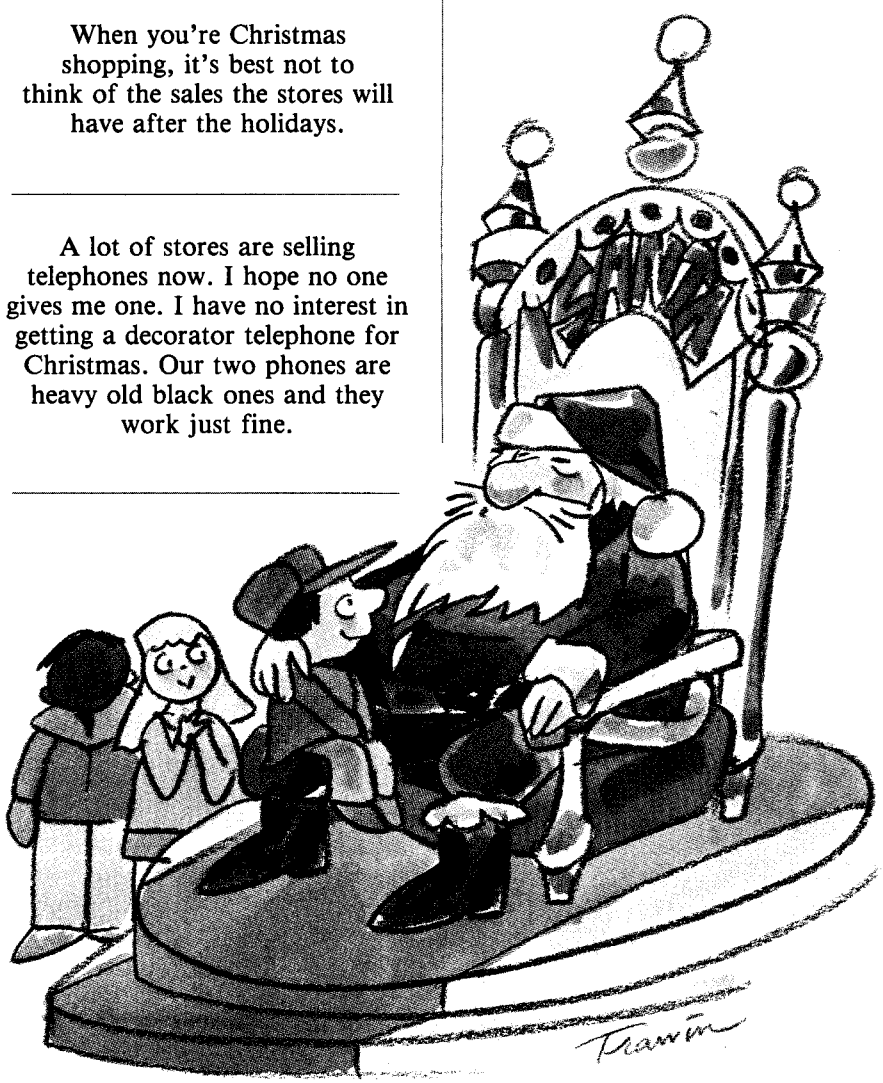
When you're Christmas shopping, it's best not to think of the sales the stores will have after the holidays.

A lot of stores are selling telephones now. I hope no one gives me one. I have no interest in getting a decorator telephone for Christmas. Our two phones are heavy old black ones and they work just fine.

I never got over the delight I felt riding an escalator when I was a kid. If I have to go to the eighth floor of a department store today, I still take the escalator even though the elevator's faster.

I'm always surprised how many people in my family give me presents I like when I consider how few things I see that I'd buy for myself.

The Santa Clauses seem a lot seedier than they used to.



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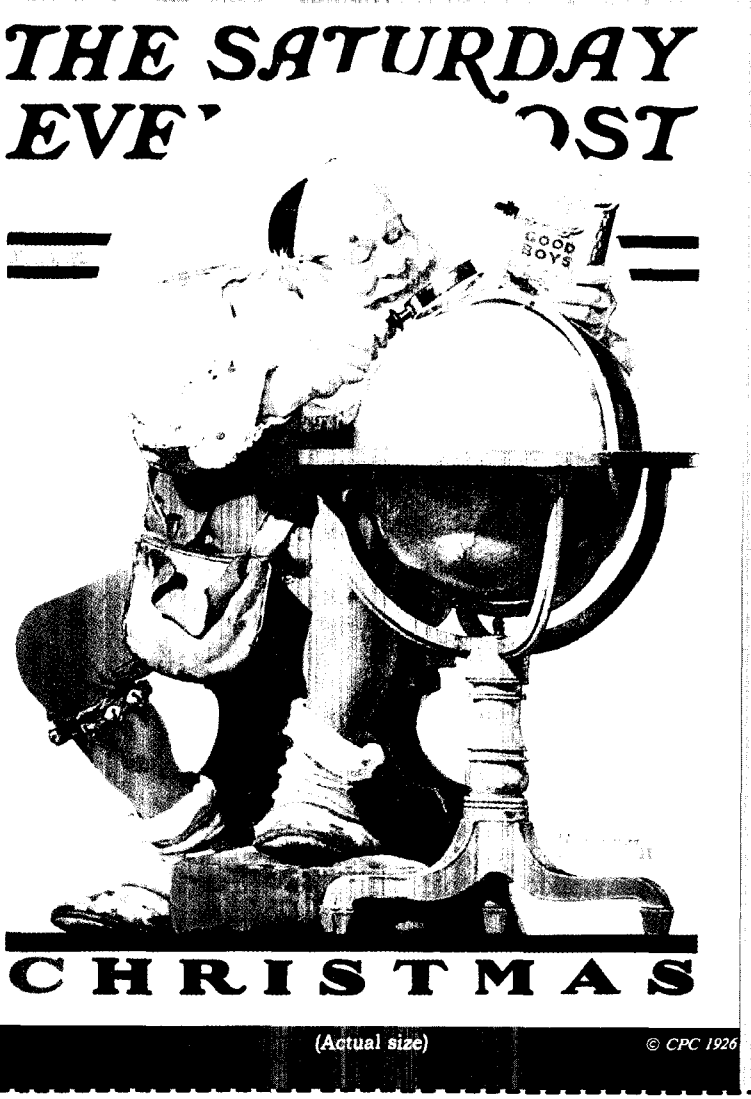

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MICROWAVE

CLASSIC CHRISTMAS BREADS

Guests will love these traditional holiday favorites made with a healthful twist.

by Jacquelyn Nyenhuis, R.D.

It might have happened on a snowy Christmas Eve in the 1800s when a group of carolers came to one last house. With cold noses and frosty breaths they sang "We Wish You a Merry Christmas" as the odor of fresh-baked pudding drifted through the open door. Maybe one mischievous boy added a last verse, "Now bring us some figgy pudding, and bring it right now," begging for an invitation to enter the home for a bite to eat.

No doubt the singers were invited in, and from that night forward figgy pudding became a part of the carolers' repertoire.

Today when holiday guests drop by, be ready with your own repertoire of traditional Christmas edibles.

The figgy puddings of Dickens' day had to steam for an hour and they contained beef suet—hardly conducive to a healthful diet. But a modern version made from whole grains and dried figs cooks in the microwave in minutes. The microwave oven duplicates the conditions of a steamer to produce a moist, flavorful, breadlike pudding, sweetened to taste with a honey-lemon sauce.

Cranberry Bran Bread is a New England classic. Make it in a ring mold for full effect, or in a loaf or six-inch cake pan.

Pretzel-shaped Danish Kringlers, which provide solace for Scandinavians during long northern winters, are traditional during the Christmas season. The filling of almond paste and wheat germ tastes so good it ought to be bad for you—but it isn't!

For a fancy centerpiece, a Poppy-Seed Bread Wreath garnished with cherries can add beauty to your snacking table. Make the wreath ahead and freeze it until needed; then pop it into the conventional oven to brown before serving.

Figgy Pudding

(Makes 4 servings)

½ cup whole-wheat flour
¼ cup cornmeal
¼ cup wheat germ
½ cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup molasses
⅔ cup buttermilk
1 egg
1 cup chopped dried figs
¼ cup chopped nuts
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon ground nutmeg

Combine all ingredients in mixing bowl; stir until well-mixed. Place circle of waxed paper in 2-cup glass measure. Spread about 1 cup batter into 2-cup glass measure; cover with plastic wrap. Microwave at Medium (50%) until bottom is set, about 6-8 minutes; rotate once during cooking. Repeat with remaining batter.

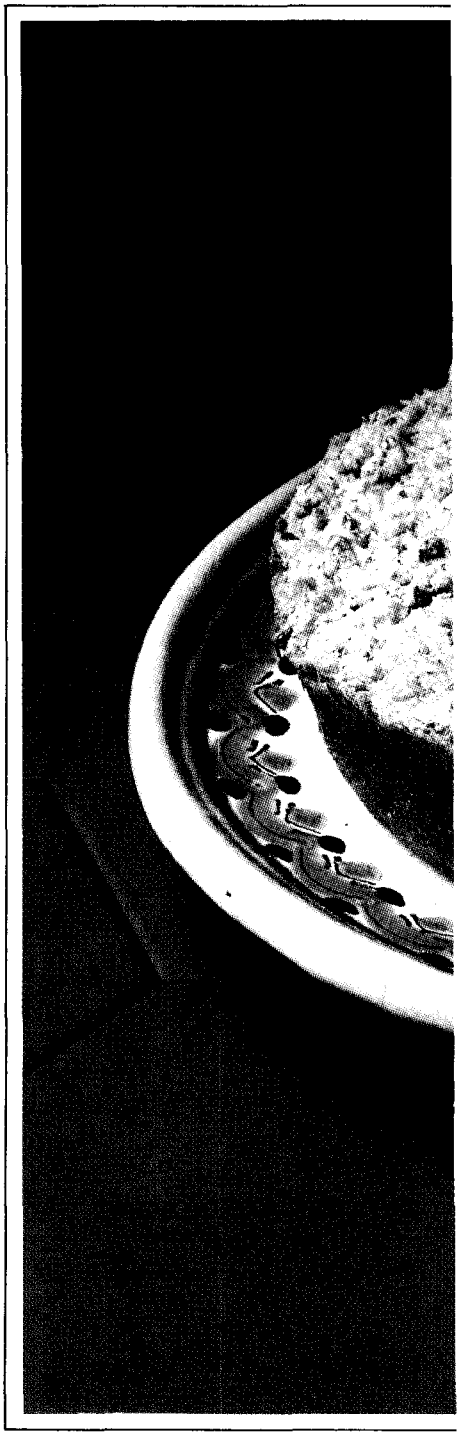
Conventional directions: Spray pudding molds that have tight-fitting lids with vegetable nonstick coating and sprinkle inside with sugar. Fill molds ⅔ full with batter. Place molds on trivet in heavy kettle with 1" boiling water. Cover kettle tightly. Steam 1-1½ hours.

Citrus-Honey Sauce

(Makes ¾ cup sauce)

1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup orange juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons honey
1 tablespoon margarine

Combine cornstarch and sugar. Slowly stir in orange juice, lemon juice, and honey. Add margarine. Microwave at High (100%) until boiling



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and thickened, about 2-2½ minutes; stir once or twice during cooking.

Cranberry Bran Bread
(Makes 1 loaf)

½ cup all-purpose flour
1 cup whole-wheat flour
¼ cup all-bran cereal
½ cup light brown sugar
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
¼ cup milk
¼ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
¼ cup vegetable oil
½ cup chopped nuts
½ cup chopped cranberries
Graham-cracker crumbs

Combine dry ingredients. Stir in egg, milk, orange juice, orange rind, and oil; mix just until dry ingredients are moistened. Stir in nuts and cranberries. Spray 5-cup ring mold with non-stick vegetable coating and sprinkle with graham-cracker crumbs. Spoon batter into mold; cover with waxed paper. Microwave at High (100%) until no longer doughy, about 5-6 minutes; rotate dish once during cooking. Let cool; remove from dish.

Conventional directions: Spoon batter into small loaf or 6″ round pan

Christmas Cranberry Bran Bread, a traditional New England favorite, is high in fiber and low in sugar and fat.

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sprayed with nonstick vegetable coating. Bake in preheated 350° F. oven 40-45 minutes or until center is firm.

Danish Kringler
(Makes 1 loaf)

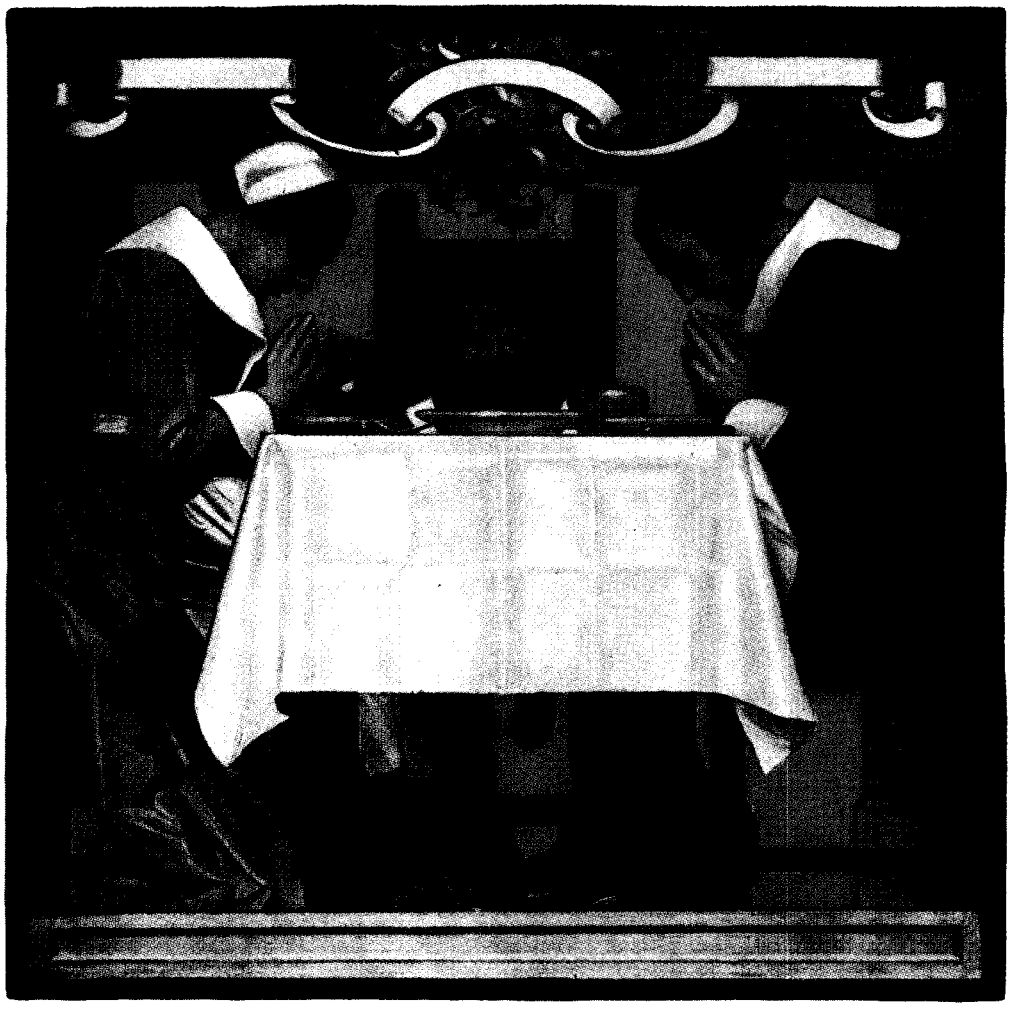
1½ cups all-purpose flour
6 tablespoons margarine
2 teaspoons active dry yeast
2 tablespoons warm water
¼ cup evaporated milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg white
2 tablespoons sliced almonds

Filling:
½ cup almond paste
2 tablespoons margarine
1 egg white
¼ cup wheat germ

Combine 2 tablespoons flour and margarine until smooth. Spread to 8"x4" rectangle on sheet of waxed paper; chill until firm. Dissolve yeast in warm water. Combine yeast mixture, milk, egg, sugar, and salt in mixing bowl. Stir in remaining flour to form stiff dough. Knead dough until smooth. Roll out dough on lightly floured surface into 8" square. Place chilled butter on dough. Fold in sides of dough, then fold into thirds. Roll out into 12"x6" rectangle. Repeat folding and rolling twice. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill 30 minutes. Roll into 24"x6" rectangle.

Combine ingredients for filling; beat until well-mixed. Spread filling down center of dough. Fold dough to cover filling. Place dough on glass baking tray. Shape into pretzel and flatten slightly. Cover with plastic wrap and let stand in warm place until double in size. Remove plastic wrap and cover with paper towel. Microwave at High (100%) or until set, about 5-8 minutes.

At this point bread can be wrapped in foil and frozen, or baked immediately. Thaw bread before baking if it has been frozen. Place bread on metal baking tray. Brush bread lightly with egg white and sprinkle with sliced almonds and sugar. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven 5-8 minutes or until lightly browned.



An old-fashioned figgy pudding can be a nutritious addition to your holiday table.

Conventional directions: Omit microwave step and bake in preheated 375° F. oven 20-25 minutes or until browned.

Tip: Whole-wheat flour can be used in place of half of all-purpose flour.

Poppy-Seed Bread Wreath
(Makes 1 loaf)

1 package active dry yeast
½ cup warm water
¼ cup margarine
1 cup all-purpose flour
¾ cup whole-wheat flour
¼ cup wheat germ
¼ cup honey
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 can (12½ oz.) poppy-seed filling
Cherries for garnish

Dissolve yeast in water. Microwave margarine at High (100%) until melted, about ½-1 minute. Add remaining ingredients except filling and cherries. Knead dough until smooth. Place in oiled bowl and cover with plastic wrap; let rise 1 hour or until double in size.

Punch down dough and roll into 16"x4" rectangle. Spoon filling down center of dough. Roll up dough and pinch edges to seal. Place in circle on glass tray; using scissors, cut ring at 1" intervals about 1" deep. Gently lift and twist each section, exposing cut surface of dough; cover with plastic wrap. Let rise in warm place until double in size, about 45 minutes. Remove plastic wrap and cover with paper towel. Microwave at High until set, about 5-6 minutes; rotate dish once during cooking. When cool, bread can be wrapped in foil and frozen. Thaw before baking. Bake on metal baking sheet in preheated 425° F. oven 5-8 minutes or until lightly browned. Garnish with cherries.

Conventional directions: Omit microwave step and bake in preheated 400° F. oven 20-25 minutes or until lightly browned.

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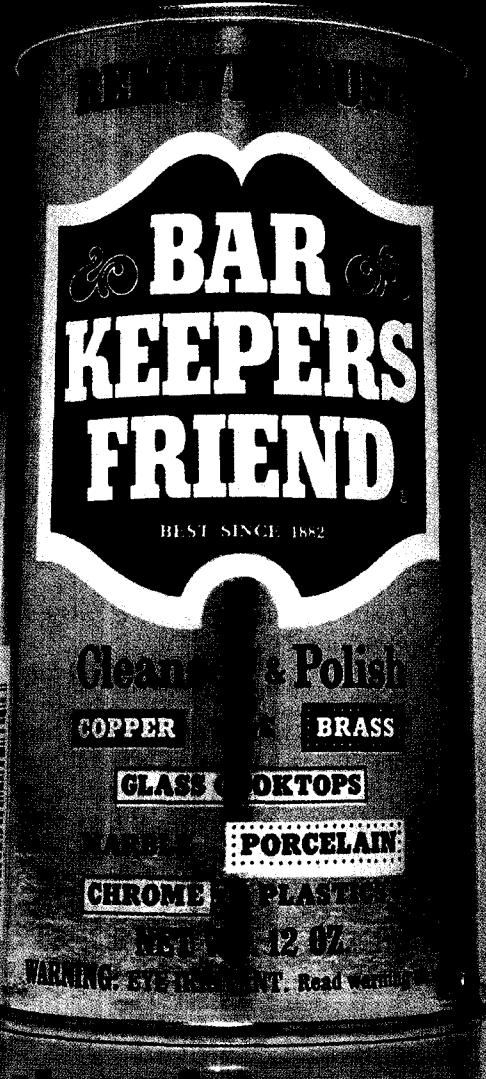

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YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA

by Francis P. Church

Her whole name was Mrs. Laura Virginia O'Hanlon Douglas. She earned a master's degree from Columbia University and a doctorate from Fordham, and she had a long and distinguished career as a teacher and administrator in the New York City school system, but to millions of people she will always be the little girl who wrote a letter asking about Santa Claus.

"I was only a child, and my parents did everything for me that any parents could do," Mrs. Douglas told an audience of college students some 40 years later. "Quite naturally I believed in Santa Claus, for he had never disappointed me. But like you, I turned to those of my own generation, and so when less fortunate little boys and girls said there wasn't any Santa Claus, I was filled with doubts. I asked my father, and he was a little evasive on the subject.

"It was a habit in our family that whenever any doubts came up as to how to pronounce a word, or some question of historical fact was in doubt, we wrote to the 'Question and Answer' column in The *New York Sun*. Father would always say, 'If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so,' and that settled the matter.

" 'Well, I'm just going to write to the *Sun* and find out the real truth,' I said to father."

The editorial was written by Francis Pharcellus Church, a Civil War correspondent for the *New York Times* before he joined the *Sun* as a writer specializing in theological and controversial subjects.

Mr. Church died in 1906.

The *New York Sun* died in 1950.

Mrs. Douglas died May 13, 1971, at the age of 81.

But little Virginia, her letter and the answer she received will live forever in America's heart.

Dear Editor: I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says "If you see it in the Sun *it's so."*

Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

—Virginia O'Hanlon

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

From *The New York Sun*, September 21, 1897

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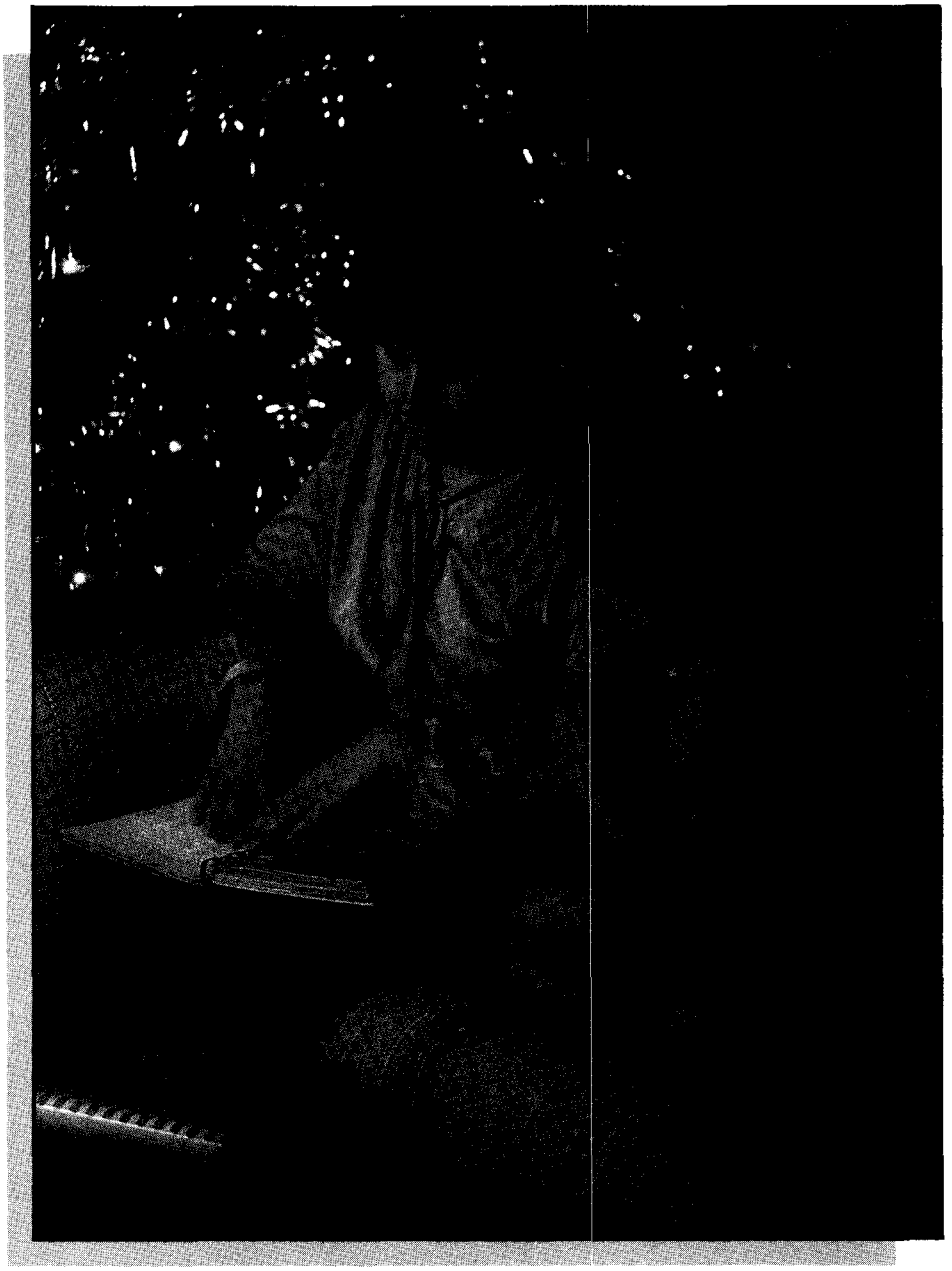
This Christmas Give the Gift of Reading to a Blind Parent



How often have you enjoyed reading a story to your child or grandchild sitting on your lap at Christmas?

Now imagine being a blind parent with a sighted child. How would you read *her* a story? A blank page with only braille dots holds no interest for your dynamic preschooler.

More than a decade ago Christian Record Services developed ***full-vision*** books. Designed for blind parents to read aloud to their sighted children, ***full-vision*** books display color illustrations and text on one page and the braille version on the facing page.

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You can help make this Christmas special for a blind parent by giving a ***full-vision*** book. Your $15 contribution will send one volume to a blind parent today while your $50 Christmas love gift will provide a complete set of ***full-vision*** books.

If you'd like, we'll enclose a card with your name, telling the blind parent that this ***full-vision*** Christmas gift is from *you*.

Please send your check today to Christian Record Services, 4444 South 52nd Street, Lincoln, NE 68516.

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☐ Please enclose a Christmas card in my name to the blind parent.

Thank you for your contribution. Your gift is tax-deductible.

Send this form to: Christian Record Services, 4444 South 52nd St., Lincoln, NE 68516

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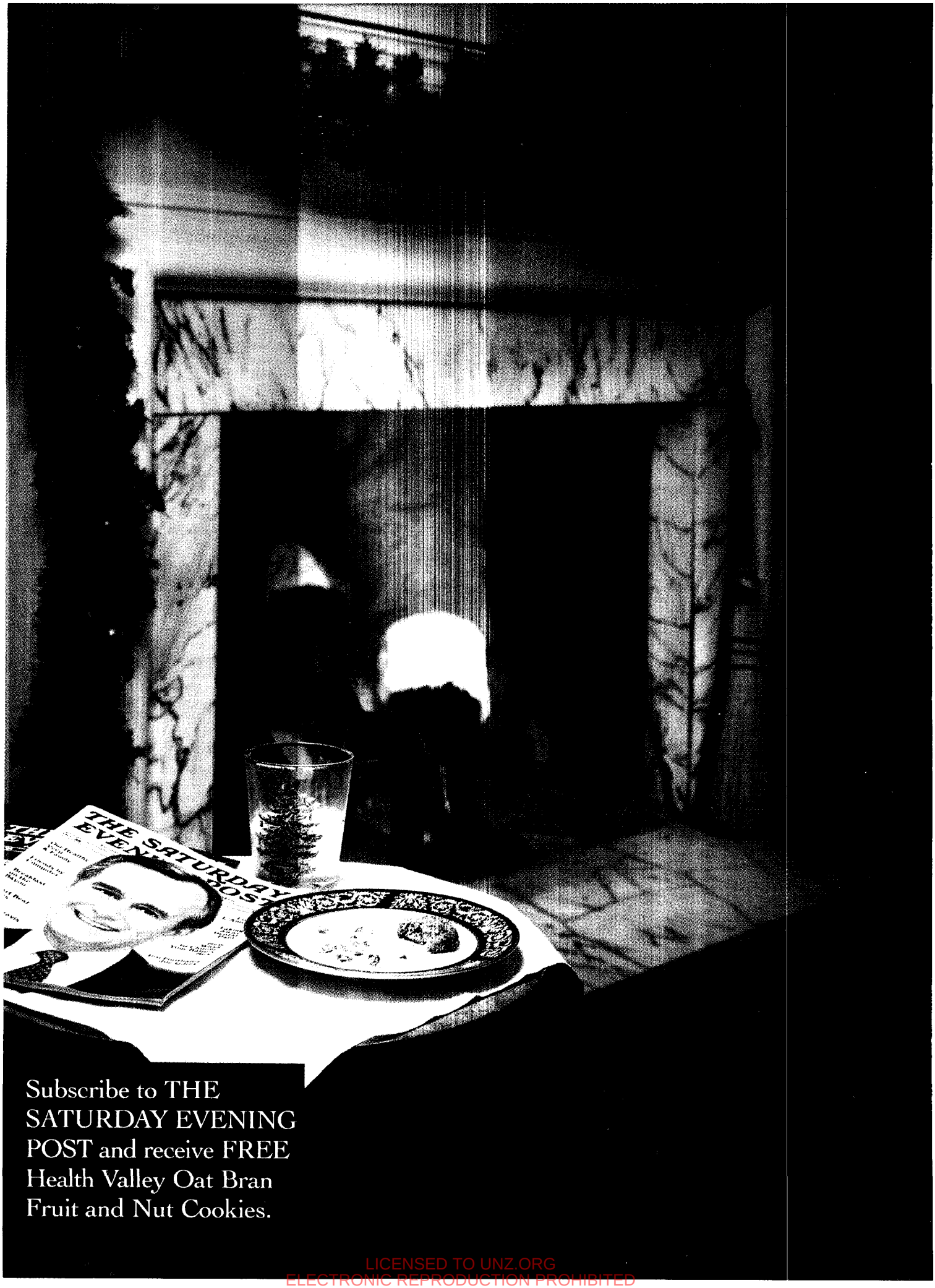

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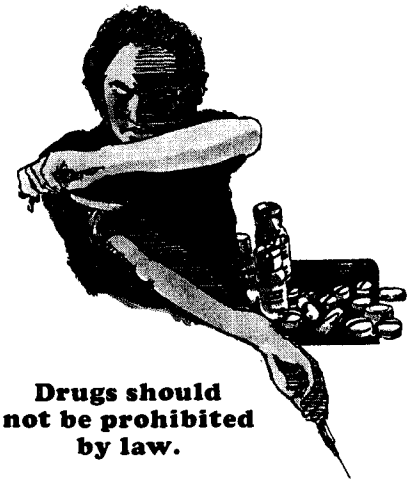
SPEAKING OUT

A PRIMER ON THE ACLU

by L. Gordon Crovitz

"Our positions are mainstream positions," says Norman Dorsen, president of the American Civil Liberties Union, defending his organization in the wake of George Bush making an issue out of Michael Dukakis' boast of card-carrying membership. The ACLU does have a long history of efforts to protect actual constitutional rights, but a sampling of its recent positions can allow readers to decide for themselves where the mainstream lies.

The best source for the ACLU's positions and world view is its own 576-page listing, last published in 1986, of "Policy Guides," which are approved by the national board; local branches often take more radical positions. Here is a primer on the ACLU as a mainstream organization:



Drugs should not be prohibited by law.

Without mentioning the word "deterrent," the ACLU voted to legalize everything from heroin to marijuana. "Gambling, attempted suicide, sexual relations or the introduction of substances into one's own body" should not be crimes. (Policy 210, Victimless Crimes.) Drug use is akin to catching a cold: "There is today widespread recognition of the fact that narcotics addiction is at bottom an illness to be treated and not a crime to be punished." (Policy 214, State Control of Drugs and Alcohol.)

Few crimes should be punished by jail.

"A fine should always be the preferred form of the penalty," the ACLU says. For those who do go to jail, "the probation should be authorized by the legislature in every case, exceptions to the principle are not favored, and any exceptions, if made, should be limited to the most serious offenses, such as murder or treason." The group doesn't mention furloughs. (Policy 242, Criminal Sentences.)

Schools and Beepers

School discipline must be strictly limited. Despite nearly universal problems in urban high schools, "the school has no jurisdiction over its students' non-school activities." This explains ACLU opposition to the more than 50 school districts nationwide that have banned electronic beepers from the classroom. These are now a key tool of the school drug trade. A spokesman for the group's privacy and technology project says, "The school has the burden of proof to show that the beepers are disruptive and not being banned because they are linked with illegal drugs." The ACLU is consistent—it also tried, unsuccessfully, to protect students from searches of their lockers. (Policy 76, Secondary School Students' Civil Liberties.)

Workfare is unconstitutional. Citing "basic concerns of fairness, dignity and privacy," the ACLU "opposes work requirements at government-assigned tasks as a condition of eligibility for welfare benefits or for any transfer payments designed to compensate for insufficient income." Presumably, the group will sue against the welfare-reform program Congress just passed. (Policy 318, Poverty and Civil Liberties.)

The Constitution mandates increased welfare spending. Welfare "classifications which exclude some people from the basic necessities of life, while granting such necessities to others, are constitutionally 'suspect.' " This is the legal argument, so far rejected by the Supreme Court, that the group is using with some success in state courts. It translates immediately into taxpayer or third-party obligations and invalidates reforms encouraging an end to welfare dependency. (Policy 318, Poverty and Civil Liberties.)

Equal pay for equal work is not enough. "The current ACLU policy on sex and race discrimination in employment encompasses the concept of comparable worth as the essential next step in achieving full equality for women and minorities." (Policy 315, Employment and Education.)

No more rescue attempts of American hostages or secret operations against terrorists. "Abolish all covert operations." (Policy 117, Controlling the Intelligence Agencies.)

There can be no military draft, even in wartime.

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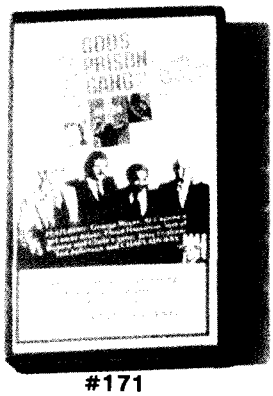

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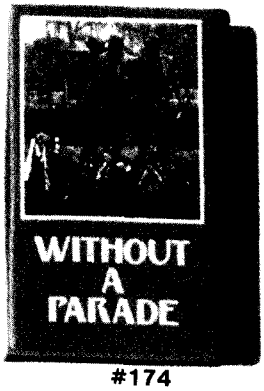

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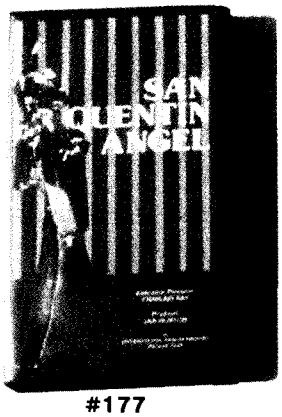

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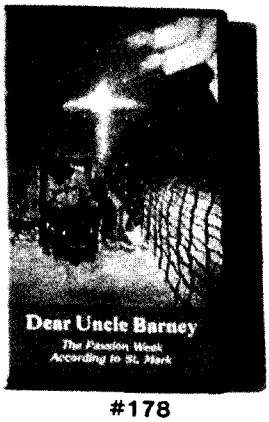

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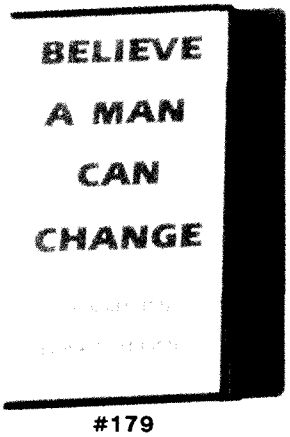

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#182

#171 *God's Prison Gang - 43 min.*

Narrated by Art Linkletter - Featuring George Meyer, Al Capone's get-away driver; Floyd Hamilton, Last of the Bonnie & Clyde gang; Jerry Graham, Ted Jefferson, & Chaplain Ray. Filmed in Attica Prison in New York.

#172 *Changed Lives in San Quentin - 43 min.*

Hard-hitting, fast moving stories of Christ's power to bring new life. Featuring Chaplain Ray & Hosted by Art Linkletter.

#177 *San Quentin Angel - 43 min.*

The lives of eight desperate criminals were dramatically changed in San Quentin by the grace of Jesus Christ. You will meet those former inmates as they go back to San Quentin to witness for Christ.

#179 *Believe A Man Can Change - 52 min.*

This dramatic production of a Changed Life was filmed at Norfolk Prison, near Boston. Nothing was staged. It all happened, just as the life of the underworld character of Costantino was changed through a personal encounter with Jesus Christ.

#173 *Honey, Your Mama's In Prison - 43 min.*

Locked up—away from their children—this is the true story of five women, their crimes, their loneliness, their sorrow, and their triumph through Faith.

#178 *Dear Uncle Barney - 80 min.*

A play by prisoners, written and produced inside the LaTuna Federal Correctional Institution at Anthony, Texas. From prison Mark (St. Mark) addressed his message to his "Dear Uncle Barney", (Barnabas, a wealthy and prominent Christian in the early church of Jerusalem.)

#174 *Without A Parade - 43 min.*

From the jungles of Vietnam to the jungles of America's Prisons, the shocking story and some amazing answers. Featuring Capt. Robert Van Buskirk - Hosted by Chaplain Ray.

#182 *"Murf the Surf" Speaks To Prisoners*

Filmed in 1985 at the Orange County Jail, this video reveals the impact of Jack Murphy's message on the prisoners, many of whom were on their way to serving long prison sentences. *53 min.*

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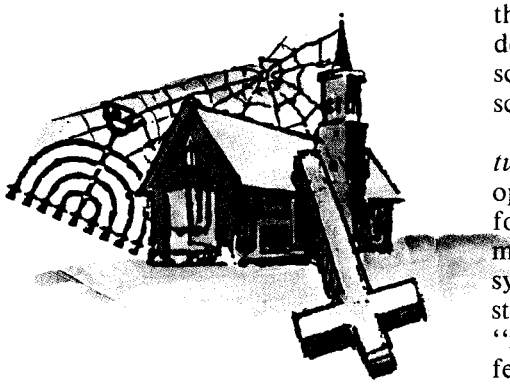
There can be no military draft, even in wartime. Although the Supreme Court has ruled against the ACLU, the organization's position remains that "military conscription, under any circumstances, is a violation of civil liberties and constitutional guarantees . . . at least in the absence of an extreme national emergency as defined by ACLU." (Policy 120, Conscription.)

U.S. officials owe U.S. constitutional protections to foreigners overseas. The ACLU says the "Constitution requires the same standard of conduct for government personnel (whether civilian or military) overseas as it requires at home." Presumably, if he's ever arrested, Gen. Manuel Noriega must get *Miranda* rights read to him or be set free; by the same reasoning, poppy farmers in South America have a Fifth Amendment taking claim if the United States sprays their land. (Policy 401, ACLU Role in International Civil Liberties Matters.)

Prostitution should be legal.

"The ACLU supports the decriminalization of prostitution and opposes state regulation of . . . prostitutes of both sexes." Prostitution is protected by "the right of individual privacy," and solicitation comes under the First Amendment. (Policy 211, Prostitution.)

Homosexuals can be foster parents. In 1986, the ACLU radicalized its position on nondiscrimination against homosexuals to include all rights that would "qualify gay and lesbian couples for benefits and rights enjoyed by married persons, including the right to become foster parents." In lawsuits, the ACLU has also tried to establish the right for homosexuals to become Big Brothers and to marry. (Policy 264, Homosexuality.)



Churches and synagogues should lose their tax-exempt status.

Contrary to hundreds of years of Anglo-American practice, "the ACLU opposes tax benefits for religious bodies." The group's reasoning is that "the free exercise clause is put at risk when the establishment clause is breached." The group has litigated against the Catholic Church in particular. One complaint against the Catholics is that they oppose abortion and thus the church is a political entity; of course, churches are in the business of expressing themselves on matters of ethics. (Policy 92, Religious Bodies' Tax Exemption.)

The First Amendment protects all pornography, including child porn.

"The ACLU opposes any restraint on the right to create, publish or distribute materials . . . on the basis of obscenity, pornography, or indecency." The procurers of children who appear in kiddie porn can be punished for crimes under the rubric of child abuse—if the police can catch them—but sellers and distributors are absolutely protected regardless of the content—that is, regardless of what the little boys and/or little girls are doing or having done to them on screen. (Policy 4, Censorship of Obscenity, Pornography and Indecency.)

Rating movies is itself an unconstitutional prior restraint. The ACLU opposes the industry rating system for parental guidance that categorizes movies from X- to G-rated. "Rating systems create the potential for constraining the creative process" and "inevitably have serious chilling effects on freedom of expression," the ACLU says. For example, "hotels, airlines, pay television . . . frequently refuse to accept X-rated films." Does the ACLU want *Debbie Does Dallas* shown on transcontinental flights? (Policy 18, Rating Systems Sponsored by the Communications Industries.)

The deinstitutionalization of the mentally ill was required by law. Beginning in the early 1960s, the ACLU led the fight to empty the nation's mental institutions. The leading principle was that "mental illness cannot by itself be a justifiable reason for depriving a person of liberty against his or her objection." There could be commitment in limited circumstances, for example where there is "an observable violent criminal act against self or others in a time period immediately preceding or during the commitment process." In any case, "the individual has a right to counsel at every step of the proceeding" and "an involuntarily committed individual must be allowed to refuse *any* treatment for mental illness." See, for example, Joyce Brown, New York City. (Policy 244, Civil Commitment.)

It's perfectly fine for the ACLU to argue these positions. Indeed, it's probably healthy for society to have a fringe group agitating new "rights." But others are entitled to criticize these positions as having little to do with the Constitution or, for that matter, with common sense. After all, a president who belongs to the ACLU has many chances to implement its policies, from passing new laws to repealing old ones to nominating federal judges and Supreme Court justices.

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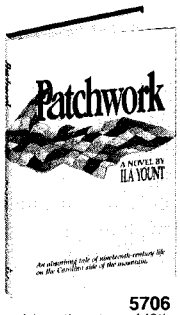

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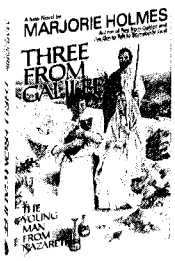

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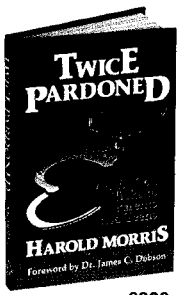

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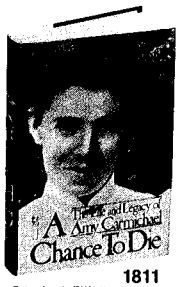

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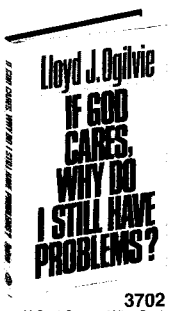

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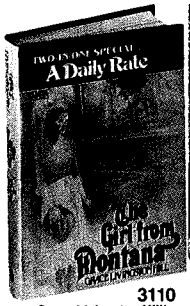

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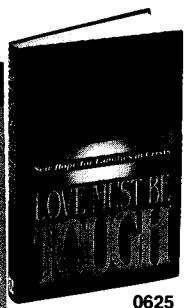

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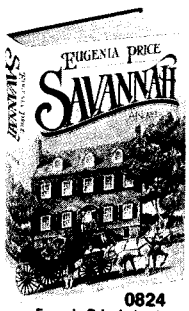

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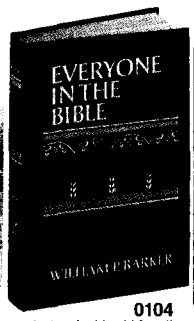

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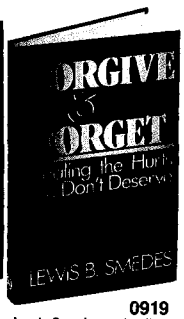

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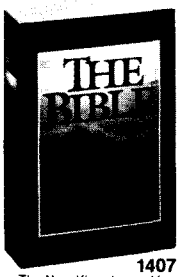

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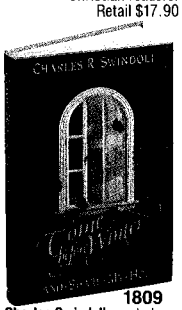

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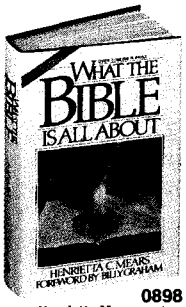

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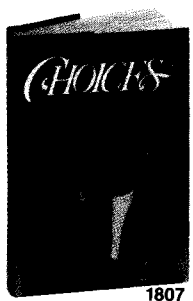

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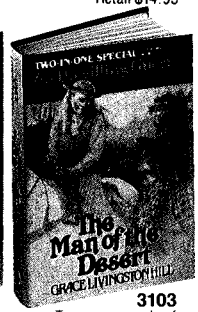

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VETS ON PETS

HELPING KITTENS GROW UP

All work and no play makes kitty a dull pet.

by H. Ellen Whiteley, D.V.M.

Illustrated by Sarah Stillwell Weber

"Play can be considered the work of kittens," says Dr. Gary Guyot, a psychology professor at Regis College who has studied cat play. Through interactions with siblings and mothers during play, kittens learn how to live in the world. "It is during play that kittens learn to control how hard they can bite and to retract their claws when interacting with others," Guyot says. "Kittens raised in isolation tend to be aggressive and hyperactive. They often mature into cats with behavior problems. Male kittens raised in isolation are unable to mate and have poor grooming habits as adults."

An only kitten is hard to wean, and it cries often. It cannot cope with separation from its mother or its surrogate mother—its owner. "This is the type of cat that displays anxiety during environmental changes or separation from its owner," Guyot notes.

Moreover, kittens raised with littermates but separated from their mothers at about two weeks of age are reported to be more suspicious and cautious than those kittens weaned at the usual time of six to eight weeks.

Feline social graces are taught by interactions not only with mother and siblings, but also with people. Handling kittens daily when they are three to seven weeks of age leads them to become friendly and loving to people.

Encourage your kitten to engage in such behaviors as stalking, chasing, and pouncing, which teach kittens basic survival skills. When you drag a string or toss a ball for your kitten to chase, you are actually helping the kitten improve its motor skills by learning to adapt its speed to that of the moving object. In this way, it can monitor and change its pace as needed during a chase. These are the behaviors needed by cats to catch food in the wild.

Choose games and toys that are fun, safe, and stimulating to you and your cat or kitten. Dr. Guyot suggests taking your cue from the cat: "Observe what the cat likes to do and how much he wants to play. Cats tend to like things that are smaller than they are; a small rubber ball provides more enjoyment than a large beach ball." Cats are adapted to see movement. The horizontal movement of a string dragged in front of the cat or a rolling ball is a powerful stimulus.

Anything can become a toy. My cat, C.K., loves a paper sack. He appears to be playing hide-and-seek with himself. One of my clients entices her cat out from under the bed with a string when I come to give vaccinations. (I operate a house-call veterinary service for cats.) The lure of the string is greater than the cat's fear of me.

Midnight, a cat belonging to my friend Judy, likes to find small objects and hide them in Judy's shoes. Judy says: "He casually drops the crumpled paper or spool in one of my shoes. Then, he sidles by and acts surprised to find the object in the shoe. He retrieves the object and presents it to me. I always make a big deal over it by saying something like, 'Wow, where did you get this, Midnight?' He looks very pleased with himself."

Lavern, another client, has taught her cat, Bubba, to ring a small bell at the bottom of the back door frame when he wants to go outside. Lavern admits that she rang the bell, opened the door, and crawled out the first few times so that Bubba would get the idea. When Bubba accidentally hit the bell the first time, Lavern opened the door and pushed him out. Now, when Bubba scratches at the door to go out, Lavern ignores him; when he rings the bell, she opens the door. Lavern claims that she is playing with her cat; Lavern's husband says that Bubba has trained Lavern to open the door.

Get down on your cat's level when instigating a new game; it's hard for a cat to relate to a towering giant. Provide a variety of toys and games and rotate your pet's toys once or twice a week. If your cat enjoys

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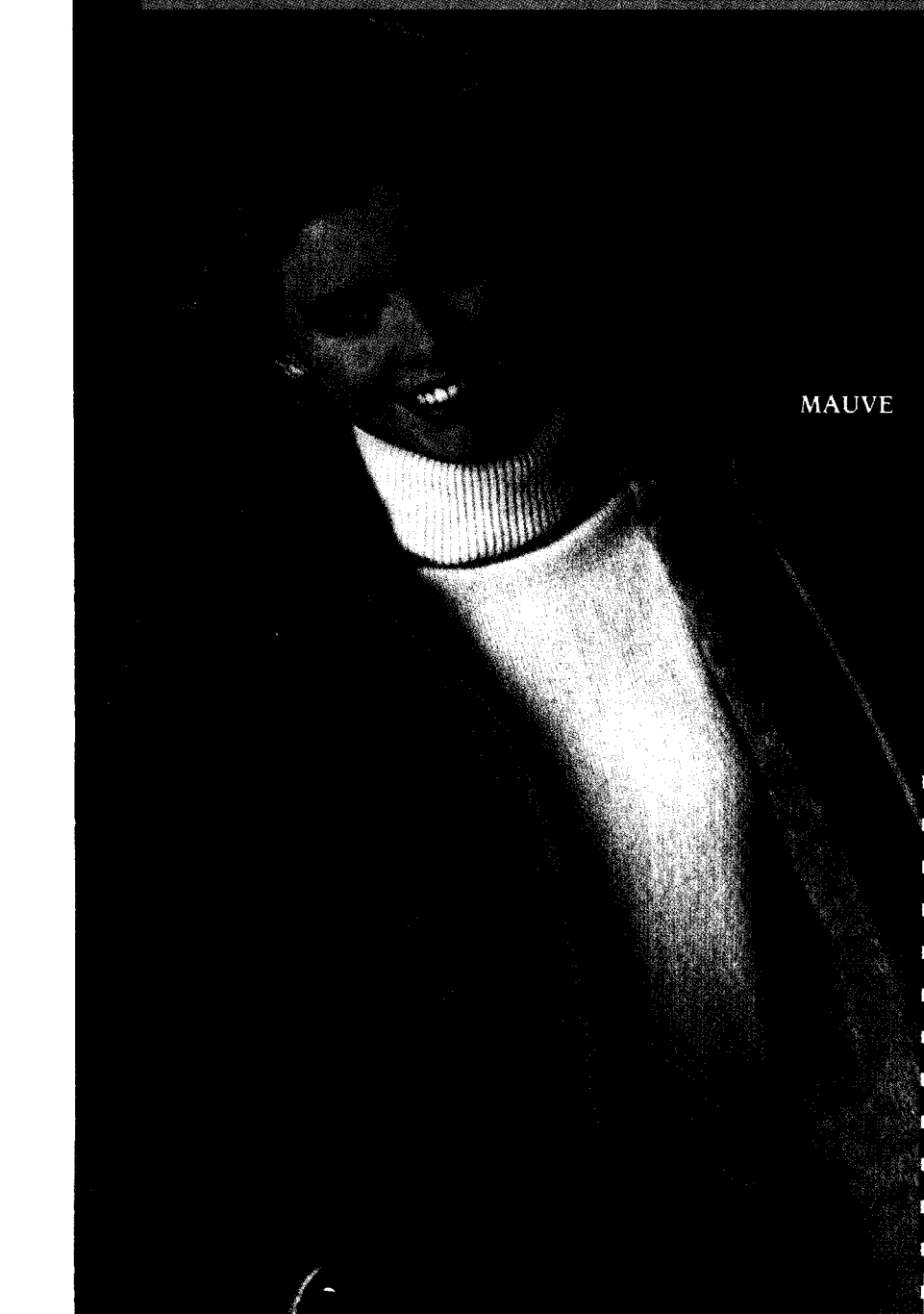

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catnip, rub it on old toys to give them new appeal. Offer string or yarn as playthings only when you are able to supervise. If swallowed, these items can cause intestinal problems. Beware of toys that contain squeakers, buttons, or other small parts that can be chewed off and swallowed.

Michel de Montaigne, the great 16th-century essayist, asked, "When I play with my cat, who knows if I am not a pastime to her more than she is to me?" Playing with your cat may be therapy for both of you.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. Whiteley,

Re: "Beating the Pet-Boarding Blues" [July/Aug. '88].

I knew someone whose dog starved itself to death while she was away on a trip to a foreign land.

Later, some near neighbors of mine had a dog that refused to eat when the elderly father was away at the hospital. I told the daughter, "Next time you talk to your dad on the phone, call Trixie and let her hear his voice." She did, and it worked. After a few words to her, he said, "Go and eat your dinner now, Trixie," and she did. This might help, at least in cases in which the absent owner has a pet-sitter and a grieving dog.

M.L.O.
Hastings, Nebraska

Dear M.L.O.,

A pet that feels a strong bond with its owner may grieve when its owner is absent. Cherished toys, blankets, chew bones, and articles with the owner's scent can be left for animals at kennels. Talking with the pet by telephone is an excellent idea.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. Whiteley,

I am planning to take my dog, a 3½-year-old female Chihuahua, to Europe next year. I am worrying about how she will react to the flight.

I left her with friends last year but will not travel again without her. I worry too much and miss her. I will be away for many months and want her with me.

Would a tranquilizer help?

I will, of course, take her to a vet for an exam and have all her medical papers in order. She has a passport, which contains her medical record and will also have her photo and nose print. (It asks for a nose print.)

I will be getting her carrier soon, and it will be kept under my seat. The flight to Milan will be approximately 7½ hours. My first concern is for my dog, and for her comfort and happiness.

She is also on a human diet. She will not eat dog food. She eats vegetables and fruit (baby food), cottage cheese, Swiss cheese, turkey, and chicken. Occasionally, she will eat beef (sometimes as baby food), plus baby-food dinners. I never use grease, always broiling or boiling the meat. She also eats oxtails, more so in the winter. This is basically what her diet consists of.

Does she need other vitamins? I have given her cod-liver oil, which helped her coat tremendously.

She exercises and has never had fleas or other problems in the 1½ years since she's been with me.

Elvira Bergami
New York, New York

"Uh, oh! I gotta go. Say hi to everyone in New Zealand for me."

Dear Elvira,

You might ask about airline policy for taking your Chihuahua out of the carrier for exercise once or twice during the flight. If she tends to become excited during travel, tranquilizers may be of benefit to her. I usually recommend that tranquilizers be given to the pet on a trial basis before traveling. Reactions to tranquilizers vary among individuals, and a trial period will enable you to adjust the dosage of tranquilizer for your pet. The pet should be sedate but aware of its surroundings.

The proof of any diet is the appearance and health of the animal. The correct balance of nutrients can be difficult to achieve in a homemade diet. If you feel that you must feed her "people food," I suggest that you try using the following formula, obtained from Hill's Pet Products, a company that produces prescription diets for pets.

Canine Restricted Protein Diet

¼ pound ground beef (do not use lean round or chuck)
2 cups cooked rice
1 hard-cooked egg, finely chopped
3 slices white bread, crumbed
1 teaspoon calcium carbonate
Balanced vitamin-mineral supplement

Cook ground beef in skillet; stir until lightly browned. Stir in remaining ingredients and mix well.

This mixture is somewhat dry, and its palatability can be improved by adding a little water. Keep it covered in the refrigerator. You might vary this diet by substituting one-fourth pound of cooked chicken breasts for the hamburger. Do not supplement the mixture with the cod-liver oil, because fat is obtained from the meat in this diet. Calcium carbonate is available at most health-food stores. A few drops of liquid pediatric vitamins will suffice for the vitamin-mineral supplement. Your dog needs approximately one-fourth pound or a little less of this diet daily.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.

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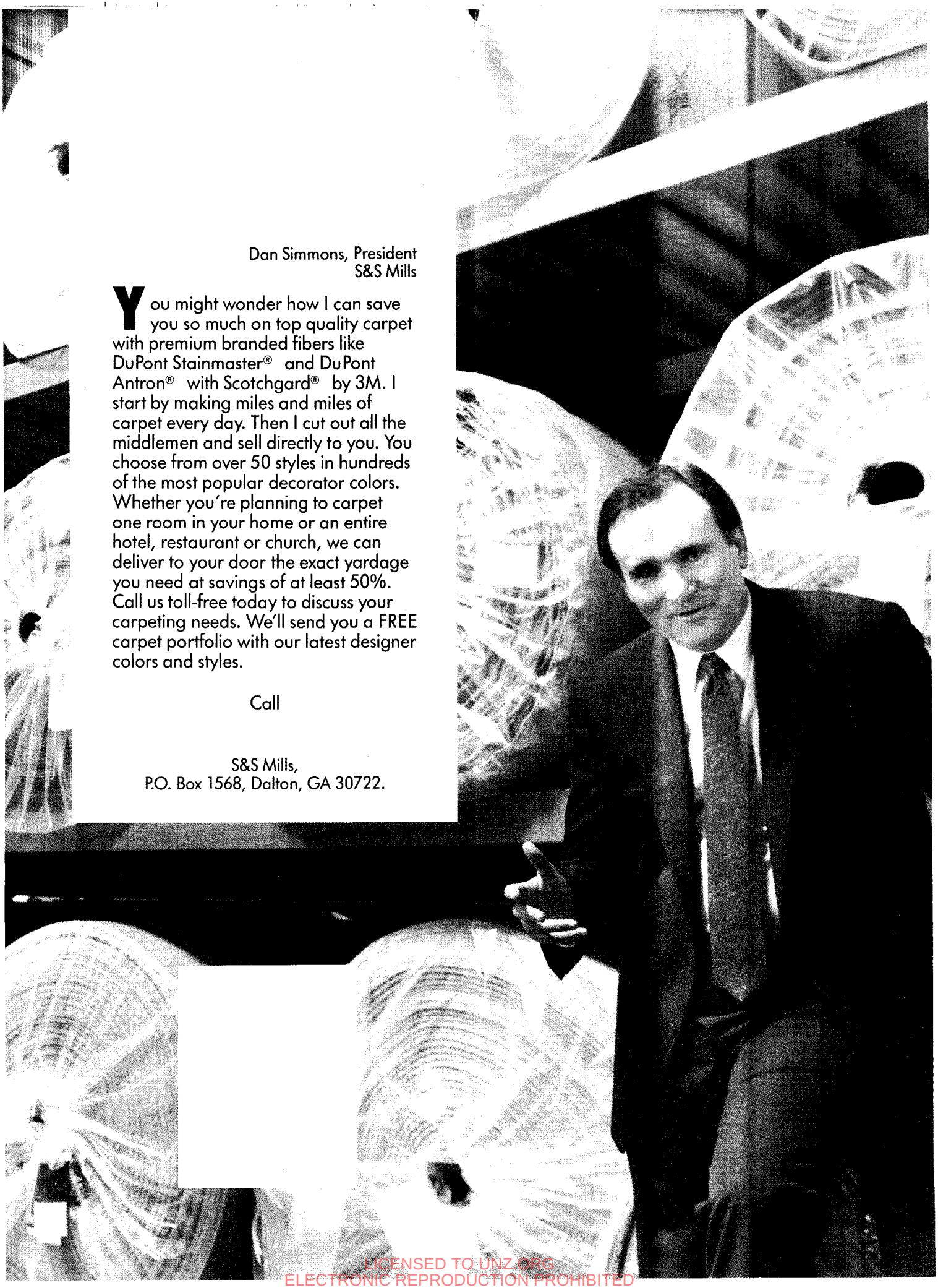

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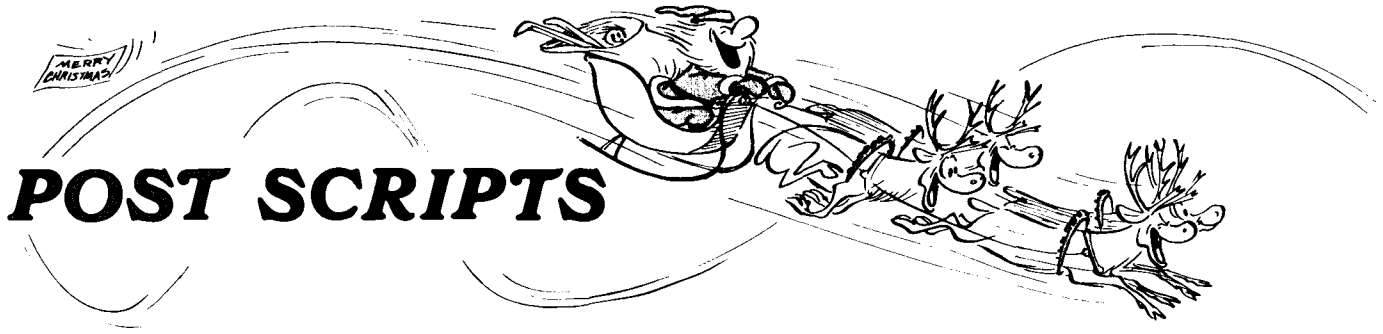

POST SCRIPTS

Street Dumb

A pedestrian was crossing the street when a St. Bernard raced by and knocked him down. As the man was getting up, a small car ran over him. A passerby rushed over and asked the man if he was hurt.

"I didn't mind when that dog knocked me down," the man replied. "But that tin can tied to his tail nearly killed me."

—Martha J. Beckman

Face Value

Smile when you say hello,
And trust in this discretion:
You never get a second chance
To make a first impression.

—Charles Ghigna

How the Other Half Lives

The widow signed the document and poured two teas. She sat silently with the insurance man until he said, quietly, "Mrs. White, everything is in order. Here is your check for $50,000."

She stared at the check. "Fifty thousand," she muttered. "Fifty big ones for a life full of goodness, love, faith, and charity." She stopped to dab an errant tear. "You know, I'd gladly give half of this back to have John alive today."

—James Curnane

Toxic Thanks

Every time I feel down in the dumps, I cheer up knowing that at least I'm not down in the hazardous waste.

—Gil Stern

All for Naught

Distracted by those maybes, mights, and what-ifs,
I get so riled that I forget
These problems causing so many heartaches
Are things that haven't happened yet.

—Linda Ferree

Are You Leaving, or What?

Dear guest, I'd like for you to know
That you may stay or you may go,
But when you leave, I do implore
You don't stand yakking at the door.

—G. Sterling Leiby

Forever the Twain

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

It takes your enemy and your friend, working together, to hurt you to the heart; the one to slander you and the other to get the news to you.

Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish the rest.

There are several good protections against temptations, but the surest is cowardice.

—Mark Twain

Two-Face Value

When you meet a person with such a charming, pleasant, overpowering personality, don't you wonder what he or she is really like?

—Sam Ewing

Bill dropped the cheese and for a second everyone froze. . . .

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Yule Laugh, Yule Cry

At the height of the season's rush, a little boy announced to a saleslady in the huge department store that he was lost. The lady gave him a reassuring hug and strode up and down every aisle on every floor with him, continually asking if he had seen his mother. Each time the boy answered, "No."

Finally, the saleslady stood the boy on a counter in the middle of the store and told him to look around carefully. Once more she asked, "Do you see your mother?"

"No," the child answered. "I just keep seeing my daddy."

—Kris Lee

Leftoverkill

I never waste good food,
I state without a doubt;
I keep it 'til it's moldy—
And then I throw it out.

—Ivern Ball

Gifts I'd Like to Get

A high-fashion tie (no swans, cars, planes, or tigers) in subdued colors that food slides right off of.

A roll of first-class stamps, so I don't have to pay twice the price for just one at the drugstore stamp machine on weekends.

A new book nobody else wants to read first.

Gold-flecked personal address stickers with a correct middle initial and a reasonably close zip.

Complete popcorn makings, guaranteed to be available any night when drastically needed.

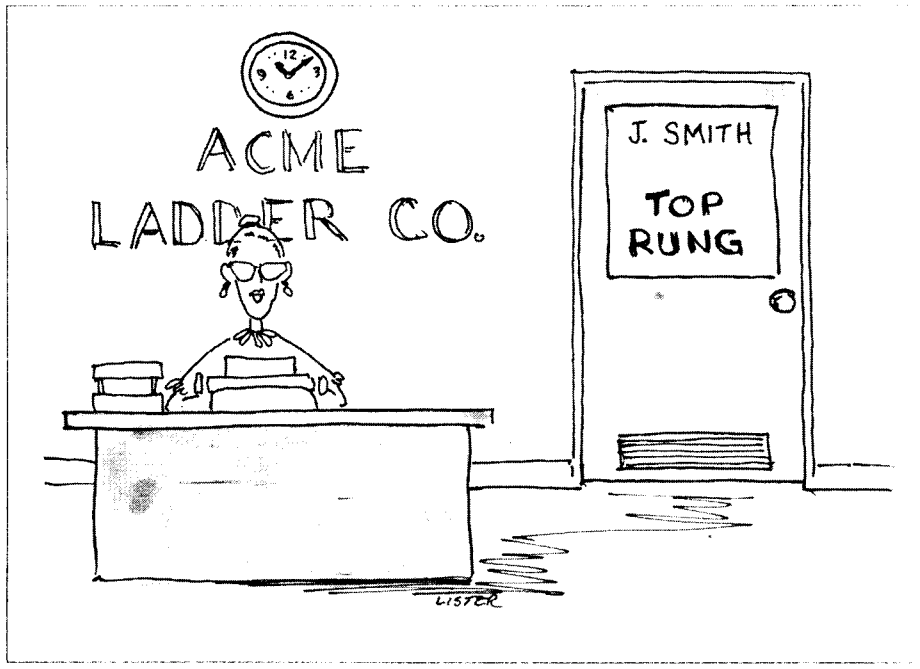
A new year's date stamp for can't-remember check writers (like me) in January.

—Ralph Shaffer

Doing Time

What is really wrong with killing a bit of time now and then? After all, isn't that what time is doing to us?

—B. Bader



Getting Smashed

A woman sat patiently waiting
For a free parking space at the mall,
When a sporty Corvette zipped around her
And took it in no time at all.

"That's mine," cried the indignant shopper.
"You smart alecks all make me sick."
"C'mon," the punk grinned from the sidewalk,
"That's life when you're young and you're quick!"

So the lady reversed her Mercedes
And rammed the Corvette at full pitch.
He screamed, and she answered,
"Look, sonny,
That's life when you're old and you're rich!"

—Hazel Jean Tomlinson

Conceivably Necessary

Plaintiff's counsel approached the bench and said, "Your Honor, I respectfully request that this case be continued until next week. My wife is due to conceive within the hour."

Defense counsel then stepped forward and said, "Your Honor, I think my colleague means that his wife is due to deliver within the hour."

The judge thought a moment and said, "I am going to grant the continuance because in either instance I think counsel should be there."

—Taylor Reese

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FLATTERY WILL GET YOU ANYWHERE

. . . if you let it. These easy exercises are guaranteed to pancake your stomach, reduce your appetite, make you look and feel super, and save your seams when you bend over.

by Jim Everroad

There are at least seven reasons for using this program for flattening your stomach.

1. It will improve your appearance.
2. It will create better support and protection for your abdominal-pelvic organs.
3. It will help improve those functions in which the abdominals act directly.
4. It will help you avoid the misuse of laxatives.
5. It will help you avoid such problems as hernias and lower-back pain, and it may be used in their therapy.
6. It will help you avoid overeating and related health problems.
7. It is an important supplement to any fat-reduction program (diet or exercises) and any other exercise program.

How to Use This Program

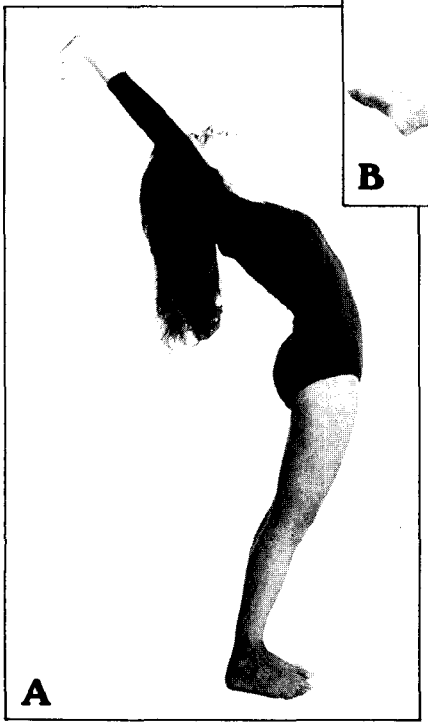
Your goal is to build and maintain a flat stomach *easily*. If you stay with this program, it will definitely help. If you quit any program, it won't work.

You may feel improved abdominal strength in a few weeks, or even a few days.

If muscular definition is what you want, you will probably need to do one or all of three things. One, step up this program considerably. Two, get into another exercise program designed to burn off more calories. Three, diet. This program, as it's designed, may or may not build you a "washboard" stomach. It will, however, flatten your stomach, and that is certainly worth those benefits mentioned in the first part of this article.

As with any exercise program, you should check with your doctor. When you tell him that you're planning to go slowly, and that your goal is to flatten your stomach, he should be delighted.

First, measure your girth at the level of your navel with your stomach normally relaxed. Pull your stomach in as far as you can, and measure it again. Record both measurements. Do this once a month on the same date each month. If you're excited and want to do more repetitions, it's up to you. But keep these two principles in mind: 1. Unless you're working in a hot area, you shouldn't work up a sweat. 2. If you feel stiff or sore tomorrow, you did too much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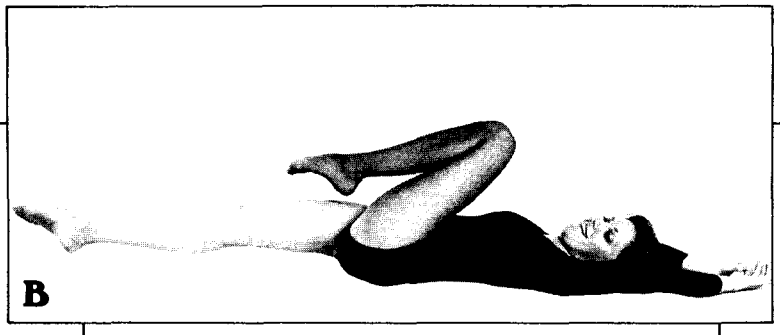
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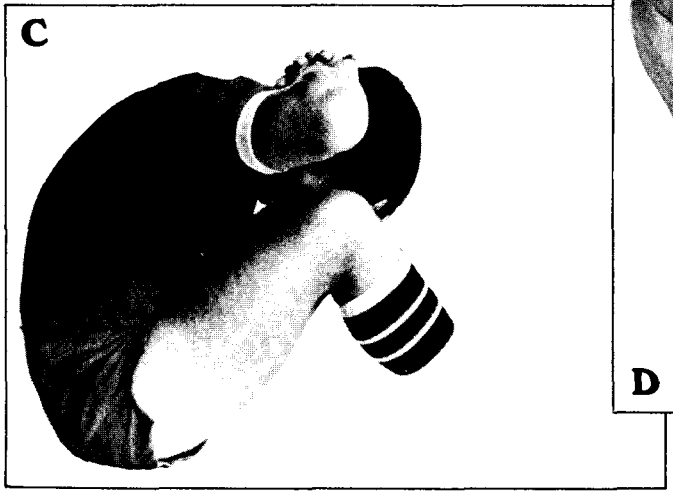
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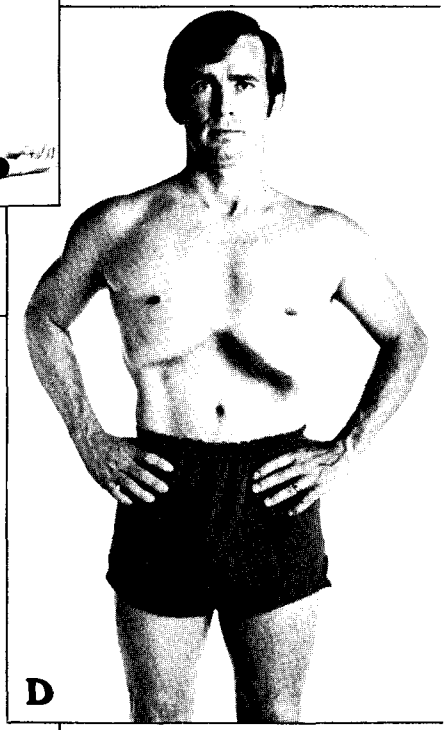
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today. The exact amount of exercising you start with depends on your age and your physical condition. If you're an 80-year-old retired desk jockey, you'll probably have to start lower and proceed more slowly than a 30-year-old construction worker.

As you progress in the program you should lower the number of exercises per workout and increase the number of repetitions per exercise.

If you become stiff or sore after the first—or any other—day, there are several methods of relief:

1. Expose the stiffness or soreness to warm water. You can do this in a tub or shower.
2. Massage the stiff or sore area. This helps especially if done in the tub or shower.
3. Reduce either the number of exercises in your workouts or the number of repetitions per exercise, or both.
4. If a specific exercise seems too difficult or causes pain, soreness, or stiffness, leave it out. After several months of conditioning, see if you can add it without strain. If not, leave it out again.

Stomach-Flattening Exercises

A. Stand with your back 12 inches to 24 inches from a wall, feet shoulder width apart, arms stretched overhead, elbows straight, hands shoulder width apart. Bend back and touch the wall with the fingernails, knees and elbows as straight as possible (pictured). Return to starting position, and immediately bend forward and touch the floor, knees still as straight as possible. Return to starting position for one rep.

B. Lie on your back, arms stretched overhead against the floor, buttocks resting on the floor, feet off the floor, and knees *drawn up close to the chest*. Extend one leg straight out, parallel to the floor, but not quite touching it (pictured). Draw the first knee back close to the chest, at the same time extending the second leg straight out. Draw the second knee back, while again extending the first leg, and continue this bicycling movement. Allow four extensions for one rep.

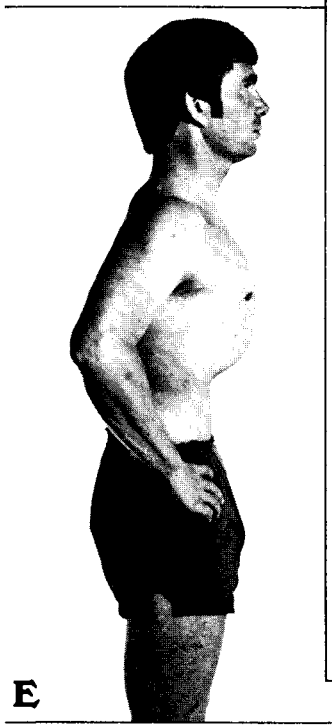
C. Lie on your back, legs bent, with the knees pointed at the ceiling, feet flat on the floor, hands on the back of your head, fingers interlocked. Exhale as you rise up, and place the head between the knees (pictured). Inhale as you lower back to starting position for one rep. It may help to place your feet under a piece of heavy furniture.

D., E. It is possible for you to expand your chest after having completely exhaled, in the same manner that your chest tends to expand as you breathe in.

To practice, first inhale deeply, and try to consciously feel the way your chest expands. Next, think only of expanding your chest, and not of pulling in the air; just allow the air to come in as you expand your chest. You will find that you can expand your chest just as much when the air doesn't rush into your lungs. Finally, exhale completely, hold the exhalation, and expand your chest as you've learned to do. When you do this correctly, your stomach will automatically pull in deeply. Learning this action may take patience and practice, but it is well worth the effort! When you have learned to do this action properly, you are ready to do the exercise.

Stand, feet shoulder width, hands on hips. Exhale completely and forcefully! Holding the exhalation, expand the chest as much as possible. Pull the stomach in tightly, and hold up to six seconds (pictured). Relax to starting position for one rep. Do this exercise in front of a mirror to build confidence in your progress.

F. Stand, feet comfortably more than shoulder width apart, arms stretched sideward and parallel to the floor, elbows straight. Keep the feet planted firmly, and slowly twist the trunk as far to the right as possible (pictured). Stretch, pulling the left arm back, and the right arm around to the left. Snap back to starting position, and place the hands on the hips. Return to starting position, and then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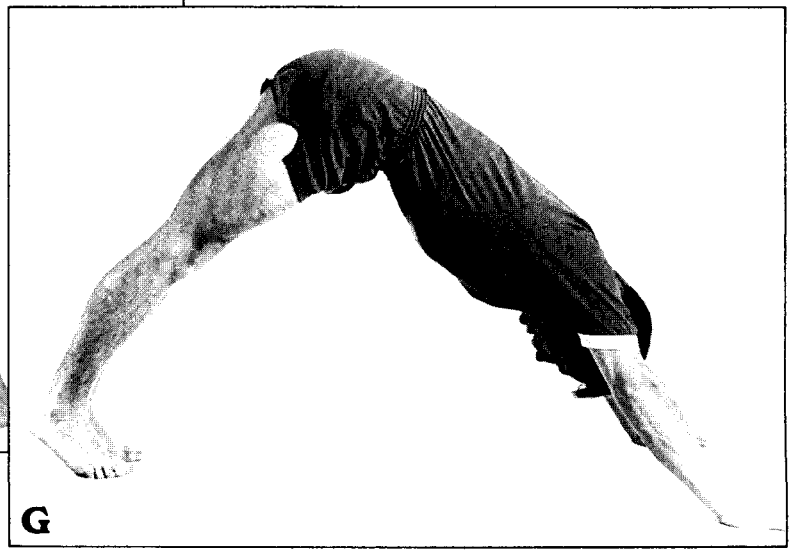
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repeat to the right for one rep.

Then, try something else. Stand with your feet straddled as wide as comfortable, arms overhead, elbows straight and hands shoulder width apart. Rapidly swing your upper body forward and down, *while bending your knees*. Reach back through the legs, and touch the ground as far back as possible. Swing the upper body back, and stop suddenly, "jerking" to a stop at the starting position for one rep.

G. Lie on your stomach, hands above the hips and close to your sides, elbows pointed at the ceiling, palms on the floor with fingers pointed toward the shoulders. Keep the feet on the ground, and raise the head, shoulders, and chest as high as possible, arching the back. Keeping the hands and feet in place, lift the rear high, so that your body describes an upside-down V shape. Bearing the weight on the hands and feet, knees and elbows straight, and remaining in the V, pull in the stomach and tighten it. Hold this position (pictured) up to six seconds. Lower the rear to the original arched position, then back to starting position for one rep.

H. Sit, legs bent, knees pointed at the ceiling, feet flat on the floor (preferably supported as in exercise C), hands on the back of the head, fingers interlocked. Lean back until your upper body is at a 45-degree angle, twist completely left, then right (pictured), then return forward and back to starting position (sitting) for one rep. Twist to the left first on the first half of your reps, then to the right first on the second half of your reps.

I. This exercise is the same as exercise C, except that as you rise you twist the trunk and place the right elbow outside the left knee (pictured). Return to starting position for one rep. Twist to place the left elbow outside the right knee on the second half of your reps. Do the reps on one side consecutively before doing the reps on the other side.

J. Stand, feet comfortably more than shoulder width apart, arms straight overhead, elbows straight, palms toward ceiling, with fingers interlocked. Bend sideward to the right as far as possible, stretching the left side (pictured). Straighten and bend immediately back, stretching the arms and shoulders backward. Straighten and bend forward, touching or nearly touching the palms on the floor. Keep the knees straight throughout the exercise, and return to starting position for one rep. Change directions.

In the last part of this exercise, it is again necessary to have your chest fully expanded while your lungs are *exhaled*, as in exercise D. This time you expand the chest to its maximum by *inhaling*; then, you keep the chest expanded as you exhale completely. Practicing this breathing action may help you learn the other exercises. To practice, inhale completely, then keep your chest expanded as you exhale. When you have the action right, your stomach will pull in deeply as you exhale. Then you are ready to perform one of this program's finest exercises!

Stand straight, feet together, arms at your sides. Rotate your pelvis counterclockwise, then straighten your back, pulling the shoulders back. Without relaxing, again rotate the pelvis, then again straighten the back and shoulders. Without relaxing, repeat the action a third time. By now, the chest will be held high and tremendously expanded, and your stomach will be pulled in deeply. Your back will be extremely straight, and your shoulders will be far back. In this exaggerated position of attention, inhale forcefully, expanding the chest to its maximum. Hold breath six counts. Without relaxing, exhale completely and forcefully, tightening your abdominals, and hold six seconds. Relax and return to starting position for one rep.

Good luck with your program. Work at it and it will work for you.

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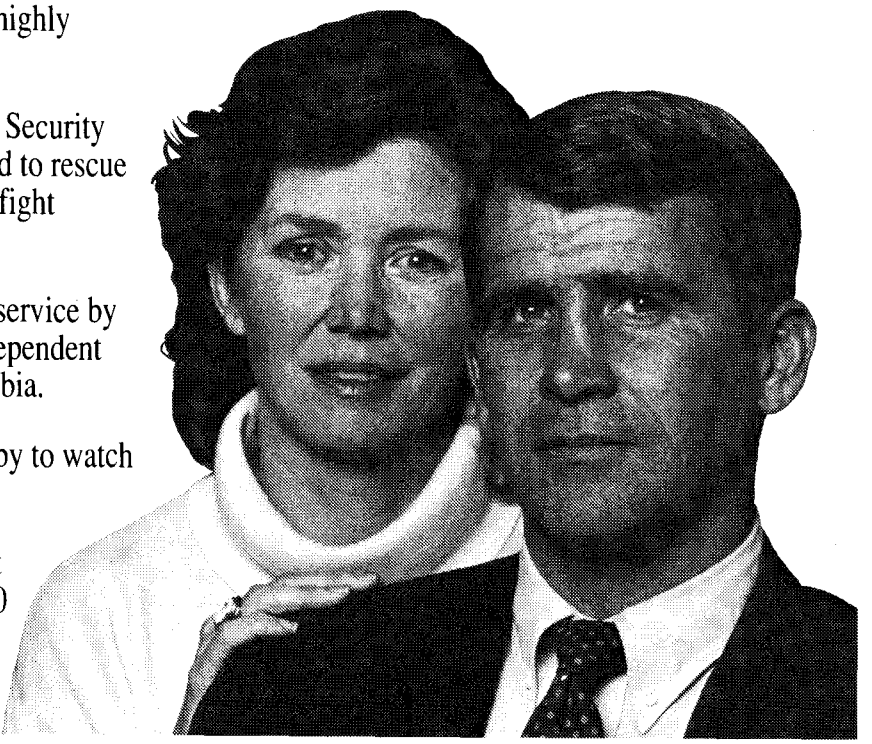

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TWO FESTIVALS OF LIGHT

Love never dies as long as there is someone who remembers.

by Leo Buscaglia

Christmas never fails to evoke memories. Most of us can recall Christmases of great joy and of disappointment, of warm camaraderie and frightening loneliness, of exciting hellos and painful good-byes.

It's strange how memory works—why we remember what we remember and forget what we forget. How is it that I can remember so vividly the details of a special Christmas more than 50 years ago, and forget important events of just a few days past?

I could not have been more than eight or nine years old the Christmas when our new neighbors moved in. It was an exceptionally cold and rainy Los Angeles December. I remember it well because of the embarrassment I felt over having to wear my sister's winter coat, which she had outgrown. In our home, clothes were not thrown out, they were handed down, and it was my turn to wear the coat—no matter the girlish fur piping on the collar and sleeves, and buttons on the wrong side.

We lived in a small house heated by a single woodburning stove that served to separate the kitchen and the dining room. I remember how we huddled that December to dress by its heat. The house was frame, similar to many others still to be found in the Boyle Heights area of Los Angeles. They were proudly referred to at the time as craftsman houses.

The families who lived on our street were mostly first-generation immigrants: Jews from Eastern Europe, Italians from southern Italy, Germans, and Mexicans. Few of them spoke English well, most had large families, all of them were poor.

Our new neighbors moved in early in December—a rabbi and his family: a boy, Elijah, who was my age; and a girl, Sarah, a few years older. When I saw them for the first time I pretended to be playing but watched as their large old pieces of furniture were unloaded from the moving van and disappeared into the darkness behind their front door. I wondered what they'd be like, if they'd speak English, if they'd be friendly. As is usually the case under such circumstances, it was Elijah and I who were the first to talk. It always seems easier for children, for some reason. We were soon walking to school each day, fast becoming close friends. He was one of the few children who didn't laugh at my coat.

We were standing in the schoolyard waiting for the bell to ring one morning when the subject of the approaching holiday came up.

"What are you going to get for Christmas?" I asked Elijah.

"I don't believe in Christmas," he said simply.

I was stunned. "Everybody believes in Christmas," I insisted.

"I'm Jewish. We don't," he answered matter-of-factly.

"Well, what do you believe in if you don't believe in Christmas?" I persisted.

"Lots of things. But not Christmas," he responded.

When something of any importance happened during the day in our lives, it was always shared with the family at our dinner table that evening. It was here that anxieties were lessened, mysteries solved, solutions arrived at. I couldn't wait to tell the startling news. Our new neighbors didn't believe in Christmas!

Mama and Papa were as mystified as I was at the news. They were not moved by my elder brother's explanation that Christmas is a religious holiday, that there are all kinds of beliefs in the world, that the Cohens had as much right not to believe in Christmas as we did to believe in it. After all, he reasoned further, wasn't that part of why so many people left their homelands to emigrate to the United States?

Mama in her innocent wisdom rationalized, "Maybe they don't know about it. They come from far away, like we do, and maybe no one told them yet."

"Well, they don't come from the moon," my brother said with a laugh.

"Don't be so smart," my mother said, "or I'll send *you* to the moon!" Mama had a way of making a point. She turned to Papa across the table. "They should be invited to share Christmas with us," she said.

That was Mama's way of handling any problem—feed it! And there was always a place at the table for anyone at any time. Perhaps that's why so many of my fondest memories are associated with eating.

Within a week of their moving in I was hired by Rabbi Cohen as their *Shabbas goy*: the gentile who serves the family on their Sabbath. I was paid generously—a nickel a week for the job, a fortune for a poor kid at the time. It was very easy. I just had to turn on the lights when the family returned from the synagogue, move a few pots of food to the stove, and turn on the gas.

This, of course, became another mysterious subject for our table talk. "How come you have to do that? That's really strange."

continued on page 87

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Illustrated by LEN EBERT

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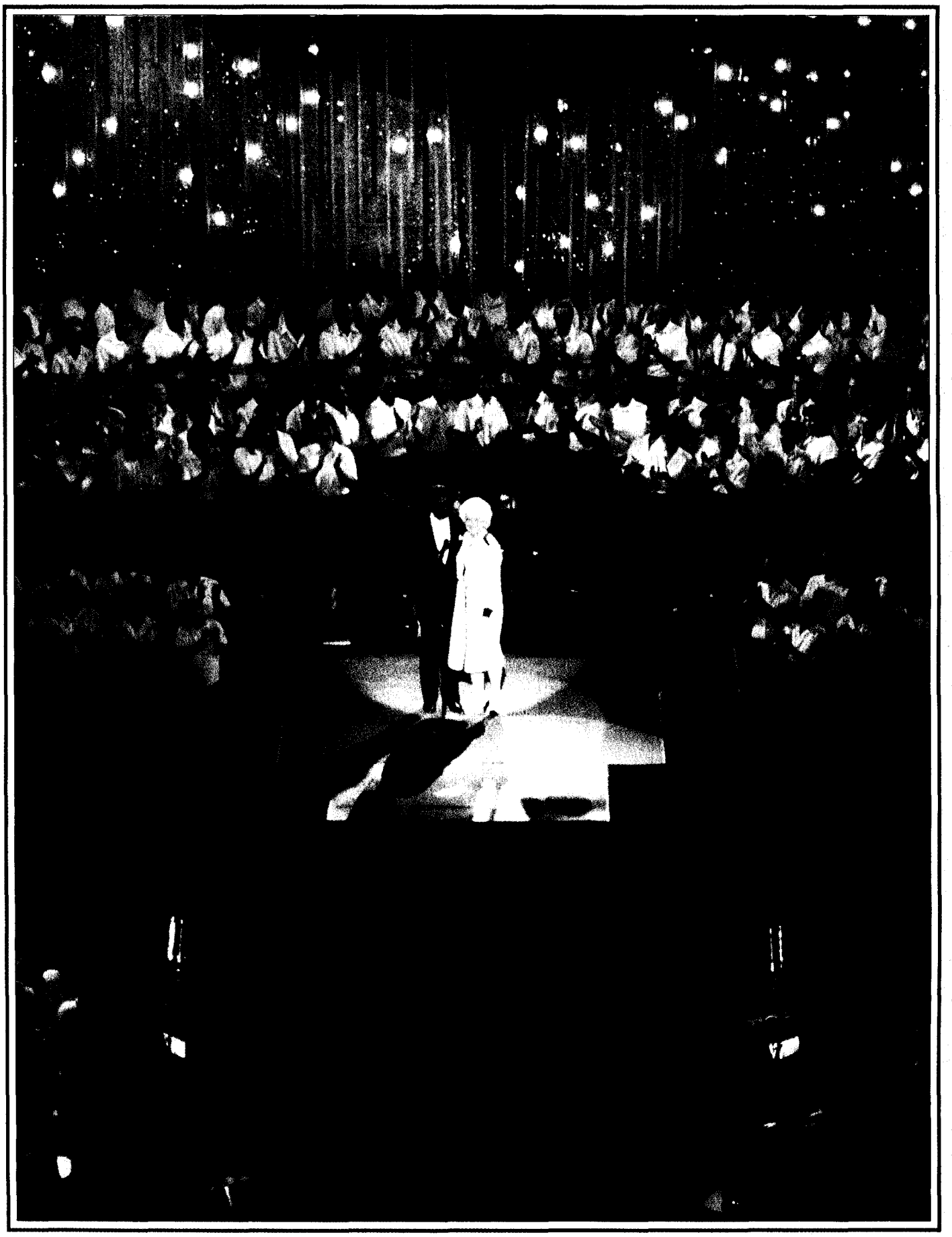

On an ABC Fourth of July television special, J. T. Pace, a retired construction worker, joined Barbara Bush in reading the Preamble to the Constitution. It was a moment of triumph for Pace, who had entered literacy training at age 62 so he could learn to read the Bible. Barbara Bush is moved by the courage and determination of new learners.

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THE CRUSADE AGAINST ILLITERACY

Barbara Bush, a woman with a mission, uses all the influence she can muster in leading the way to what has now become a national literacy movement.

by John Ensor Harr

J. T. Pace, the 63-year-old son of a former sharecropper from Mauldin, South Carolina, will never forget the day he met the wife of the Vice President of the United States.

He had traveled to St. Louis last year to appear at the climactic moment of a three-hour live entertainment special on ABC-TV, a program celebrating the Fourth of July and the Bicentennial of the Constitution and promoting the cause of literacy.

Barbara Bush had come to St. Louis as well. Because of her concern about the growing problem of illiteracy in America and her compassion for those afflicted by the problem, she had become the national leader in the literacy movement. That evening she was to walk out on a giant stage under the Gateway Arch to speak before a live audience of 800,000 people—and many millions more on television—about illiteracy and the need to overcome it. She would then introduce J. T. Pace, who would step to the microphone and read the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States.

Until a year earlier, J. T. had been illiterate. He had lived a life of "deception," as he put it, of shame and frustration, his energies constantly directed toward trying to hide his inability to read or write. J. T., a deeply religious man, now had one driving goal in life—to be able to read the Bible. Listening to tape recordings and memorizing them were no longer enough; he wanted to read the Word himself. And so at the age of 62, he finally took the courageous step to enter literacy training.

"Don't resign yourself to being a dropout," Ava Tony admonishes. "You're an incompleter, and believe me, it's never too late to complete what you started to do." A school dropout at 13, Ava returned at age 21 to get her General Equivalency Diploma (GED). She was recently honored by Barbara Bush on ABC's "Star-Spangled Celebration."

For J. T. the experience was like being reborn. In a choking voice, he speaks of finally being free, comparing illiteracy to the life of slavery his forebears lived.

Television producer Vince Maynard thought it an inspired idea to have a former illiterate—a "new learner"—read from the basic document of the land on a TV special dedicated to literacy and the Constitution. How better to communicate these related themes of the program? And who better to introduce this than Barbara Bush, the No. 1 literacy advocate in the country? J. T. Pace was selected from among the participants in the ABC "Learner of the Month" series of public-service announcements.

There was just one problem. J. T. Pace was a troubled man. The problem was not so much fear at appearing before the 800,000 people who annually gather beneath the Gateway Arch for the St. Louis Fourth of July celebration. Rather, during his trip to St. Louis he had encountered difficult words as he tried to read and reread the Preamble. In particular, the word "tranquility" bothered him. He didn't know what it meant and he couldn't pronounce it.

(In a sense, J. T. was illustrating the broader problem. Experts say that it takes an 11th-grade education to read and comprehend the Constitution. Nearly 60 million adult Americans cannot read or write beyond the 8th-grade level. What does this statistic say about the future of a democratic system?)

What was J. T. going to do? What would Mrs. Bush think of him? J. T. was scheduled to meet with her at 10 a.m. in ABC's local production headquarters. The two would get to know each other and prepare for their joint appearance.

Minutes before the meeting, J. T. told Maynard he couldn't go on that night. Maynard's initial panic abated when J. T. explained his problem. Simple, Maynard said. J. T. was a new learner. Why not sit down later in the day and learn the word "tranquility" and any others that bothered him?

J. T. shook his head. As nervous staffers hovered nearby, J. T. tried to explain the deeper issue. Having spent his life in deception, he now knew freedom from that. No longer would he memorize words and utter them as if he knew and understood and could read them. He simply couldn't do that and be honest with himself—even if it

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meant letting Mrs. Bush, Maynard, and everyone else down.

The stunned Maynard turned and sent two aides scurrying to see if they could find a replacement—a hopeless task at that point. Maynard groaned at the thought of losing the emotional climax to his show. Then he saw J. T. sitting disconsolate, his shoulders hunched. A decent man, a former Jesuit brother, Maynard understood J. T.'s religious conviction and his honesty. He put his arm around J. T. and said: "Look, it's O.K. Why don't you come in and meet Barbara Bush anyway? She's anxious to meet you."

When the two men entered the room, Barbara Bush rose and greeted J. T. with a big smile. Warm and unpretentious, she is skilled at putting people at ease, not in a calculating way, but because it is natural for her. She is moved by people and their hopes and fears and joys and problems. Most of all, she is moved by new learners, by their courage and determination.

She and J. T. sat together on a couch and talked animatedly. He was visibly relaxing. Maynard finally leaned over and gently began talking about the problem. J. T. finished the explanation. A dozen aides stood around wondering what was going to happen.

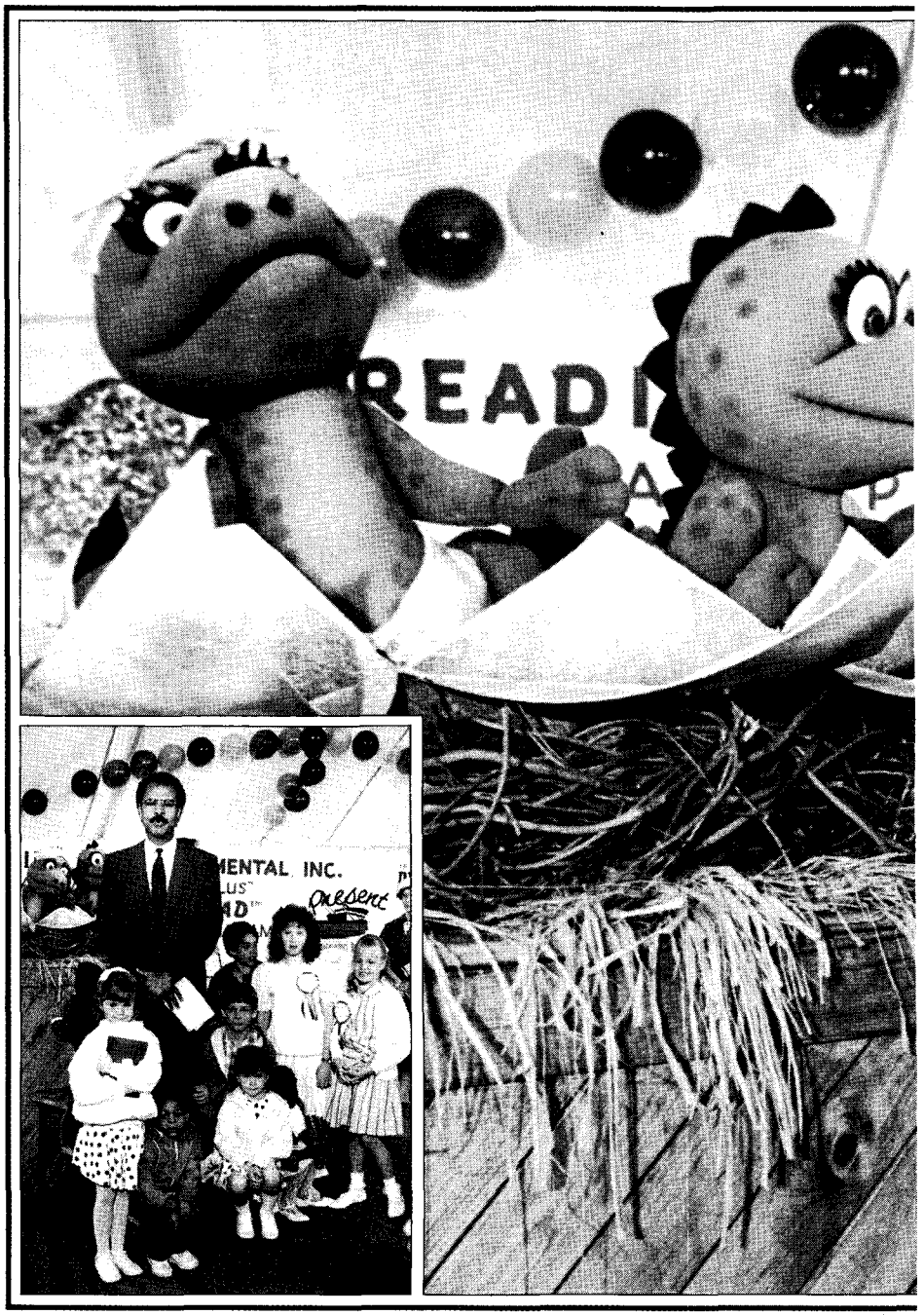
In about ten seconds Barbara Bush understood not just the immediate problem, but exactly how J. T. felt. She told him she sometimes has difficulty with big words, too, that it is a problem for every reader. But she agreed he must do only what was comfortable for him. Then she took his hands in hers and asked gravely, "What if you and I read the Preamble together?"

There was silence in the room. Slowly a smile spread on J. T.'s face. "I'd like that," he said.

That evening they stood together on the podium and slowly began to read the Preamble. J. T. mumbled some of the difficult words. Gradually Barbara Bush's voice subsided as J. T. gained confidence and finished the reading in a strong voice, his eyes glistening with tears . . .

We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

Mrs. Bush and J. T. embraced as the audience of 800,000 people rose in a standing ovation. Barbara Bush's warmth and compassion and depth of understanding had helped J. T. Pace convert his sense of failure into a triumph.



The hatching of the Readasaurus twins—whose breed has survived because they can read—was carried live on "Good Morning America," with host Spencer Christian. The event honored the National RIF (Reading Is Fundamental) Reader and Poster Contest Winners. Appropriately, the hatchlings were presented with books.

• • •

The dedication of Barbara Bush to literacy has a missionary fervor about it. She is a woman with a mission—to do everything she can, to use all the influence she can muster—to help those in need. For eight years she has responded to every opportunity possible throughout the country: speaking; visiting learning centers; meeting new learners and volunteer tutors; constantly encouraging, supporting, and leading the way in what has now become a national literacy movement.

This odyssey began for Barbara

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It's appropriate that Barbara Bush took her twin granddaughters, Jenna and Barbara, to the hatching of Rex and Rita, the Readasaurus twins, at the National Zoo in Washington, D.C., on May 3. Rita Readasaurus is the one with the bow on her head, of course. But we neglected to ask Mrs. Bush to identify Jenna and Barbara.

Bush in 1978, when it became clear that her husband would seek high office after a distinguished career as a congressman, U.S. liaison to China, director of the CIA, and ambassador to the United Nations. The wife of a president or a vice president, by custom, lends her prestige to an important and worthwhile cause. For Joan Mondale, it was support of the arts. For Rosalynn Carter, the tragedy of mental illness. Nancy Reagan is well-known for her "Just Say No to Drugs" campaign. This development is natural, for the volunteer service of wives and mothers is a social phenomenon of life in America. The spouses of those in public life can be especially effective in this regard.

Barbara Bush was no exception. From the early days, when George Bush was in the oil business in Midland, Texas, and as the Bush family grew, Barbara devoted her spare time to volunteer work for church, community, hospitals, schools, libraries, and of course, the Republican party. As Barbara Bush says, "Some people give time, some money, some their skills and connections, some literally give their life's blood . . . but everyone has something to give."

Now she faced a challenge: what would she devote herself to—*if* the political fates gave her a rare opportunity and responsibility?

She pondered all the problems that worried her: teen pregnancy, unemployment, crime, health issues, transportation, world peace—fitting subjects for her total devotion, but too much for one person. Which one,

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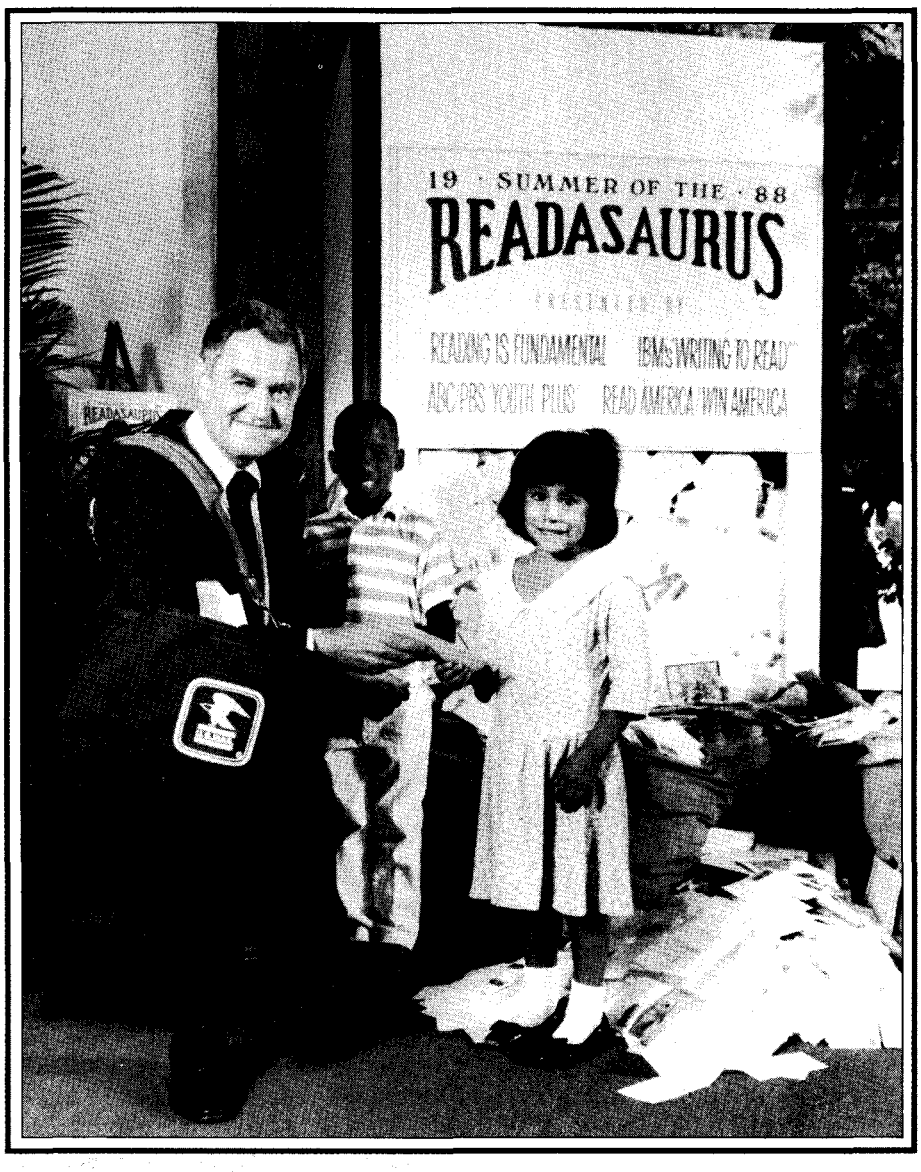

Postmaster General Anthony Frank is overwhelmed by more than *one million* cards and letters mailed to the Readasaurus twins, Rex and Rita, by American children who read three books during the summer. (The Readasaurus, a mythical breed of dinosaur, has survived because of its ability to learn to read.)

then? The more she thought, the more she realized that one pervasive problem in America—illiteracy—relates fundamentally to many other social ills. Illiteracy is not only a tragedy for those afflicted, but it is also clearly a contributor to poverty; unemployment; welfare dependency; substandard work performance; inability to vote or engage in community affairs; such public-health problems as substance abuse and teen pregnancy; crime; and economic troubles in general. Fighting illiteracy would help alleviate these other problems as well.

At the time, illiteracy was still hidden in the United States. It had not forced its way into the public consciousness: illiterate people are the very opposite of a vocal constituency. They suffer in silence and try to hide their problem in shame. And the United States had been so rich and powerful that society could tolerate the illiteracy problem.

Volunteer agencies, such as Laubach Literacy International, Literacy Volunteers of America, Lutheran Church Women, and others, had long been offering tutoring services to illiterates. The federal government had recently initiated a small program of adult basic-education grants from the Department of Education to the states. But these efforts largely escaped public notice. There was no widespread understanding of the scale and effects of the illiteracy problem.

Barbara Bush learned from the best available research that some *23 million adult Americans* are functionally illiterate, unable to read or write beyond the fourth-grade level, and that another 30 to 35 million lack basic skills beyond the eighth-grade level. Many sources confirmed her belief that illiteracy contributes to other social ills. When George Bush was elected Vice President of the United States in 1980, his wife was ready to devote herself to the mission.

That devotion, widespread and varied, resists any easy categorizing. At a moment's notice, Barbara Bush will advance the cause of literacy: speaking; appearing on radio and television; visiting schools, clinics, hospitals, churches, learning centers, prisons, factories, and anywhere she can meet and encourage people.

Often her influence is exerted privately. One evening she found that her banquet seatmate was Harold W. McGraw, Jr., the chief executive officer of the publishing firm of McGraw-Hill. McGraw, nearing retirement age, confided that he was looking for a nonprofit cause to devote himself to. He was talking to the right person. After listening to Barbara Bush, he returned to New York and proceeded to become a highly effective adherent of the cause.

First, he put his time and financial resources into the creation of the Business Council for Effective Literacy, now an important force in the business community's involvement in the literacy movement. Second, McGraw underwrote the first major-media public-service campaign on illiteracy, undertaken jointly by the Advertising Council and the American Library Association. This in turn led to the creation of the National Literacy Coalition, a forum for the cooperation of nonprofit and government agencies concerned with literacy. And this, in turn, led to the creation of the national literacy hotline, a referral service for those seeking to become involved as learners or tutors.

A major breakthrough occurred in December 1985, when Capital Cities/ABC and the Public Broadcasting Service announced that they were going to jointly undertake an 18-month public-service campaign on illiteracy. It was to be called "Project Literacy U.S."—PLUS. Barbara Bush gave the PLUS campaign her strong en-

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dorsement and support.

The PLUS campaign emphasizes both community outreach *and* on-air awareness-raising programs. Every ABC and PBS station worked locally to help convene a community literacy coalition—a PLUS Task Force. The initial goal was to achieve 150 task forces. Today there are 383. Only after this effort was well underway did the programing on illiteracy begin—major documentaries on both networks; coverage by every element of ABC News; story lines on literacy in ABC daytime serials and prime-time series; a movie called *Bluffing It*; coverage on the ABC Radio Network and National Public Radio; local tie-in programing by ABC and PBS affiliates; and continuing public-service announcements to link the major programing events. PLUS has been so effective that ABC and PBS have extended it. The program is in its third year, heading for its fourth.

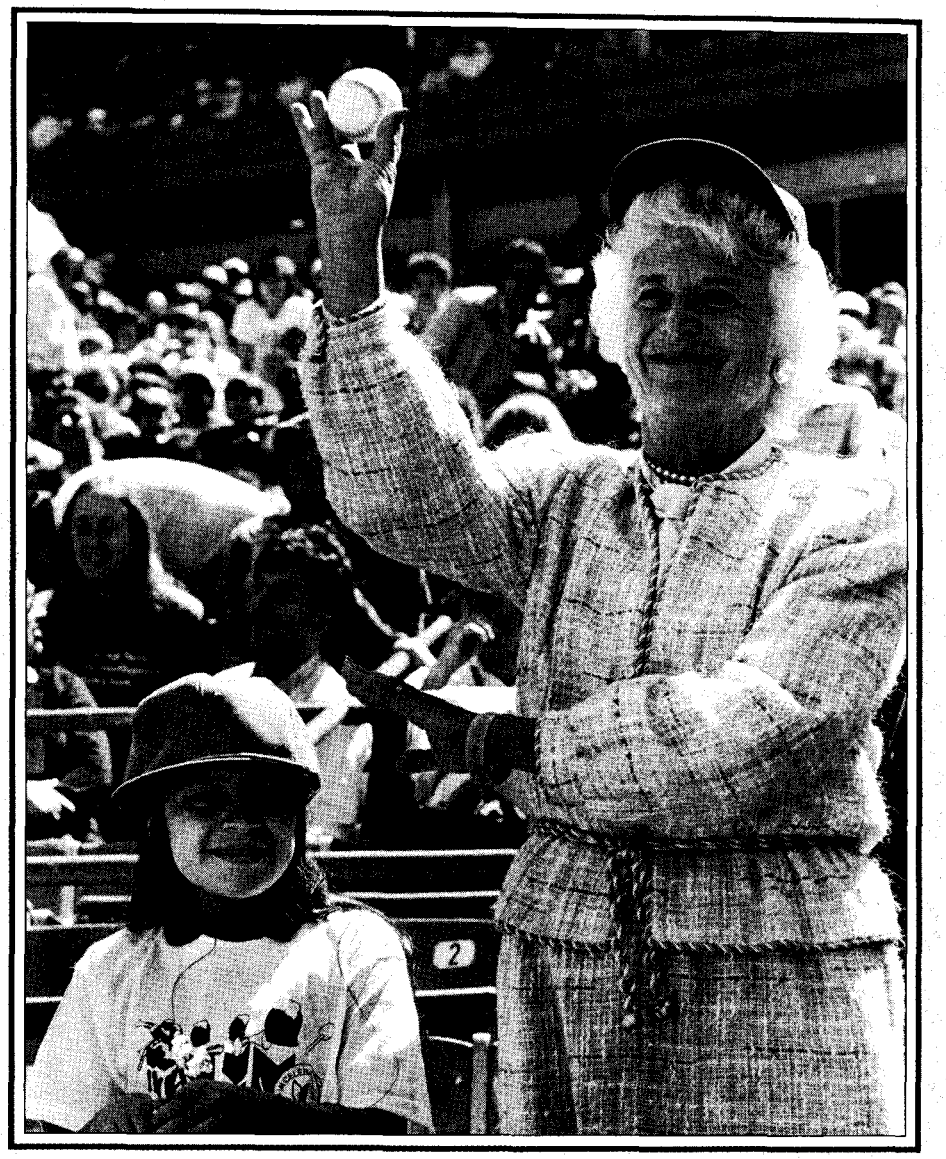
• • •

Like a true leader, Barbara Bush is quick to praise others. She attributes the emergence of a national literacy movement in the past few years mainly to the PLUS program. James E. Duffy turns that around. Duffy, the president of communications for Capital Cities/ABC and the leader of the PLUS movement for his company, comments: "When we and PBS were planning PLUS, one of the first people we wanted to see was Barbara Bush. Her warmth and encouragement and guidance were crucial in the design of PLUS and our commitment. Many times we have asked her to appear at PLUS events and for help in other ways. Never once has she failed us. There's no question in my mind that PLUS is what it is and has lasted so long because Barbara Bush paved the way and has helped us so much."

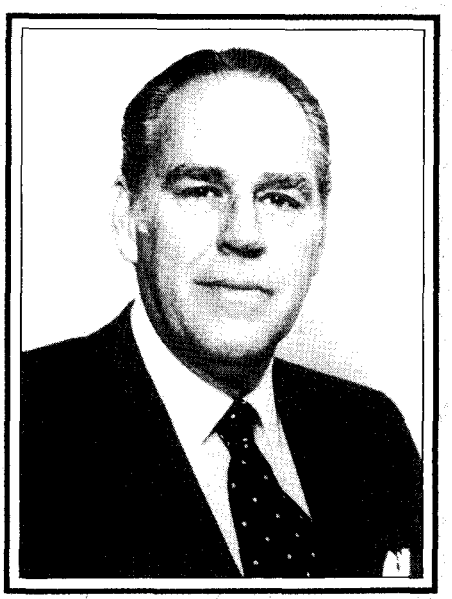
In a sense, Duffy could be speaking for everyone in the literacy field. Barbara Bush is universally regarded as the most important national resource the literacy movement has. Although being the wife of the Republican Vice President is instrumental, her involvement is essentially nonpolitical. Leading Democratic political figures, such as Gov. Bill Clinton of Arkansas, do not hesitate to praise her contributions.

Such effectiveness is the result of Barbara Bush the person—the totality of her commitment; her warmth and depth of understanding; her skill; and above all, her sensitivity to the human dimension.

One of Mrs. Bush's many visits was to a Maryland state prison where inmates have been trained to tutor illiterate fellow inmates—up to 85 percent of many prison populations. She talks about that experience: "All the men in the class I visited—tutors and students both—were really eager to talk about what they were doing and how much it meant to them. I got a little tearful when a young black man—a student—got up in front of



In another pitch for literacy, Barbara Bush throws out the first ball at a Mets-Pirates game in Shea Stadium. Mrs. Bush represents Reading Is Fundamental (RIF), which in 22 years has distributed more than 86 million books to young RIF readers like Mrs. Bush's companion, nine-year-old Mayra Martinez of New York City.



The inspiration of Barbara Bush led Harold W. McGraw Jr. of McGraw-Hill to create the Business Council for Effective Literacy.

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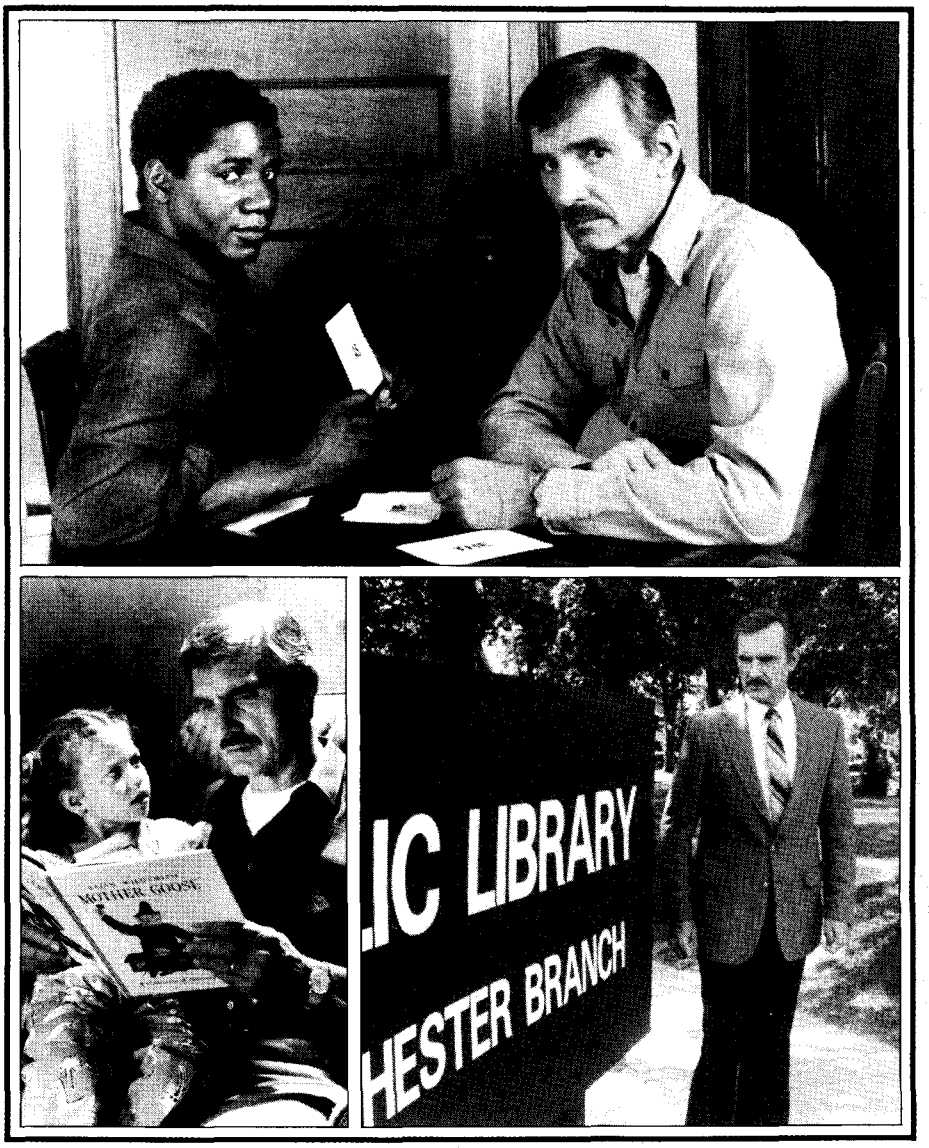
all of us and read a letter he had written to me, about how ashamed and angry he had been when he couldn't read or write . . . and how limited his options were for living well . . . and how inevitable it seemed that he would land in jail. And then he said how much freer he felt now, as a literate person, than he had ever felt before, and how different his life would be from now on."

A prison visit is a good way to understand what it is like to be illiterate: many new learners compare being illiterate to being in prison. J. T. Pace compares it to slavery. Others say it is like being blind. All talk about feeling free for the first time in their lives.

When Mrs. Bush visited classes sponsored by the Literacy Coalition in Nashville, Tennessee, she met a young man named Linwood Johnson. His illiteracy had condemned him to "common laboring jobs," he told her, adding that the example of Helen Keller—overcoming both blindness and deafness by learning to read—had inspired him to overcome his own "blindness." So moved was Mrs. Bush that she telephoned Jim Duffy to tell him the story. Linwood Johnson became the PLUS "Learner of the Month" for May 1988 on ABC-TV.

Barbara Bush's five children, their spouses, and her ten grandchildren are reminders that family values promote literacy. "The problem very often begins at home," she points out. "Parents with literacy problems are more likely to raise children who will have problems themselves."

For this reason, helping young children experience the joy of reading is as important to her as aiding adults. Since 1981, Mrs. Bush has been an active board member of Reading Is Fundamental (RIF), a 22-year-old nonprofit organization that has distributed more than 86 million books to children. With her twin granddaughters, Mrs. Bush visited the National Zoo in Washington last May for the televised hatching of the "Readasaurus" egg; "Readasaurus" is an imaginary breed of dinosaur that has survived because it learned to read. Out of the egg popped twin puppets—Rex and Rita Readasaurus. Live on television, they invited children to send them adult-signed postcards listing three books read during the summer. By summer's end, more than one million children had sent postcards to the twins at the National Zoo—more than 3 million books read!



In ABC's made-for-TV drama *Bluffing It*, Dennis Weaver (above, right) stars as "Cal," a man who has faked his way through life, making people believe he can read and write even though he is illiterate. He swallows his false pride and is tutored by his employee, a much younger man, played by Cleavant Derricks (left). Below, Cal's granddaughter isn't fooled when he stumbles over her favorite stories. Cal went to the library three times before he had the courage to go in for the literacy program.

Everything tends to come full circle. Barbara Bush had helped both PLUS and the National Literacy Coalition. Now these organizations joined together to plan a gala event, the "National Literacy Honors," in Washington on November 15, with every sector in the literacy movement invited to participate in honoring Barbara Bush as "the outstanding national leader in the literacy movement" and to pay tribute to 17 PLUS "Learners of the Month," representing the people Mrs. Bush cares about the most—the hundreds of thousands of Americans who have courageously overcome their illiteracy since she began her work.

Barbara Bush knows as well as anyone that illiteracy is a long-term problem, not subject to quick fixes. But she also knows that literacy is good news, with tremendous positive potential for individuals, communities, and the nation alike. We may be sure of one thing: no matter what course her life may take, her commitment to literacy will continue.

She sums it up well: "I honestly don't know of a more important gift that anyone can give than the gift of literacy."

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How Can We Compete with Japan?

We must get the family back into the education process. Japan's work force is better than 95 percent literate with "education mamas" teaching the children to read. America has an 85 percent literate work force with a lessening home influence.

Take a trip back to what may be our future. It is the 1851 industrial exhibition at the Crystal Palace in London. Britain is the dominant world power. The United States is No. 2 in industry and catching up fast.

Made-in-America reapers, muskets, and tools are the marvels of the show. British businessmen are amazed at what they see. Products are assembled from completely interchangeable parts. Here is true mass production for the first time. So impressed are they that they name it the "American system of manufacture."

Worried delegations of British industrialists set sail to investigate. Their findings? American manufacturing prowess is in large part due to a highly educated work force. The Yankees have an astonishingly high literacy rate of 90 percent among the free population. In the industrial heartland of New England, 95 percent of adults read and write. In contrast, just two-thirds of the people in Britain are literate.

Now zip ahead a century or so to the 1980s. The United States is the dominant world power, and it is Japan that is No. 2 and closing fast. American CEOs marvel at the quality of Japanese products flooding their markets. They make pilgrimages to Tokyo. Their findings? Manufacturing superiority is being forfeited to the Japanese. And yes, once again, behind the success in manufacturing prowess lies a better-educated work force. In 1988, Japan's functional literacy rate is better than 95 percent. In America it's down to about 80 percent.

Illiteracy is but a symptom of the larger problem afflicting the U.S. economy. The $150 billion yearly trade deficit and a foreign debt of half a trillion dollars reflect the inability of much of the American work force to compete effectively in an integrated world economy. "Much of the success of Japan stems from the fact that its blue-collar workers can interpret advanced

The Harlem Globetrotters come to the rescue . . . in an ABC Afterschool Special, "Gramps and the Globetrotters." Lynette Woodard, the first woman member of the Globetrotters, and Twiggy Sanders, an 11-year veteran, join their teammates to beat illiteracy and help "Gramps," a toymaker, learn to read.

mathematics, read complex engineering blueprints, and perform sophisticated tasks on the factory floor far better than blue collars in the U.S.," says Merry I. White, a professor of comparative sociology at Boston University and the author of *The Japanese Educational Challenge.*

America, in short, has been scrimping on human capital. After trying to solve its serious competitiveness problems by pouring hundreds of billions of dollars into capital equipment, the country is discovering it has been blindsided when it comes to workers. Corporate restructuring and a sharply cheapened dollar may have arrested the economic decline, but investing in people is turning out to be the only way to reverse it.

Society's failure to invest is already haunting the business community. Chemical Bank in New York must interview 40 applicants to find one who can be successfully trained as a teller. And IBM Corporation discovered after installing millions of dollars worth of fancy computers in its Burlington, Vermont, factories that it had to teach high-school algebra to thousands of workers before they could run them.

Building up human capital is becoming a national priority. After years of neglect, it has finally entered the political arena, at least on the rhetorical level. Just listen to the messages broadcast by both presidential candidates. Who will be the "education president"? Who will do the most to train workers or provide child care to working mothers?

Educating America's future work force reaches beyond the classroom. A fourth of all children born in the United States will be on welfare sometime in their lives. A quarter of all American children are born out of wedlock, and 42 percent of them will live in a single-parent family before they reach their 18th birthdays. As a result, education often plays second fiddle to the more pressing needs of survival.

The once-pervasive family role in education appears to be seriously eroding. With both parents in most families now working, the question of who's reading to the three-year-old and checking up on Junior's geometry homework is becoming a national concern. In Japan the mother plays such a strong role in teaching her children that she is known as "education mama." Here, the "education mama" is vanishing—and "education papas" aren't taking up the slack.

One big exception is in the Asian-American community. "This year, 22 percent of MIT's freshman class is Asian-American," says Lester C. Thurow, dean of the Sloan School of Management at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "The big reason for Asian-American success in public schools is family; family means some parent telling you that education is important."

—BRUCE NUSSBAUM

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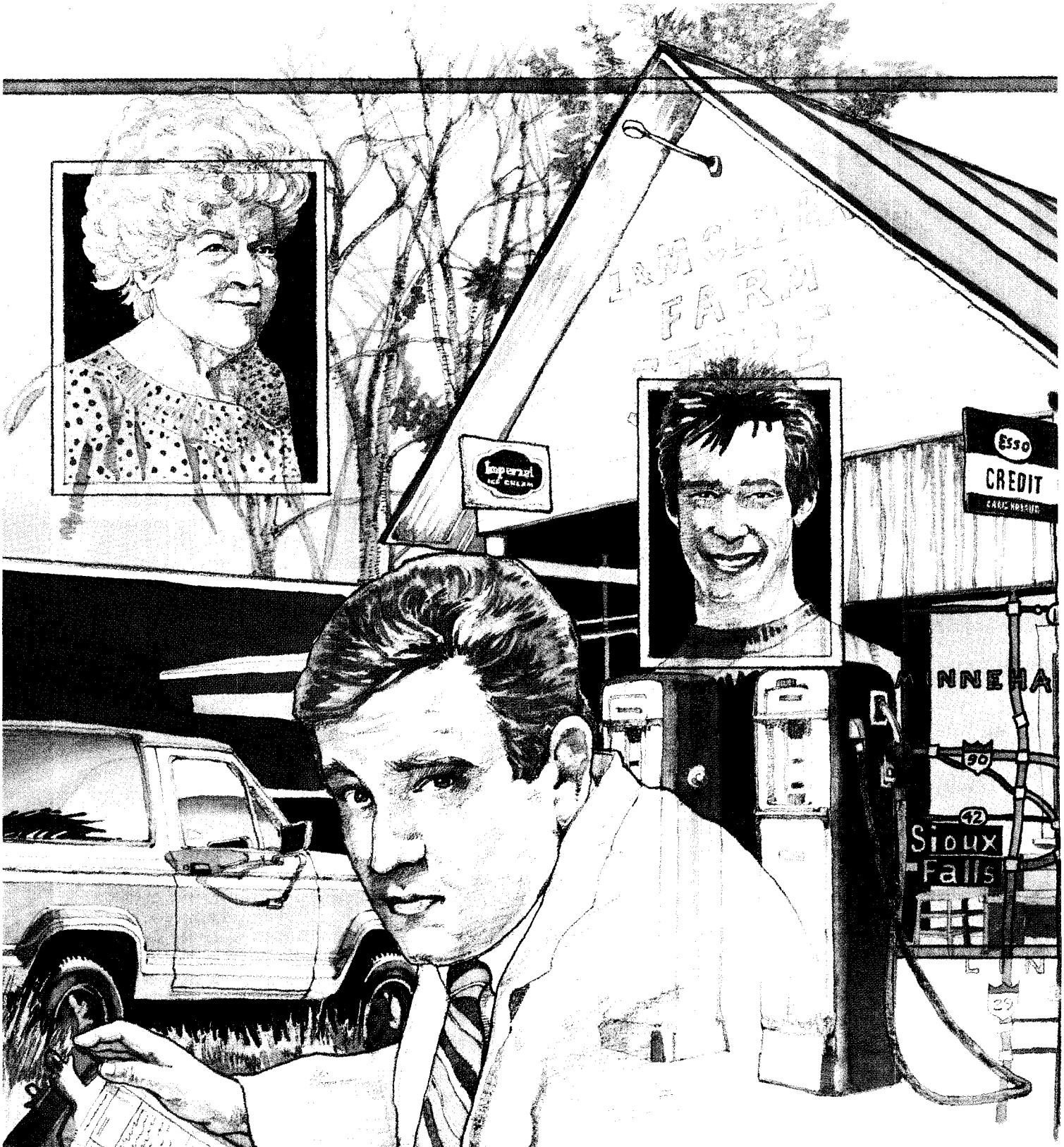

THE THYROID MYSTERY

The storekeeper in Valley Springs offered customers a special kind of beef; he called it his lean cuisine.

by Berton Roueché

Illustrated by Frederick H. Carlson

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One cold March morning in 1985, Dr. J. Michael McMillin, a professor of medicine and the head of the Division of Endocrinology at the University of South Dakota School of Medicine and the associate chief of staff for research and development at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Sioux Falls, was walking along a corridor in Sioux Valley Hospital there when he was hailed and stopped by a colleague named James Felker. Dr. Felker was a Sioux Falls internist with a practice that extended throughout the surrounding countryside, and Dr. McMillin knew him to be something of a diagnostic perfectionist.

"Mike," Dr. Felker said. "I've got a little diagnostic problem. What do you know about thyroiditis?"

"What do you want to know?" Dr. McMillin said.

That was a reasonable response. Thyroiditis, as its name suggests, is an inflammation of the thyroid gland. The thyroid, which is common to all mammals, shares membership with the parathyroid, the pituitary, the adrenals, the pancreas, and the gonads in the masterly hormonal manufactory known as the endocrine system, and it is situated astride the throat, just below the Adam's apple. Thyroid disease, in general, reflects either an inadequate production of the thyroid hormones (two amino acids that contain iodine) or an excessive supply of them. The former condition is called hypothyroidism. The latter is called hyperthyroidism—or, more descriptively, thyrotoxicosis. The usual cause of thyrotoxicosis is a derangement of the body's immune system, producing antibodies that stimulate the thyroid to an excessive hormonal output. This is the condition more familiarly

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known—in commemoration of the Irish clinician Robert James Graves (1796-1853), who drew a full-length portrait of it—as Graves' disease. There are, however, other avenues by which the body can be oversupplied with the thyroid hormones. One of these is by direct ingestion. Many health stores, for example, offer their credulous clienteles thyroid preparations as bracing dietary supplements. Another, and more common, cause of thyrotoxicosis is an inflammation of the thyroid gland, which forces a leaking into the bloodstream of a quantity of hormone normally held in storage. Thyrotoxicosis, whatever its origin, is marked by a panoply of discordant signs and symptoms that include weight loss, restlessness, irritability, increased appetite, rapid heartbeat, a pronounced sensitivity to heat, shortness of breath, and, occasionally, pain or tenderness in the area of the thyroid gland.

Dr. Felker's response to Dr. McMillin's question was also reasonable enough. He said he had a patient over in Valley Springs who clearly was suffering from thyrotoxicosis. Valley Springs is a farming hamlet (population 801) ten miles east of Sioux Falls and less than a mile from the Minnesota border. As a matter of fact, the patient was the Valley Springs postmaster, Richard Jacobson. The diagnosis of thyrotoxicosis derived from the presence in his blood of high levels of thyroid hormone. But it was a thyrotoxicosis that confounded Dr. Felker's understanding of the disease. For one thing, the standard evaluation of thyroid function (a test involving a small dose of radioactive iodine and surveillance by Geiger counter) showed that Jacobson's thyroid wasn't overexerting itself—it was, in fact, underactive. The other thing that puzzled him was that Jacobson insisted that he had no pain in the area of his thyroid. It wasn't even tender.

"I could understand Jim's confusion," Dr. McMillin told me during a talk we had not long ago in his big, cluttered, library-like office at the Center. He is a tall man, sandy haired and nearing 50, with a narrow, searing blue-eyed gaze, a quick and easy smile, and a way of accompanying every remark with an illustrative gesture or grimace. He ducked his head now in an expression of concern. "The thyroid is a very complex organ. But I'm an endocrinologist and I know some of its secrets. The thyroiditis that Jim seemed to have in mind is called subacute. The inflammation is thought to be the result of a viral infection, and the disturbance to the gland is temporary. As the infection clears, the preformed hormone is gradually excreted in the urine, and the condition reverses itself. Then there is an insufficiency of hormone in the blood. This alerts the pituitary, which governs thyroid activity, and the production of hormone is resumed on a normal basis. It was my feeling that Jacobson's lack of pain or tenderness didn't mean a whole lot. Some people have a high threshold of pain. And many men tend to be stoic. They won't admit to pain.

But, as I told Jim, there is another type of thyroiditis that we are only beginning to recognize, called silent thyroiditis, in which there really is no pain. And it too is self-limiting. I advised Jim to treat Jacobson with an anti-inflammatory, like aspirin, and perhaps a beta blocker to quiet his heart, and let time and nature do the rest. Then I went about my business. Jacobson dropped out of my mind.

"A couple of months went by. Then, in late May, I happened to run into Jim Felker again. He said something like 'Remember that guy with thyroiditis I told you about? Well, he isn't any better. In fact, he's worse.' He went on to say that he was admitting him to McKennan Hospital, another hospital in our system, and would I go over and see him? Which I did. I went over the next day, May 30. Jacobson looked sick, all right. His face was flushed, he had a very rapid heartbeat and very rapid reflexes, and he had a fine tremor. He said he had lost some weight, and he was diarrheic and just generally felt weak. I felt his thyroid. It wasn't enlarged—if anything, it was rather small—and he still insisted that it wasn't tender. He told me that he had been more or less sick ever since February. His symptoms seemed to come and go. I began to share Jim's puzzlement. I began to think this was one of those health-food cases. But he didn't really seem to be that sort of psychoneurotic type. I couldn't see him eating kelp or any other iodine-rich substance. And he denied that he had—although that meant nothing. I made arrangements for some further laboratory tests and suggested to Jim that he discharge him pending the test results. We might know better then."

• • •

Dr. McMillin is an active member of the American Diabetes Association, and a few days after his visit with Jacobson he traveled to Baltimore for the Association's annual meeting. It was a ten-day conference, but he cut his stay short to cover for one of his fellow endocrinologists who wanted to attend the second half

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of the meeting. He returned home at the end of the first week in June. In the accumulation of messages awaiting him in his office was one from Richard Jacobson, in Valley Springs. Dr. McMillin returned his call. Jacobson thanked him and reported that he wasn't feeling much better or much worse, but the reason for his call was something else. He had a question. He said, "Doc, can you tell me why there are four other people in this little town who have the same trouble I have?"

"That was interesting," Dr. McMillin told me, "but I wasn't too impressed. People are always calling to tell about a cluster of some disease or other. It usually turns out that there is a confusion of diagnoses. Besides, I told Jacobson, thyrotoxicosis isn't a disease that occurs in epidemic form. It isn't a communicable disease, like measles or influenza. The only outbreak of thyrotoxicosis on record in this country that might be called an epidemic occurred back in the '20s, when iodinated salt was first introduced. It brought on a lot of Graves' disease in susceptible people. Jacobson said something like, 'Well, maybe so. But one of those four people is my own mother.' I still wasn't much impressed. And then, that night, something strange happened. I had brought back from Baltimore a number of abstracts of papers to be given later in the meeting, and I was leafing through them at home. I had a grand rounds to present the next day, and I thought I might pick up something new and interesting to add to my presentation. And lo and behold! My eye caught a title—'Painless Thyroiditis: A Community Outbreak in Nebraska.' The outbreak occurred between January and March of 1984 in a seven-county area of southeastern Nebraska, and it numbered 54 cases, most of them in the county of York. There was no thyroid enlargement or tenderness. There were no deaths, but six patients were hospitalized. The ages ranged from 6 to 82. The outbreak ended as mysteriously as it had begun, and the cause was never determined. Well, I could hardly believe it. Now I really was impressed. If it could happen in Nebraska, it could happen here. The minute I finished my grand rounds the next morning, I went over to the Nuclear Medicine Department at McKennan Hospital and looked through the logbook of procedures. Sure enough, there had been a recent increase in thyroid studies, with results pointing to thyroiditis. Some of them were even my own patients. They came from various places: Valley Springs, of course, and several towns or villages just across the line in Minnesota—Beaver Creek, Hills, and Luverne, a town of around 5,000. I checked with Sioux Valley Hospital, and the logbook there showed much the same picture. Oddly, none of the cases was here in Sioux Falls, and Sioux Falls is the largest city by far in a rather large surrounding area in South Dakota, Minnesota, and Iowa. I arranged for a list of all the names and addresses and drove back to my office and got out that Nebraska abstract. It gave a list of the participating investigators. Most of them were from the Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta. I called them, one by one, and they were all out of the office. I left my name and telephone number and waited. I had to think that I was really onto something.

"You know how it is when you're waiting for a particular call. The phone keeps ringing, but it's never the call you're waiting for. Then—at last. It was a young doctor named Daniel B. Fishbein. He had been at CDC for a number of years, and his major work there was in rabies, but, yes, he had been to York and was still very much interested in that unresolved outbreak. I told him what seemed to be happening here. He said the feeling of the team at York was that the cause was probably a viral illness. A good many of the thyroiditis patients reported an earlier upper-respiratory infection. I told him that that was what I had in mind in our problem here. I asked him if he would be interested in giving me a hand. He was—very much so. But CDC is a federal agency, and there is a very strict protocol governing its investigations. It can come into a state only upon invitation from the state. Fishbein said he would sound out CDC and the South Dakota Health Department. We arranged for the invitation, and Fishbein—or Dan, as I came to know him—got permission from his people. I gave him everything I had—names, addresses, and study results. We set a date: June 15.

"Meanwhile, I got a call from Jim Felker, asking me for a consultation on Jacobson's mother. She was hospitalized at McKennan. I went to see her. She was very definitely thyrotoxic. She had all the symptoms and very high blood levels of circulating thyroid hormones. But she also confused things. Her thyroid gland was enlarged. That was atypical of this outbreak. And she had a previous history of thyroid disease—she had a goiter and she had been on thyroid-

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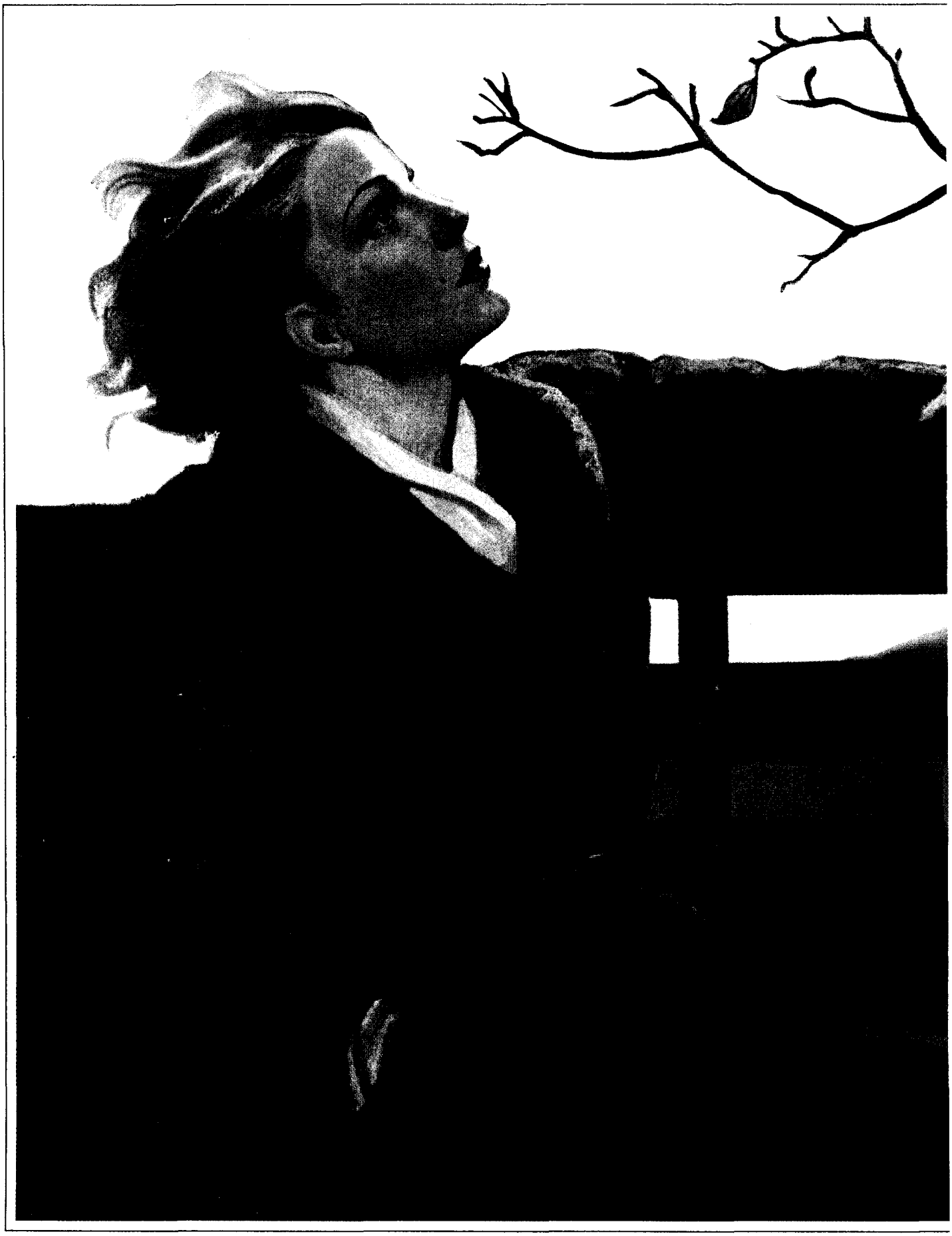

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Benefit of the Bargain

What a strange little episode to arise so perilously close to Christmas. The sense of holiday seemed utterly beyond reach.

by Gerald R. Toner

Illustrated by Neysa McMein

A long, high-pitched wail from the rail yards sounded the passage of the Chesapeake and Ohio freight on its way from Louisville to Lexington. It was December 20, the last school day before Christmas. Janet Law (Miss Law to her fifth graders) looked at the old brown school clock that hung over the oval portrait of George Washington and confirmed that it was three o'clock. Her own fifth-grade room in Birmingham had had such a perfectly accurate, consummately nondescript clock, which ceased to run only on the occasion when Franklin Hawley knocked it off the wall with a rubberized hardball. When it was safely placed back upon the wall, and Franklin placed in the principal's office, it resumed its watch upon her young life.

Tapping her red pencil on the edge of her desk, Janet glanced from the clock to the timeless, gray December day outside of her long bank of windows. The playground was empty. If it weren't for the last-minute semester grades and the problem of David Mays, she would be with Susan and Lucy having a glass of wine at the little inn just inside the county line. "Oh, well," Janet thought, brushing her newly cropped brown hair, "another day, another dollar."

Janet fully intended to continue grading the spelling test in front of her, but thoughts of childhood, begun by looking at the clock, continued as the colored rings of construction paper, tin-foil stars, and strings of popcorn and berries that adorned the tree reminded her of Christmases past. She was lost in thoughts of another decade when her classroom door was suddenly flung open.

Janet started, knocking her purse from the edge of her desk. She picked up her purse and composed herself while David Mays stood in her doorway ready for punishment. Taller than his ten-year-old peers and only an inch shorter than Janet, more outspoken than even the sixth graders one year older, and black and proud as any student she had ever taught, David had somehow become her special charge.

• • •

"Janet——" The principal had stopped her during the lunch break. His voice lowered to a whisper. "David Mays called Miss Christian an old white bitch in the hall this morning."

"Well?" she had answered, knowing full well what was next. She liked Bob Jones as a person but avoided him as a principal.

"Well, I've got a conference with the superintendent this afternoon. And then . . . well," he stammered. "I'm supposed to pick up Betty and the kids and go into Louisville to go shopping right after school. And you've got more control over David than anyone

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else. Why, for you he would. . . ."

"O.K., Mr. Jones. When, how, and just what am I supposed to do?"

"Well, I've told him to report to you after school. You can . . . well, do something . . . you know . . . do something." He patted her on the shoulder, smiled anemically, and moved quickly on through the corridor. He had known she would stay, even on the last day before vacation.

• • •

"Hello, David," she said, regaining her teacher's tone of voice. "Have a seat." He began to sit down. "Up here, by me," she corrected him. "Where I don't have to scream unless I want to." He moved to the seat by the side of her desk.

Janet was not completely prepared for the moment. In fact, she had no details of the offense. And she certainly had no idea of the sentence she was to administer.

"David, let's get to the point," she said. "Mr. Jones says you called Miss Christian an old white bitch." She was careful not to stumble over or slur the phrase "old white bitch." "What do you have to say about that?"

David pursed his lips and looked down at his lap. A moment passed and he looked up.

"Well, David, why?"

"Because she talked bad to me."

"What did she say?" Janet asked, knowing that the confession would not flow easily.

"She said I was stealing." Janet guessed that this was not a direct quote.

"Why would she have thought you were stealing?"

" 'Cause of the money I took. But I told her I was going to pay it back," he said.

"Who did you take the money from?"

"Brian." Brian was white, ordinarily David's closest friend.

"Was it just Brian whom you took money from?" Janet's mind wandered for a moment to the supposed grammatical offense of ending a sentence with a preposition.

"Well, there was Tom and Craig too. . . . I would have paid them back. I would have paid them all back. I was just borrowing."

"So it was their money?"

"Yes—but I needed it. I need it now. So I took it. But I told them I'd pay them back. They knew."

Janet knew David was loud and boastful; competitive and proud. He was not dishonest.

"What was the money for, David?"

"Things," David answered. His jaws set tightly. Janet knew she would get no further response with a direct question.

The room became silent except for the recurring squeak of David's sneaker on the linoleum floor. The gray overcast outside had begun to deepen as it neared 3:30. A few premature flakes of snow began to settle down from the gray, dusting the black limbs of the oak tree outside Janet's window. Crime and punishment were the last topics Janet wanted to pursue.

"Every year my parents go to greater extremes to keep me from finding my presents before Christmas."

Even without this last bit of housekeeping involving David Mays, it was not the merriest of Christmases. One year post-divorce, Janet had no one who even vaguely resembled a "most significant other." She was resolved that since Louisville was home now, she should not flee back to Birmingham for Christmas. When all was said and done, wine with Susan and Lucy was more to the order of her emotional tolerance than crime and punishment.

"What are you doing for Christmas, David?" If David didn't want to talk about petty theft, then neither did she, at least for the moment.

"Stayin' with Momma." Janet knew that this meant with his mother and his stepfather.

"Have you trimmed your tree yet?"

"They did." Janet knew that this meant his mother, his stepfather, and their children.

"Didn't you help?" Janet probed.

"I had chores. Jim said I'm getting too old for trimming trees and Santa Claus and all that."

Janet's breath escaped in a short, quiet hiss. At 29 she too sensed the need for trimming trees and Santa Claus. Her parents *had* asked her to join them and her teenage brother. A gut feeling midway between pride and shame had prompted her to decline this offer. David lacked the good fortune of an offer. Janet collected her thoughts, then herself.

"What about your Daddy's family?" David's natural father had been killed in an industrial accident four years before. Somehow the lawyer Mrs. Mays had retained managed to lose the worker's compensation case, failing to file before the two-year deadline. David's stepfather was a good man, but a hard one.

"They're away."

"Who's away?"

"Aunt Jane's moved to St. Louis. Uncle Fred's family is all busy." David fell silent, resuming his gaze downward at his squeaking sneaker. At last, Janet had a lead and a clue. David had not mentioned his grandmother Mays.

"When is your Grandmother Mays coming to town for Christmas?" David simply shook his head from side to side. "Where does she live, David?"

"Cincinnati."

"Do you really think your stepdad doesn't have the money for her busfare down here?" Janet was guessing.

"Jim says so. He got laid off Fri-

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day. Plant's closing till February."

"So you were trying to get the money from Brian, Tom, and Craig so you could pay for a ticket, right?"

David's eyes darted upwards with a look of respect for her intelligence and resentment for her intrusion into his own sadness.

"Yeah," he started. "And it would have been O.K. They knew I'd pay 'em back. But they saw Miss Christian and got scared. And then when she stopped us they wouldn't say anything."

The mention of Miss Christian added yet another wrinkle to the problem. Janet was suddenly reminded that Miss Christian had been called an "old white bitch" and was probably waiting in her own room for an outcome to the incident. Ethel Christian was both strict and kind, tough-minded and sensitive, and above all, if Janet was David's mother figure at the school, Ethel Christian was his surrogate grandmother.

Janet looked down at the clutter on her unvarnished desk top. She could use order and a little time to think. She knew that she had neither. Getting up from her desk, Janet walked to the window. What a strange little episode to arise so perilously close to Christmas. It threatened all three of them in common. And if the sense of holiday had seemed merely distant earlier in the day, it now seemed utterly beyond reach.

The money was the least of Janet's problems. Janet Law had little to spare, but certainly enough to pay for a bus ticket from Cincinnati. The question was how to find a solution that constituted punishment rather than reward. She turned and looked at David still seated by her desk. Punishment would get her nowhere. Charity would not get her that far.

"David," she began, thinking as her words were spoken. "Your punishment is that you must bargain with me. Ordinarily you would have the choice not to. But I am the teacher and you are the student and I am taking that choice from you." David began to stiffen. He did not like being told that any of his choices had been eliminated, and even if he did not fully realize what Janet was saying, he understood well enough to feel angry. She understood too and was relieved. Now she could proceed.

"I will now present the terms of our bargain."

"What kind of bargain?" David snapped.

"I will trade you the price of a round-trip bus ticket for your Grandmother Mays for certain . . ." she paused. "Certain work."

"What kind of work?" he asked.

"Caroling just isn't the same anymore."

"You tell me what you'll be willing to do and I'll tell you whether I'll accept. But it must also involve Miss Christian."

David's chin receded and his back assumed a more normal slope.

"I'll apologize," David stated, his mouth dry and his palms sweaty.

"That's to be expected, David. That's only common decency."

He paused, confused. "I'll mean it," he said quietly.

"That's a beginning," Janet said with a slight smile. "And what else will you do?"

David looked down and away. "I'll be good."

"Now you're back to square one. You are 'good,' David. That's not the issue." She knew that when David looked down and away his mind was not on his words.

"You must offer me something that I will accept and that I believe you'll come through on." Janet bit her lip as she repeated her sentence and its closing preposition. She brushed intruding thoughts of grammar aside. David looked up and squarely into her eyes.

"What can I do?" he asked.

"You can stop pouting and start thinking. How about working for the ticket?"

"Nobody will hire me. I'm too young. I'd work. I tried already."

He glanced outside at the dense gray cloud cover. "I'd shovel snow, but I don't have no shovel."

"I don't have *any* shovel," Janet corrected him. She caught herself in the pedant's bind and quickly added, "I accept your offer. It's a deal." (Susan and Lucy were on their second glass of wine.)

"What? But——"

"I know, David. No shovel. I'll worry about the details later; just come with me." And she rose from her chair, took David by the hand, and quickly marched down the length of the second-floor corridor, their footfalls echoing against the 12-foot ceilings and beige walls. They reached their destination at the end of the hall and waited for a moment in silence.

Miss Christian sat waiting at her desk, gazing out the window, her hands folded over her gloves, her purse ready for departure. Janet knocked at the door.

"Excuse me, Miss Christian. David Mays and I would like to see you for a moment. David has something he would like to say to you." She stepped into the room, dropped David's hand from hers, and took one step back to the door. Miss Christian looked intently into David's eyes. Janet diverted her own gaze to the brown clock on Miss Christian's wall and achingly watched the sweep hand make its way from one to almost seven before she dared look back at

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THE POST PICKS GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Just the thing he or she may be asking Santa for this year, from a portable golf course to a two-man submarine.

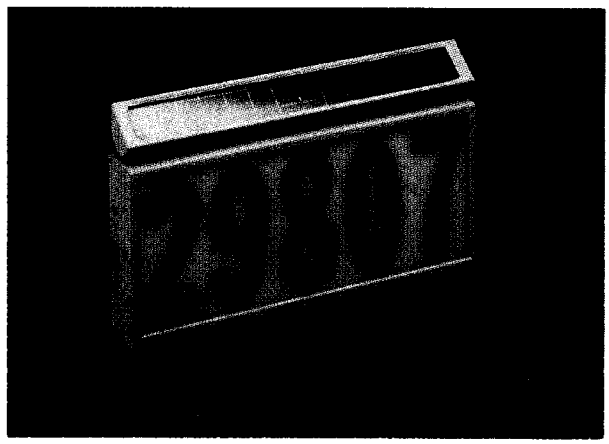
by Maynard Good Stoddard

In Christmas buying, it's the thought that counts, and *Post* editors have put plenty of thought into the following suggestions, which may help fill those awkward voids on your shopping list.

Simply place one finger next to the item of your choice and use another to dial a toll-free number and place your order. Or order by mail. But don't wait too long—you'll want some time to play with these presents before you have to wrap them up.

A Real Show-Off: Do you have trouble with party guests' driving past your house? The answer is to make your address visible through rain, sleet, snow, dark of night, or foggy car window. And you can do this by presenting your spouse with "The Only Solar-Powered Lighted Address Sign."

This is the only address sign that uses solar energy to recharge its power source during daylight hours. No external wiring is necessary to make this sign clearly visible from 100 feet. Its built-in ten-cell photovoltaic panel absorbs the solar energy necessary to recharge the four-volt acid battery—which will operate for 100 hours on a 3-hour charge and run for ten days without sunlight. Its photoelectric eye automatically turns the light on at dusk and off at daylight. Included are three sets of adhesive 1⅞" x 4¼" numbers—0 to 9—and one set of letters—N, S, E, and W. The sign is steel rimmed with plastic facing, and it's powder coated for weather resistance. Also included: a pair of two-piece enameled steel post stakes for lawn installation and brackets for wall mounting.

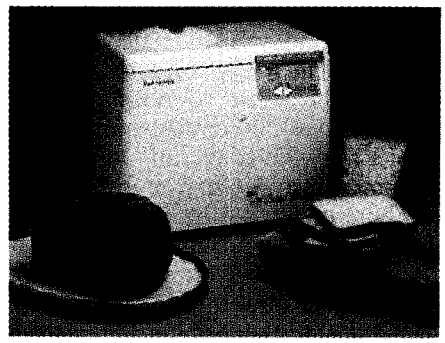


Solar-Powered Address Sign

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll-free: 1-800-543-3366. #37639R: $104.50; #3764OR: $82.75 (without steel post stakes).

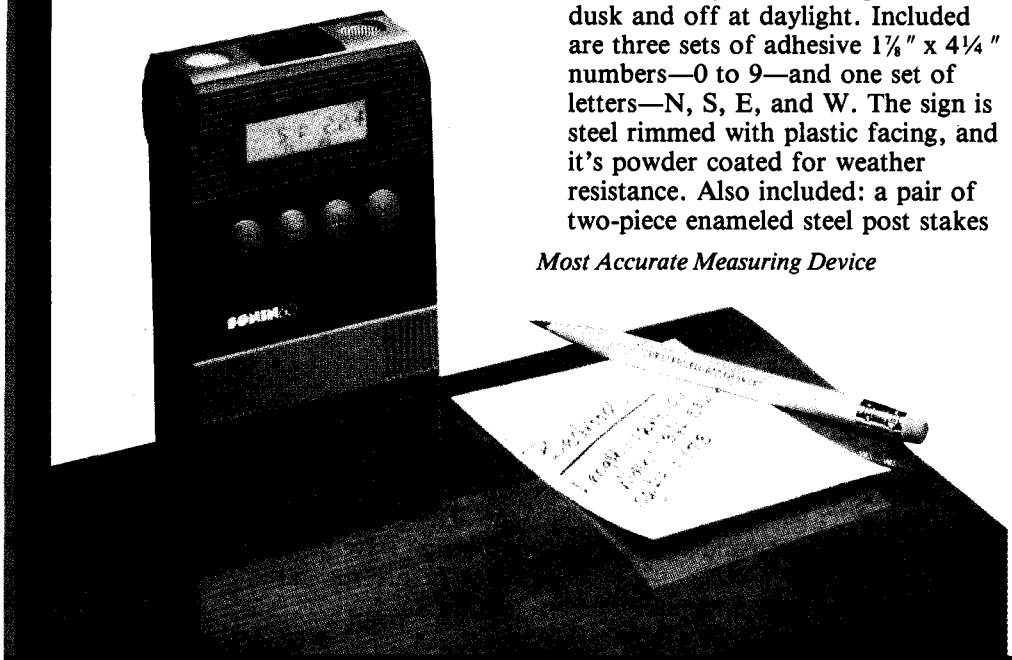
In the Dough at Last: Is there a newlywed on your gift list? Or maybe a not-so-newlywed whose biscuits are so heavy she should be wearing safety shoes when she bakes? Or is there one who can never find the bread hubby likes or has to drive halfway to kingdom come to get it? What a gift the "Automatic Home Bread Maker" will make—if you can bring yourself to give it up, that is.

This unique machine automatically mixes, kneads, leavens, shapes, and bakes a one-pound loaf in only four hours. For biscuits, croissants, and other bakery items, an automatic leavening mode mixes, kneads, and adds yeast to the ingredients, preparing the dough for manual shaping and baking in a conventional oven. It plugs into household outlets. A 30-page recipe book is included.



Automatic Home Bread Maker

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll-free: 1-800-543-3366.



Most Accurate Measuring Device

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Computer Golf Game

#31525R: $342.50.

How Far the Moon?: This is the gift for anyone who would rather take measurements standing up than crawling across the floor—or worse yet, the yard—for the old yardstick-and-chalk method. The happy recipient can now get the measurements of a room, or the number of feet for a dog-run line, simply by aiming the "Most Accurate Electronic Measuring Device" at any flat surface up to 60 feet away.

Don't ask us how it works. Something about a sonic echolocation system similar to that used by submarine navigators. The figures are immediately displayed on an LCD readout. It operates on one nine-volt battery (included). Size: 5″ x 3″ x 1″. Weight: 6 ozs.

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll-free: 1-800-543-3366. #36214R: $99.95.

Eighteen Holes at Home: Do you know of someone on your gift list (hubby, perhaps) who comes home from the golf course complaining about high greens fees, his playing buddy's kicking an out-of-bounds ball back in bounds, or being rained off when he was still two strokes ahead? Now you can settle his blood pressure by keeping him home—playing the game with the "Computer-Animated Hand-Held Golf Game."

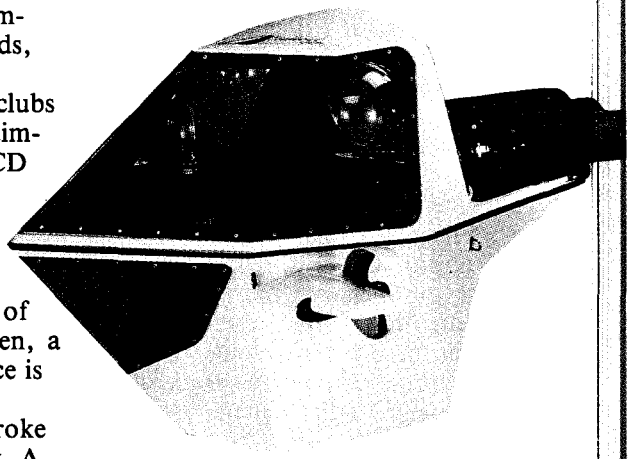
This pocket-size device simulates all the game conditions of an 18-hole, 72-par golf course, complete with doglegs, water hazards, and sand traps.

The player selects one of 12 clubs and determines the force and timing of his shot; then the LCD screen tracks the ball down the fairway past ponds, trees, and traps. If his club selection is wrong or his timing is off, the ball hooks, slices, or goes out of bounds. Once he's on the green, a putter is chosen and the distance is displayed. The device simulates one-person play, two-person stroke play, or two-person match play. A readout continuously displays the distance remaining, club selection, strokes, player number, and hole number. The game comes with a vinyl carrying case and a 38-page course guide. It uses two LR44 button batteries (included). Size: 7¼″ x 4″ x ¾″.

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll-free: 1-800-543-3366. #37010R: $74.95.

Sound of Music: Does your gift list include someone whose favorite complaint is the crass jangle of the bell announcing a phone call? He will complain less, if at all, when the "Baby Grand Telephone" gets his attention musically by playing one of seven built-in melodies. The gift recipient can select a favorite or let the piano phone play a different tune every time it rings.

Each key corresponds to a note, from middle C to octave E. The music lover can play his favorite sonata, then pick up the handset and dial the numbered white keys for a clear, crisp conversation. The tone key lets him play tunes for listeners at the other end. The pause key gives him access to long-distance services. The mute key allows him to make off-line comments. The redial key remembers and redials any number up to 16 digits. The user touches the reset key to disconnect and redial. The telephone uses two AA batteries (not included), has an adjustable ringer volume for the melody, and includes a one-year warranty.

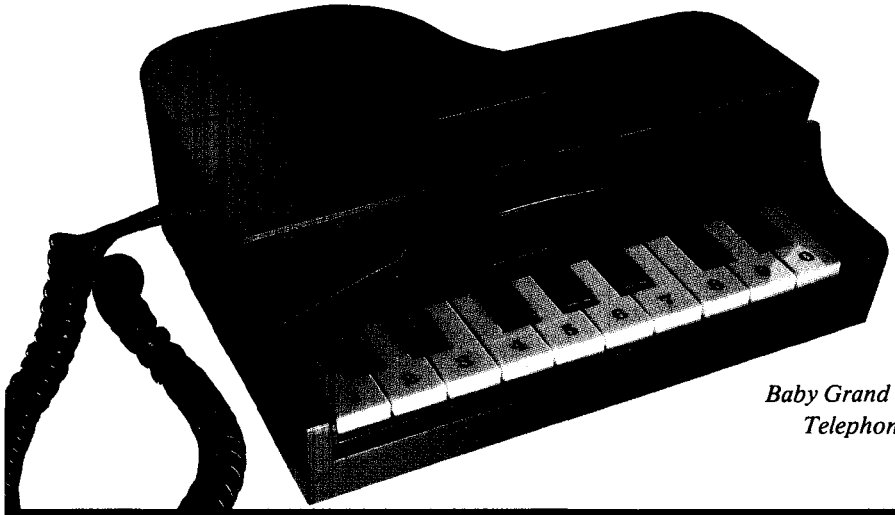


Two-Person Submarine

Order from The Sharper Image. Toll-free: 1-800-344-4444. #ICF200: $69 (plus $4 for handling and shipping).

Down Under: Isn't it irritating to ask someone what he wants for Christmas and have him reply, "I don't know," or "I can't think of a thing"?

Well, it's a cinch he hasn't



Baby Grand Telephone

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thought of this. And it's a pretty safe bet that even the person who "has everything" doesn't have the "Two-Person Submarine."

Such a gift is all wet, you say? Oceanographers and commercial divers do not agree, for they have made good use of it. Its two 32-amp thrusters power the craft through the water at speeds up to three knots, and it will allow passengers to continue breathing at depths up to 60 feet. The nonpressurized cabin, constructed of compression-proof fiberglass with polyester resin, is entered from an underside opening, and it keeps the driver and guest completely dry from the chest up in its air-filled hull. That air supply is provided by an 80-cubic-foot-capacity scuba tank (included) connected to a cabin regulator and two second-stage mouth regulators. The craft operates on two 100-amp rechargeable batteries (batteries and recharger included).

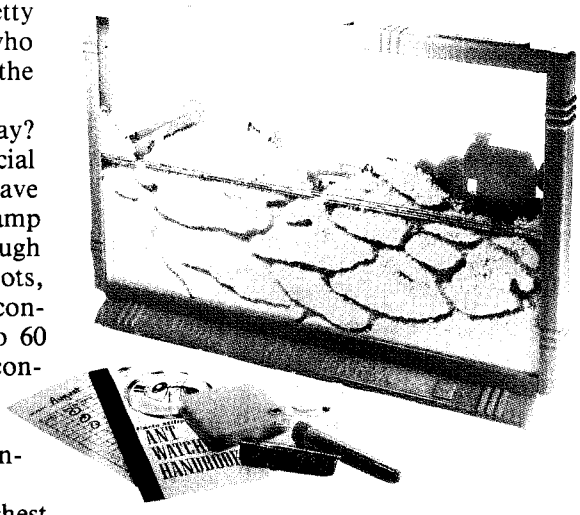
There are a couple of small catches to giving this gift: a scuba certification must be obtained for purchase, and training must be provided by the manufacturer. Thus a note on the gift card should instruct the proud new owner to call Mr. Ernie Hovland or one of his technical advisers between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., EST, weekdays, collect, at 312-664-7745.

Height: 4′9″. Width: 6′. Length: 8′. Weight: 980 pounds.

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll-free: 1-800-543-3366. #16415R: $18,000.

Three-Person Submarine. Same as above, except for additional cabin area and all equipment needed for a third person. #16416R: $22,500.

More to Watch Than Television: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; observe her ways and be wise." For the child on your list trying to become wise by watching television, discovering the fascinating world of the "Giant Ant Farm" might change his outlook. At least the ants will provide entertainment for all the family, as the busy little



Giant Ant Farm

picnic pests go about their daily duties. Other ant farms are scratched easily and become hazy, but the viewing panels of the Sharper Image farm are made of a special polycarbonate that resists scratching. The escape-proof frame (we can hear Mom saying, "Oh, thank heavens!"), measuring 10″ high, 15″ wide, and 1″ deep, is strong ABS.

This deluxe farm comes complete with sterile white tunneling sand; a year's supply of ant food; a water feeder; a feeding and care schedule; an Ant Watcher Society membership card; and Uncle Milton's 24-page Ant Watcher's Handbook. A folding magnifying glass for close-up observation is also included. When your gift recipient sends in the included certificate, he will receive by return mail an extra-generous quantity (45-50) of red harvester ants, one of the few varieties that dig in daylight.

Order from The Sharper Image. Toll-free: 1-800-344-4444. #IUA920: $39.00 (3.50).

Accusplit Pedometer

Counting the Steps: He says they jogged a mile that morning; she says it seemed more like two. Why not let them know for sure, with a gift of the "Accusplit Pedometer"?

Unlike most pedometers—built like toys with accuracy to match—the Accusplit is a precision instrument engineered to measure distance both walking and jogging. Its three-digit counter clicks off the miles and tenths of miles like a car's odometer. A patented design allows the jogger-walker to quickly dial in his stride length on the numbered scale. The rugged ABS case attaches to belt or clothing with a stainless-steel clip.

If someone wants to be sure he walks a prescribed two miles or more a day and he still would like a change of scenery occasionally, an Accusplit pedometer is the way to go. The pedometer has a one-year warranty.

Order from The Sharper Image. Toll-free: 1-800-344-4444. #IAU150: $29 ($3).

Know When to Fold 'Em: Kids are now sliding downhill on everything from used tires and sheets of tin roofing to draining boards from the kitchen sink. Bill Cosby says he had to ride downhill on his cousin. All because of the inconvenience of transporting a toboggan from home to hill, in most cases. But no longer.

To make a family happy this Christmas, give them the "Only Folding Toboggan." That's right—it folds to only 18″ x 36″ x 7″, yet its eight-foot cushioned surface holds up to four

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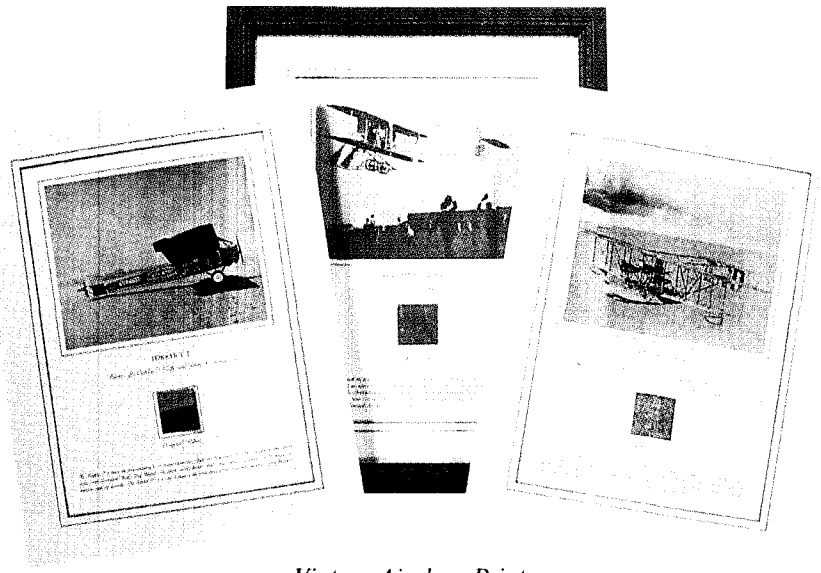


Vintage Airplane Prints

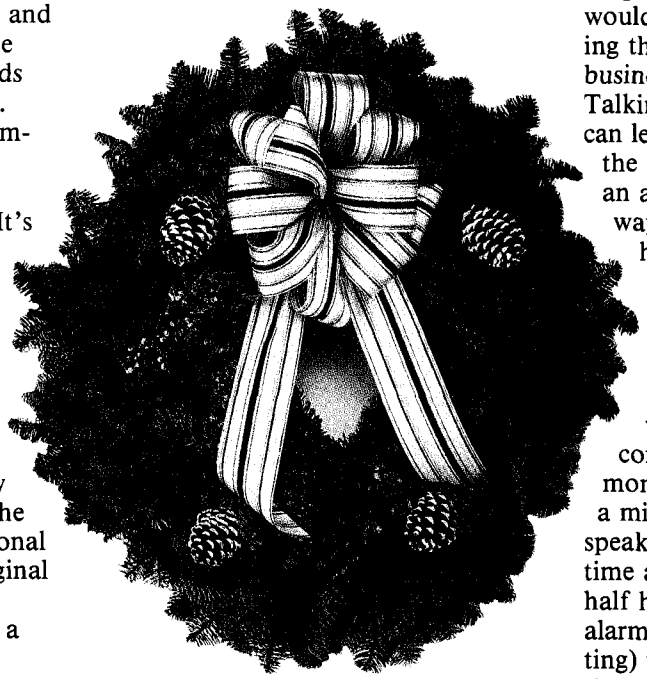
passengers comfortably. Its high-density polyethylene frame provides a smoother ride than a wood toboggan, because of 3,000-pound tensile-strength aluminum hinges that flex when sliding over bumps or depressions. The toboggan's surface is corrosion proof; it never requires waxing. The three 15″ x 28″ x 1″ foam cushions are vinyl covered, and there are two nylon ropes for sure grip. At 17 pounds, it is two-thirds less weight than other toboggans.

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll-free 1-800-543-3366. #27121R: $69.95.

Plane prints: It's a bird! . . . It's a plane! . . . It's a whole flock of planes. And they are a most interesting gift idea for the vintage-airplane lover or just about anyone who wants to brighten his den, airplane lover or not.

The seven aircraft depicted in the "Vintage Airplane Prints" are historically significant, now restored and on exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution's National Air and Space Museum. The original fabric covering the wings and fuselage has been preserved, and a piece of this fabric, measuring approximately 2″ square, will accompany each 15″ x 20″ print. Each print will also come with a historical sketch of the aircraft, along with a signed Certificate of Authenticity.

Choose from Albatros D.VA (German World War I fighter); Bleriot XI (1914 French monoplane); Curtiss NC-4 (first trans-Atlantic flight); De Havilland DH4 (U.S. World War I bomber); Wright Ex "Vin Fiz" (first trans-U.S. flight); Fokker T-2 (first nonstop trans-U.S. flight); Douglas World Cruiser (first round-the-world flight). Or order all seven—if you think the guy is worth it. Order from: Aviation Relic Prints. Toll-free: 1-800-533-7763. Price per unframed print: $50.



Appalachian Handmade Wreath

What Fir: O.K., so the submarine is a little steep for your Christmas budget, every jogger on your list has a pedometer, and everyone else has an ant farm in his house all through the summer months. Then it's Christmas Ridge Handicrafts to the rescue.

This outfit's "Holiday Wreath Handmade in Appalachia" has to be the thickest, sweetest-smelling, and sturdiest fresh wreath available for Christmas '88. Measuring 22″ across and 4″ thick, it is crafted of noble fir and decorated with an oversize bow of red-white-and-silver ribbon, frosted pine cones, blue-berried juniper, and bunches of brilliant red holly berries (artificial). A solid metal frame holds the weight of the pine and makes it strong enough to withstand winter winds. The wreaths are individually packaged with a protective liner in sturdy ventilated boxes.

Order from Christmas Ridge Handicrafts, Dept. P, 322 Crab Orchard Road, Lancaster, KY 40446. Send a check for $30 (which includes UPS shipping anywhere in the continental U.S.) and complete address. (Orders received by November 14 are guaranteed for mid-December delivery.)

Speaking of Time: Why anyone would need to ask for the time during the night is his business. Our business is to describe the "Only Talking Wristwatch." With it, he can learn the time without turning on the nightlight or perhaps spraining an ankle falling in the dark on his way to read the kitchen clock. All he has to do is push a button on this unique timepiece; a clear, digitally synthesized female voice will say, "It's 2:54 a.m.," or whatever.

Originally developed for the visually impaired, the watch combines an hour-minute-second-month-day LCD quartz watch with a microprocessor and miniature speaker. It can be set to announce time automatically on the hour and half hour, and it has a wake-up alarm (with a five-minute snooze setting) that announces the time and then says, "Please hurry up." It includes a stopwatch-timer. The voice can be shut off if the wearer gets sick of it. The plastic case and strap are moisture proof. The watch runs on two silver-oxide batteries (included).

Order from Hammacher Schlemmer. Toll-free: 1-800-543-3366. #25563R: $69.95.

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Whitey wailed in anguish as the icebreaker sailed off and left him alone.

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The Warmhearted Polar Bear

He hated ice and snow. For real living, give him Miami Beach.

By ROBERT MURPHY

When Whitey, the young polar bear, wandered disconsolately around the vaguely familiar headland and saw the berg-dotted expanse of Foxe Basin stretching away to the south and the shapes of the two offshore islands in front of him, he knew for once where he was. He knew exactly, and pain stabbed him; for he had stood on this same spot, a year ago, wailing in anguish as the icebreaker Bonaventure so callously sailed off and left him alone. He remembered, as clearly as though it were yesterday, coming back from a little spring exploring trip inland and staring at the empty expanse of water where the ship had lain, frozen in since the autumn before. At first he hadn't believed his eyes; he had taken for granted that she would always be there; and then, far off, he saw her masts slowly diminish in size and finally disappear.

It had been a dreadful time, and the year that followed was more dreadful still. He had to learn the hard way that a polar bear's life was a matter of keeping ahead of two things: the ice and starvation. The two were closely related, for most of the arctic's life existed around the edge of the floe, and he had to follow the life if he wanted to dine upon it. In summer he had to go north and in winter come south again, walking until he thought his feet would drop off. In summer, clouds of insects nearly drove him mad and, in winter, cold congealed him to the marrow; he had to swim a great deal, and he was a little afraid of water; there was either too much daylight or none at all. And while he was living high and effortlessly on handouts, the prey he was soon to stalk was growing up learning how to avoid him. It was amazing how good they'd got at it.

All these things were bad, but the fact that he had to scramble for himself and the eternal lonely boredom were worse. For a time after they'd shot his mother and dragged him, squalling, back to the ship, he'd fought and sulked and swung at everything; but he had a cub's ravenous hunger and a cub's curiosity, and he'd learned with phenomenal quickness that hostility made for an empty belly and that men were entertaining creatures as well as pushovers for a cute act. Properly handled, the captain's wife was always ready to pet him, and the crew was always ready for games or wrestling matches. There were endless things to upset or take apart; they all ruined his palate with cooked meat and sweets, softened him up with warm places to sleep, developed his ear for harmony with accordion music, taught him to dance in a clumsy, shuffling fashion, and indoctrinated him with the notion that life was an endless, heedless picnic so long as he behaved himself and looked cuddly. Then they went off and left him with nothing but darkness, cold, trouble, hunger, monotony, and the horrid crashing and roaring of the ice.

When he recalled these things—the captain's wife, the bearded young Frenchman, Armand, and his accordion, and all the rest of it—he was filled with moral indignation, and then rage. On the anniversary of their perfidy he gave way to his feelings, roaring, throwing the cold rocks around, and tearing up everything within reach.

• • •

Later that afternoon, hoarse and weary from his tantrum, he sat down on the cold rocks, stared at the basin, empty of everything except frigid water and rotting ice, and considered his prospects for the future. He had often tried to do this before, but he wasn't the concentrating type and his mind soon wandered off the subject. This time he was more disgruntled than usual and managed to stay on the subject a little longer; long enough to decide that he should get out of the country, as his friends on the Bonaventure had done. There must be, he thought with an unusual flowering of logic, a better place to the south if they went there; food must be easier to come by, the way they treated it, and there was probably plenty of warmth and music. He might even see them again, especially the captain's wife or Armand.

When he reached this point he began to get restless, for he had thought a lot already, and the questions of how to get south without walking and how to eat on the way were complicated and the answers were singularly elusive. It made no difference whether he approached them directly or tried to creep up on them in a roundabout way; they failed to develop, and presently, weary of it all, he decided to think some more on another day, and he got up and wandered up the shore.

An hour or so later, muddy and wet from all the swollen streams he had crossed, he saw a spot of white far ahead and watched it for a time. It was moving; it vanished and reappeared among the rocks and, making sure that the wind was right, he turned inland to get a look at it from cover. He had encountered several old he-bears in his wanderings, and wanted no more of them, for they invariably took a dislike to him at sight and he'd had to put his best foot forward to get away from them. His dimly remembered mother, and the

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captain's wife, gave him more hope for females.

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Some careful maneuvering and the wind settled the question; it was a she-bear, and with her scent was combined the delectable smell of seal. She had meat. Whitey started for the beach at a lope. The she-bear and her seal were near the water, and she stopped eating and looked up as he paused a few feet away. Her expression was alert and noncommittal, but at least there was no immediate hostility in it. Whitey lowered his head and wagged his rear; he had often ingratiated himself in such a fashion with people, and he hoped it would work again. The she-bear looked at him, still chewing, but when he wagged even harder, she stopped chewing and stared at him with increasing doubt and puzzlement.

Neither of them said anything. The she-bear stared at him for a moment longer, grunted, and fell to eating again. Whitey began to drool; still wagging, he inched a little closer, stretched out his long neck, and licked up a little blood. The she-bear looked indecisive; most of the gentlemen she knew would have cuffed her off by this time and had the seal. The taste of blood made Whitey tremble with anticipation; and, very slowly, he moved a little closer still, rolled up his eyes beseechingly, and then got his teeth into a corner of the meat. This brought the she-bear to a decision; she took a sudden, full-armed swing and caught him on the ear.

He sat up with his head ringing, six feet away, and looked groggily at the she-bear. She was eating again, and there wasn't much left. Things hadn't gone the way he'd expected, but he wasn't finished yet. He looked very pathetic and began to whimper.

"Please," he moaned. "Please give me some. I'm starving."

"You don't look starved to me," the she-bear said, between bites, "nor crippled either." She gestured toward the basin. "Go on out there and help yourself. There are plenty more where this came from."

Whitey collapsed on the beach and whimpered more loudly. "I can't catch them!" he wailed. "I never learned how. I'm an orphan—a poor deserted orphan—and I'm hungry."

He began to inch forward again. "Stay there," the she-bear said, and finished up the seal. She licked her chops and sat up. "Now then," she said. "If the welfare state has arrived, I haven't been advised of it yet. You might have been an orphan once, but it's perfectly obvious that you've been shifting for yourself for at least a year. I'll give you a word of advice: don't try that cute act on the next bear you meet or you might get your teeth knocked down your throat." She got up, shook herself, and started off.

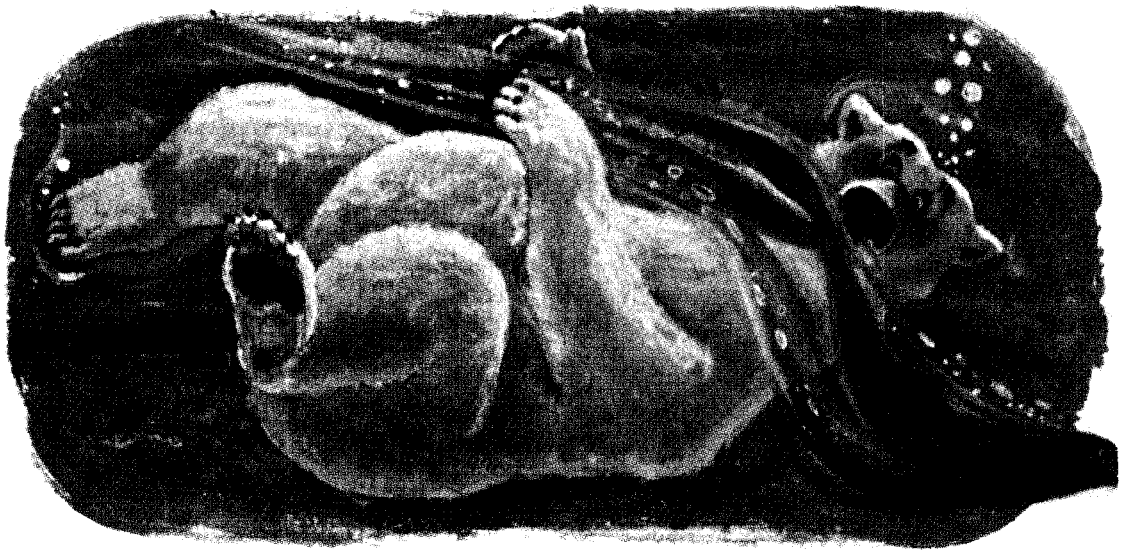
After a momentary hesitation, Whitey started after her. He admitted to himself that he had made a tactical error in handling the matter of the seal, but he was already beginning to have a few other ideas. Flattery, now, was usually useful with females of the age of this one; and besides, he was lonesome.

"And don't try to follow me either," the she-bear said over her shoulder. "You look like a juvenile delinquent to me."

Whitey watched her out of sight, and hoped that the next walrus she met would get a tusk into her liver. She was an old harridan, and it was bad luck that he'd happened to come across her instead of a softer-hearted creature.

The memory of watching her eat and the lingering smell of seal had sharpened his appetite to the point where he was willing to face the water to get a meal. With distaste, he got into the basin and swam out among the ice floes.

He cruised around until he saw a seal asleep on an ice pan; lying close to its escape hole, it awoke every few minutes and raised its head to look about, and Whitey knew that he was too clumsy to get up on the pan unseen and stalk the seal. He would have to go through the other routine, which he abominated.



Just as Whitey thought he had the seal, it wiggled past him.

He sank lower in the water, until only his eyes and ears showed; when he came to the edge of the pan, he dived under it and swam toward the escape hole. It was dark under the ice, and it gave him horrid feelings of claustrophobia; he paddled his way to the edge of the hole and rapped sharply on the underside of the ice. The startled seal awoke and plunged through the hole. It should have landed in his waiting arms, but he had got out of position somehow, and it wiggled frantically past him and vanished into the dark water.

He made three more tries before he caught one, and by that time he was half-drowned and almost too exhausted to eat it. He finally fell asleep before he finished it, and while he slept the little arctic foxes crept in and finished it for him.

When he awoke again and discovered this, he was too depressed to fall into another rage. It was the last straw. He sat for a while looking at the gnawed bones that were left, stood up, and started along the shore of the basin toward the south. He

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didn't know how far he had to go or what he would find when he got there, but he was on his way.

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For a day or two, while he moved in the direction the ship had taken, he knew that he was going the right way, but presently, what with the turns and twists of the coastline, he began to have fearful doubts. The long arm of Foxe Peninsula, thrusting out to the west, confused him still more; it didn't seem to go in the proper direction; he spent two days in indecision, running to and fro, trying to decide whether to cross the land or follow the coastline. He finally decided to follow the coast, because he couldn't remember seeing the ship try to get up on land, and so made his way around to the peninsula's western shore.

He would probably have walked all the way around Baffin Island and continued on to the Pole if he hadn't blundered into a party of Cape Dorset Eskimos who were out looking for the wife of one of their number, by name Kikortaloriak, who had disappeared the day before. As Whitey walked out from behind one end of a rock fall at the base of a cliff, the Eskimos appeared from behind the other, about a hundred yards away. Whitey would probably have tried to join them, inasmuch as they were men, but they had a few huskies with them which started roaring for him as the first rifle bullet sang off a rock close to his head.

It had a malignant and bloodthirsty sound, and if Whitey was still inclined to harbor his delusions after hearing it, the huskies, pouring over the rocks around him, soon dispelled them. They were big, vicious, and hungry, and their single ambition at the moment was to take him apart. They were all over him before he realized what they were; their teeth were long and sharp, and their jaws were capable of cracking caribou leg bones at a bite. They did shield him from more rifle fire, because the Eskimos were afraid to shoot into the melee, but they were far from an unmixed blessing. Whitey was soon shaken from his hopeful frame of mind, and fighting for his life.

He rolled and roared and raked about him, finally driving them back for a moment; and, as he was facing the water at the time, he ran for it. It was the best thing he could have done, for in the water he soon outdistanced the dogs, and they straggled back to shore. The firing began again and bullets tore up the water about him, but he dived and swam underwater and got an ice pan between himself and the Eskimos. He kept going until he came to a great iceberg slowly and majestically moving down the channel.

Frightened, he hid in a cave until the helicopter flew away.

Whitey was enthralled. This was better than the North Pole any day.

It was a beautiful thing, long, high, and fantastically carved, white on top and lime green and rosy pink along the cleavage planes where it had broken off the mother glacier; he crawled up on it and flopped down to rest. He was lacerated, stiff, and weary, and he remembered now that his mother had told him to stay far away from Eskimos. After a while he climbed to the top of a pinnacle of the iceberg to see if the men were following him, but the berg had drifted past them and they were not in sight.

As he thought about them, the evil way they'd treated him, and his battle with the dogs, he began to feel a stirring of something akin to pride in himself. At first the feeling puzzled him, for he had never felt it before. He had had many fits of temper, but this affair was different; he had never been attacked and fought back, and he remembered the blows he'd struck with an awakening satisfaction. The more he recalled the fight the more blows he seemed to have struck, and presently, in his mind's eye, he was pursuing a great pack of very large dogs all over, knocking them about at will. It was a fine thing, and soon his chest swelled so much that it was almost uncomfortable.

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In this pleasant frame of mind he decided to explore the rest of the berg, and set out, mumbling happily to himself. He climbed higher still, to the summit of it, and from there could see that its shape was roughly

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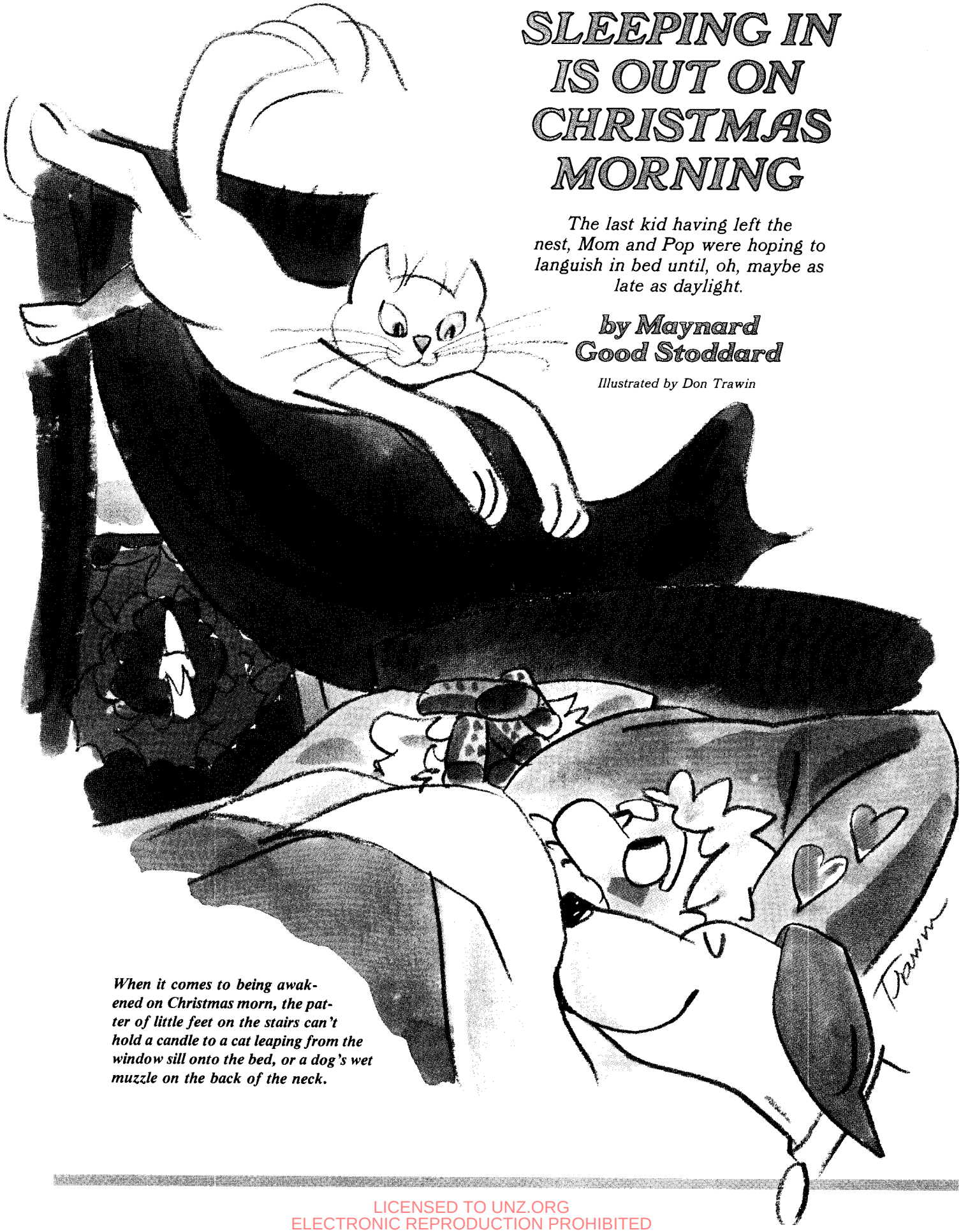
SLEEPING IN IS OUT ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

The last kid having left the nest, Mom and Pop were hoping to languish in bed until, oh, maybe as late as daylight.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin



When it comes to being awakened on Christmas morn, the patter of little feet on the stairs can't hold a candle to a cat leaping from the window sill onto the bed, or a dog's wet muzzle on the back of the neck.

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I don't argue that for 364 days of the year Santa's little round belly shakes like a bowlful of jelly because he's such a jolly old soul. But come Christmas Eve, I argue that his little round belly could very well use a roll of Tums. After all, he's up all night, he's covered with soot, all he gets to eat are some lousy cookies and maybe a glass of warm milk, and in spite of his fancy red coat with the fur-trimmed collar, he's probably colder than an iced catfish.

And take it from this poor surrogate Santa, I know what I'm talking about—thanks to what happened this Christmas Eve at my "castle," as some hopped-up bachelor poet once dignified a man's home.

Why is it that appliances that are "ours" when they are functioning properly suddenly become "yours" when they go on the blink—as in "Your furnace is on the blink"?

For this to happen during daylight hours is unheard of. Or you could turn our furnace on in mid-August and it would run like a charm. But wait till the coldest night of the year, and what better time to unsnuggle old Santa from his bed.

"Let's give it another two hours," I moaned.

"By that time we'll be stiffer than boards," my dear wife argued, terminating the discussion. "The flashlight is in the junk drawer."

Over my p.j.'s I pulled on an old fleece-lined corduroy coat trimmed in fuel oil, gashed my finger rummaging through the junk drawer for the flashlight, and stepped outside to fill my slippers with snow on my way around the house to the furnace pit.

Removing the homemade sheet-metal cover, I eased myself into the pit, lay on my back to squeeze beneath the furnace pipe, got stuck, backed out, removed the coat, and in my bare pajamas wormed my way up to the front of the furnace, from where I could reach through the cobwebs and hit the red reset button.

The furnace started, belched a cloud of smoke and a shower of soot in my face, and quit. After regaining partial vision, I tried again. With the same results. Scrunching back beneath the pipe, I stumbled into the house, which I now found a pleasant five degrees warmer than the outside. The crunching sound when I climbed back into bed was not the mattress, but rather, I discovered, the soot in my pajamas.

Trying to go back to sleep with soot in your p.j.'s is by no means easy, and letting your mind drift to some of the other predicaments caused by softly snoring Mrs. Santa certainly doesn't help.

My mind drifted to the kitchen's dripping faucets into which she had decided to install new washers all by her little self, the primary object being to show me up as a sluggard. When the faucets wouldn't unscrew by hand, she took the pipe wrench to them. This failing, she then tried to pry them off with a screwdriver. After bending the screwdriver until we now use it only for going around corners, she finally succeeded by using a crowbar. At Hanlon Bros. Hardware,

"I stumbled into the house. . . . The crunching sound when I climbed back into bed was not the mattress, but rather, I discovered, the soot in my pajamas."

one of the Hanlon Bros. showed her how to pop the top of the faucet with a fingernail file to get at the screw securing the faucet. The whole new outfit came to $37.85.

What stopped me from getting a few winks after my mind had closed on that episode was the soot beginning to prickle, which reminded me of my dear wife's mowing the lawn underneath the overhanging honey-locust trees with their six-inch spines that have no trouble penetrating the corrugated sole of a rubber boot. If I'm mowing, I always gather up these spines so they won't puncture the pneumatic tires on our new Murray mower. Dear wife prefers to save all that stooping by letting the tires gather the spines. After the last time she mowed, the left rear in particular looked as if she might have run over a porcupine.

"Didn't you notice that the tire was flat?" I casually inquired.

"Of course I did," she responded. "But when I saw that the mower was gouging on that side, I let the air out of the other tire." You know something, folks, I never would have thought of that.

In spite of these disturbing mind drifts, I must have dozed off just before my dear wife's one-woman cat, Lump, began her usual antics to wake us up for her 5:00 a.m. feeding. Wife thinks these antics are cute. I contend the cat missed her calling—as violin strings. Anyway, wherever Lump wants to sleep, Lump sleeps. During the night she prefers sleeping across my legs to shut off their blood supply. To hone her claws, she sits in the middle of my back, for my back is usually covered by no more than a sheet and she can test her talons on human flesh. Her cutest trick, however, is the way she has of turning our bed into a trampoline.

This feat requires her to walk up my back to my head, which she uses as a springboard to leap up on the window sill. From this vantage point, after a final fine-tuning of her claws on the screen if the window is open, or on the curtain if it isn't, she catapults, stiff-legged, onto the bed. Thanks to her tipping the scales at around 40 pounds, we might as well be lying on a vibrating mattress out of control.

Picking herself up off the floor, where I have carelessly sent her sprawling, she's back to the sill for an encore, again via my head. This time she attempts—although I've always been too groggy to catch her at it—what must be the difficult back one-and-a-half with full twist.

If the vibrations from this maneuver fail to get us up, the effort is by no means wasted: it alerts Brutus, my best friend, as legend has it, that daylight is approaching. Ordinarily, Lump and Brutus are sworn enemies. But when it comes to getting master—and how they'd laugh at that title if they could read—up and at 'em in the dark of morn, no cat or dog were ever more buddy-buddy.

Brutus begins his routine with a single whine of distress, which we ignore. After three more whines of increasing decibels, dear wife removes the pillow from over my head and murmurs in my naked ear, "Your dog wants out."

It's no use faking a snore, no use

continued on page 80

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Stockings hung with care by the chimney of singer Sandi Patti's family were increased this year by the joyous arrival of twins, Jonathan and Jennifer.

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THE STARS COME OUT FOR CHRISTMAS

. . . and recall for Post *readers their brightest memories of the holiday season.*

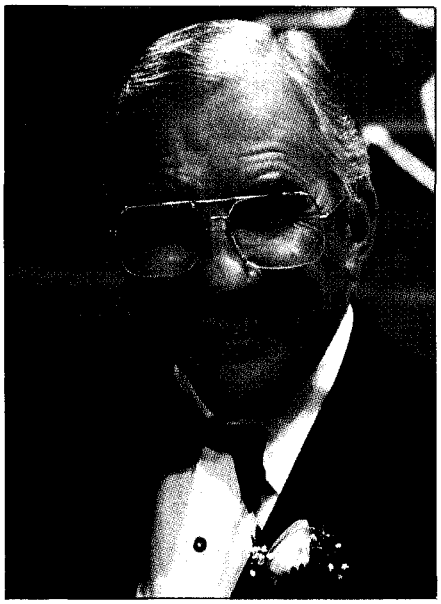
Surely no occasion evokes memories keener or more sentimental than this season of good will toward men and women. Memories of Christmas past that could take us to a little one-room schoolhouse and a recitation we nervously stumbled through on the night of our Christmas program; reminiscences of the strange but welcome spirit of conviviality that pervades the hurly-burly of big-city life at this too-short-lived season of the year.

Between such extremes, memories of Christmas past can run the gamut from no observance of the holiday at all to the arrival of an adopted daughter, from a bicycle to a family gathering, from having to work during this festive season to spending the last Christmas with a dear one.

Or so the *Post* learned by asking some of the best-known names in American entertainment for their thoughts and memories of Christmas.

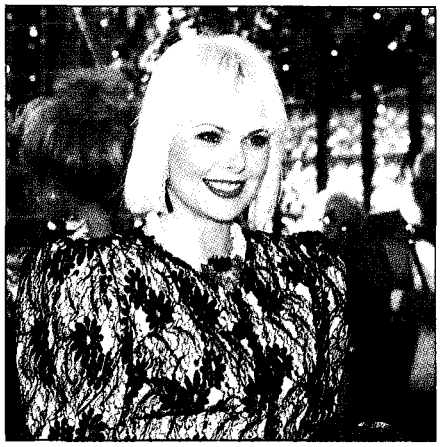
"It is this special time of year of 'love and peace' that brings to mind a very dear friend, a man whose vision engulfed 'peace' for the whole world —Anwar Sadat. I am ever so mindful of his greatness, and as a man of destiny, dreams, and hope. We must all continue, especially at this time of year, to try and fulfill his deepest wish—Peace on Earth."

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR



"One of my favorite Christmas memories was the arrival of my adopted daughter, Katherine Mary, in December 1985. She brought joy to the season, and to my life ever since."

—ED McMAHON



"Christmas is a four-star holiday for me. There has always been something special about Christmas. Right around Thanksgiving, people start looking at all of the earmarks of the season, and they become more giving, more in line with our ideals. But my very favorite memory happened just a few years ago. I invited the entire family out. They came from throughout the entire United States—Arizona, Florida, New York, Chicago —from wherever they were. We flew them all in for a family reunion at Christmas. We had chamber music, great food, and all of the wonderful trimmings. I even rented a tour bus and served as the guide. But the predominant mood was not abundance in things but abundance in the love that was there and the feeling of real family. Everybody was together in heart, soul, and mind in the real spirit of Christmas."

—ANN JILLIAN

"I always had a difficult time at Christmas because I was Jewish, and we were not supposed to celebrate Christmas, or even think about it. This was very difficult, as every one of my friends got presents. I received a few but nothing in quantity.

"We did have Hanukkah and we were given a present every day, but since this was during the Depression, they were not too big, and I couldn't figure the whole thing out. Did you have to become a Christian to get the loot? It sounded like a good idea, but even having a thought like that was too scary to dwell on. So the Jewish kids envied their gentile friends and played with *their* toys. This, we were told, was not a sin.

"I never told anyone this before, but I really like Christmas trees—but most of all I like Bing Crosby singing 'I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas.' "

—ART BUCHWALD

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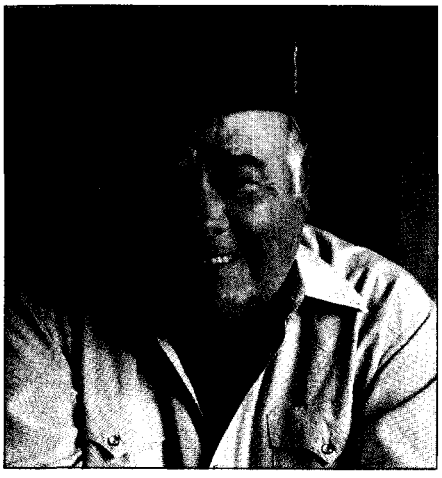
"Most of my Christmases have been spent working in the theater. It would have been very lonely if not for the fact that everyone you work with becomes your family."

—ESTELLE GETTY



Peter Samerjan

"When I was a kid nearly all of America knew *The Saturday Evening Post*, especially the Norman Rockwell covers, which captured the true spirit of American life. About 30 years ago, I drew a black-and-white sketch of a whale-sized fish with a huge open mouth into which a school of small fish were swimming. Below the scene were two smaller fish observing and speaking through their bubbles: 'You see, Lamarr Jean, what happens to conformists?' Years later, I had the chance to work with Mr. Rockwell in a television special entitled 'Norman Rockwell's America.' In the production, we used his famous *Post* covers to lay up a scene and then we would dissolve into an appropriate story line. It was an honest thrill to work with this great man, a wonderful memory. As a boy and as a man, my memories of holidays, especially Christmas, always include a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover."

—JONATHAN WINTERS

"There was one year in particular I'll never forget. My dad was pastoring a church in Arizona, and my parents just didn't think we could afford to go all the way back to my grandparents' home in Oklahoma for the holidays. We were really disappointed, and the closer it got, the harder it was. So a couple of days before Christmas, my mom, dad, and we kids hopped in the car and drove to Oklahoma to surprise everybody. We arrived on Christmas Eve, tiptoed up to the porch, and sang 'Joy to the World.' My grandparents came running to the door with big tears in their eyes. Even though they hadn't expected us, the next morning there were presents for everyone under the tree."

—SANDI PATTI

"One of my fondest memories of Christmas was the year that I asked Santa for a bicycle. All of the other kids in the neighborhood had bicycles, and I really wanted one. I was just thrilled when on Christmas I woke up and found that bike. Years later, Mom told me that Dad worked extra duty on the police force, coming home to sleep two or three hours, then out to work again, to make sure his kids had the best Christmas. That made the memory even more magical.

"Christmas is a dual celebration for me. It's also my birthday. As a little girl, I always tried to separate the celebrations by putting my birthday presents on the TV. That way I wouldn't get those two-in-one presents that you think about when you are a kid.

"My sisters and family are very close, so we celebrated each year at one of our houses, just talking, cooking in the kitchen, and watching the little ones open the presents."

—BARBARA MANDRELL

"We agree that our most cherished Christmas was the last one spent with our mother before she passed away.

"Mother had been ill and knew it would probably be her last, so we rounded up all the cousins, nieces, nephews, and grandchildren and celebrated Christmas at our home in the Sonoma Valley. We served a traditional Christmas dinner, and mother sat at the head of the table proud as ever. She even wore a special dress of black velvet with a lace collar which had been a fantasy since she was a young woman. We videotaped the entire evening and will always carry that special memory because mother was gone shortly after . . . and never told us which one she liked better."

—THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS

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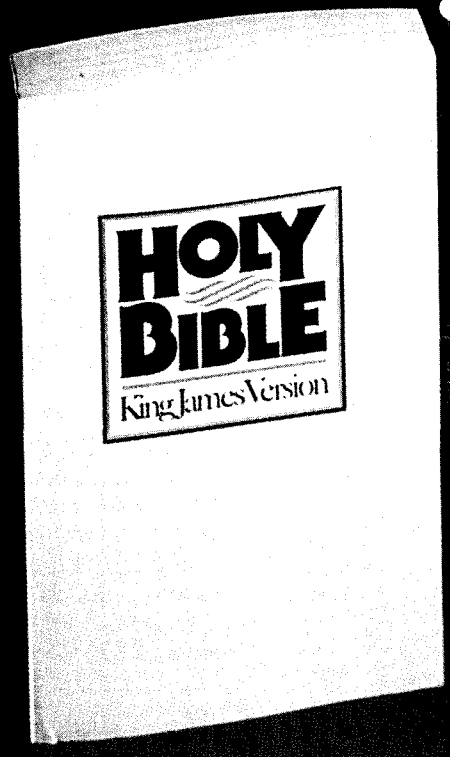

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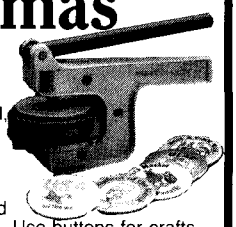
The Christmas Gift



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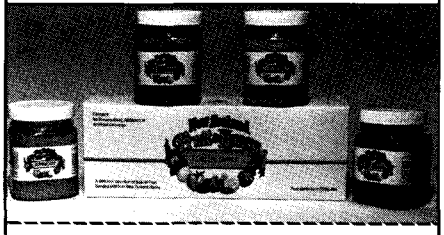

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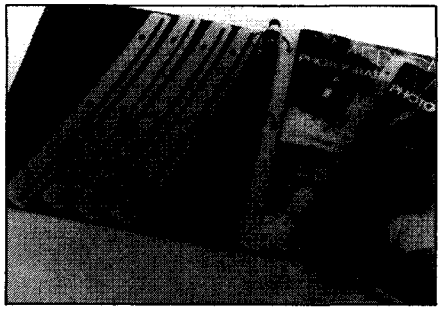
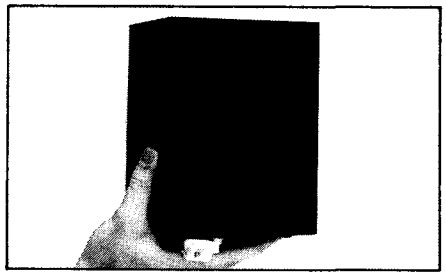


Protect magazines, catalogs, workbooks, etc., without punching a single hole. Plastic holders slip into publications; fit on any three-ring binder. Ideal for hobbyists, students, businessmen, etc. Set of 48 holders (fit publications up to 11″ long): $9.98 plus $2.95 shpg. Essex House, Dept. P12-8E, Rahway, NJ 07065.

Turbo Furnace



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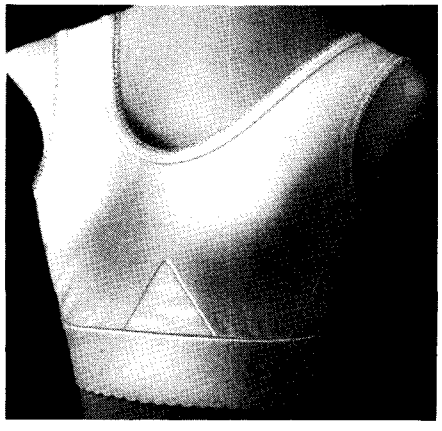
New Active Action Sport Bra



Lightweight, soft absorbent white fabric. Wide support band holds bra firmly in place, doesn't bind. No irritating hooks. Wide back panels slim and support your back-line. S (30-32), M (34-36), L (38-40), XL (42-44). $16.95 plus $2.25 p&h. Piper Brace Co., 811 Wyandotte, P.O. Box 807, Kansas City, MO 63141.

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The extension mirror

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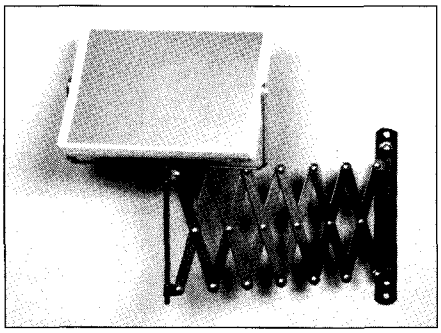
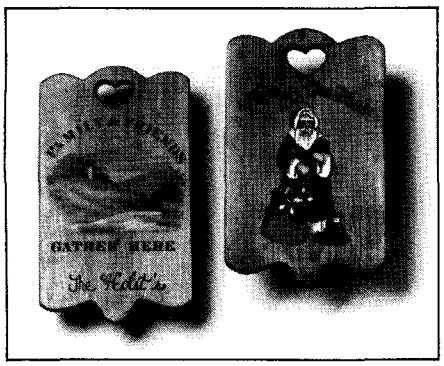


free. Two-sided mirror swivels. Extends 30″ from wall on seven extension arms. 6½″ x 8″ mirror. Folds flat; chrome-plated steel. $19.95 plus $3.45 shpg. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPM-1288, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48764.

Personalized two-sided sign



Personalized up to 12 letters. Colorful country scene with rich walnut finish; reverse, an old-fashioned Christmas with Santa carrying a bag of toys. 10″ x 18″; handcrafted of solid pine, hand-painted. Outdoor or indoor use. $39.95 plus $4.00 shpg. Holst, Inc., Dept. SP-1288, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48764.

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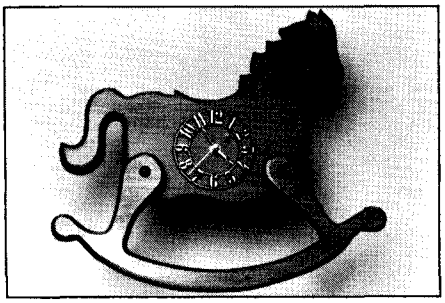
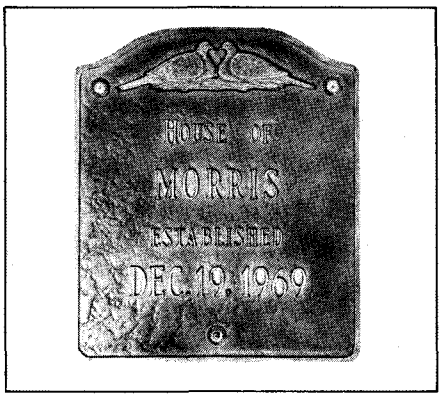


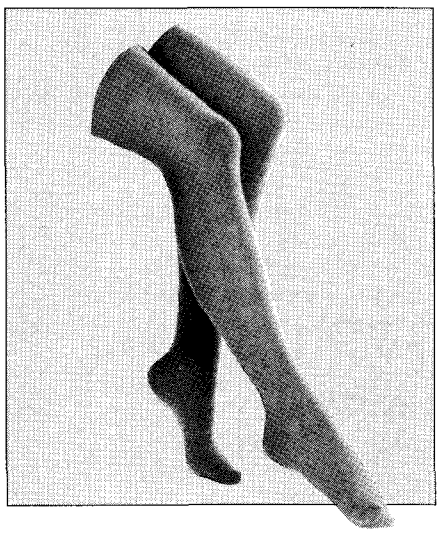
of solid wood and stained to a rich walnut finish. Requires one AA battery (not included). Sweep second hand and easy-to-read face: 13½″ x 15″. $29.95 plus $3.45 shpg. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPC-1288, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48764.

House established



Personalized wedding plaque designed to announce name and marriage date or when home was established. Handcast of aluminum with weathered bronze finish. 14″ x 12″. Specify name (up to 12 letters), date, month, and year. $45 plus $4 shpg. Holst, Inc., Dept. SPW-1288, 1118 W. Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48764.

Fight cold



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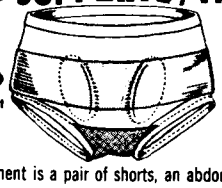

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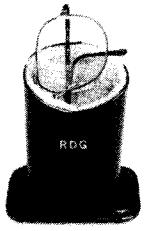

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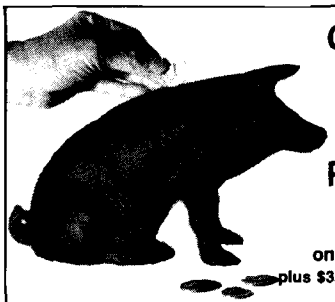

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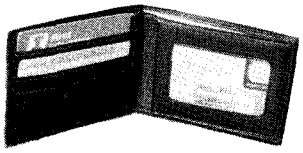

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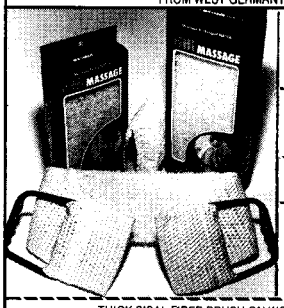

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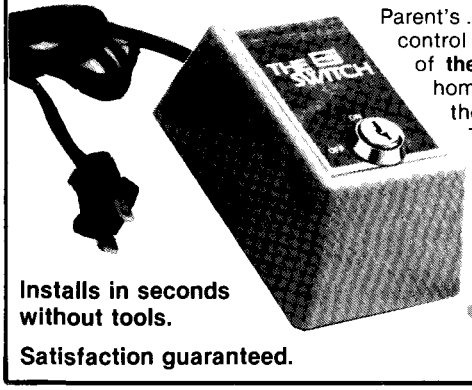

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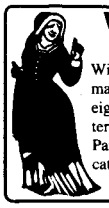

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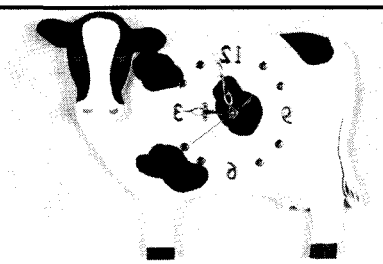

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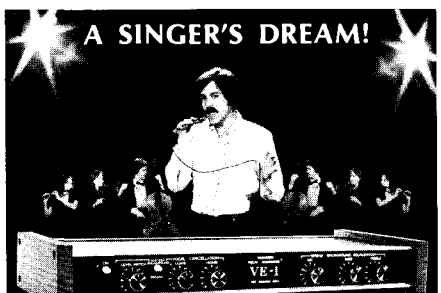

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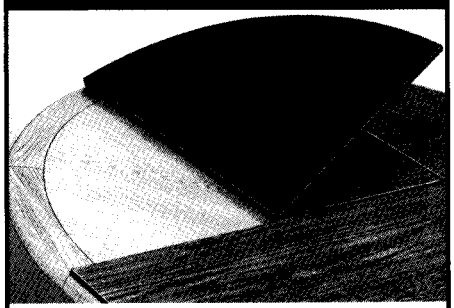

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FLANIGAN
FLE(I)S(C)HER
FLEM(M)ING
FLETCHER
FLINN
FLINT
FLOOD
FLORY
FLOURNOY
FLOWER(S)
FLOYD
FLYNN
FOLEY
FOLGER
FOLK(S)
FOLLET(T)
FOLSOM
FONES
FONTAINE
FOOTE
FORBES
FORCE
FORD
FOR(E)MAN
FORREST
FO(R)STER
FORSYTH(E)
FORT(E)
FOSS
FOULK(E)(S)
FOUNTAIN
FOWLER
FOW(L)KES
FOX
FOY
FRAME
FRANCE
FRANCIS
FRANK(E)
FRANKLIN
FRANTZ
FRASER
FRAZEE
FRAZI)ER
FREAR
FRED(E)RICK
FREELAND
FREEMAN
FREER
FREES(E)
FRENCH
FREY
FRIEND
FRIES(E)
FRISBIE
FRISBY
FROST
FRY(E)
FRYER
FULCHER
FULLER
FULLERTON
FULTON
FUN(C)K(E)
FUNK(E)
FURMAN
FYFE
GAGE
GAILLARD
GAINES
GALBRAITH
GALBREATH
GALE
GALLA(G)HER
GALL(E)
GALLOP
GALLOWAY
GALLUP
GAMBLE
GARARD
GARBER
GARD(I)NER
GARFIELD
GARLAND
GARNER
GARNET(T)
GARRETT
GARRISON
GARTH
GARVEY
GARVIN
GARY
GASKINS
GASTON
GATES
GAULT
GAY
GAYLORD
GEAR
GEARY
GEDNEY
GEE
GEER
GENTRY
GEORGE
GERARD
GERBER
GERHAR(D)(T)
GERMAN
GERRY
GIBBON(S)
GIBBS
GIBSON
GIDDINGS
GIFFORD
GILBERT
GILCHRIST
GILE(S)
GILL
GILLESPIE
GILLET(T)(E)
GILL(I)AM
GILL(E)S
GILLILAN
GILMER
GILMORE
GILMOUR
GILPIN
GILSON
GIRARD
GIVEN
GLADDEN
GLADDING
GLASCOTT
GLASGOW
GLASS
GLAS(S)COCK
GLEASON
GLEESON
GLEN(N)
GLIDDEN
GLOVER
GLYNN
GOBLE
GODDARD
GODFREY
GOFF(E)
GOLDING
GOLDSBOROUGH
GOLDSMITH
GOOCH
GOODALL
GOOD(E)
GOODELL
GOODENOUGH
GOOD(E)NOW
GOODING(G)
GOODMAN
GOODRICH
GOODRIDGE
GOOD)WIN
GOODYEAR
GORDON
GORE
GORHAM
GORTON
GOSS(E)
GOUGH
GOU(U)LD
GOULDING
GOVER
GOWER
GRACE
GRAHAM
GRANGER
GRANT
GRATTAN
GRAVES
GRAY
GRAYSON
GREAR
GREEL(E)Y
GREEN(E)
GREENHALGH
GREENLEAF
GREENLEE
GREENOUGH
GREENWELL
GREENWOOD
GREER
GREGG
GREGORY
GRESHAM
GREY
GRIDLEY
GRIER
GRIFFEN
GRIFFITH
GRIGG(S)
GRIGSBY
GRIMES
GRINDLE
GRINNELL
GRISWOLD
GROS(S)E
GROSVENOR
GROTE
GROUT
GROVE
GROVER
GROVES
GROW
GRUB(B)E
GRUBB(S)
GRYMES
GU(E)NT(H)ER
GUEST
GUILD
GUILE
GUION
GULICK
GUNN
GUNNELL
GURLEY
GURNEY
GUTHRIE
GUY
GUYON
GWINN
GWYNN
GYLES
HACKER
HACKETT
HADDEN
HADDOCK
HADLEY
HAFERAER
HAF(F)NER
HAGAN
HAGEMAN(N)
HAGEN
HAGERMAN(N)
HAGGARD
HAGUE
HAHN
HAIG(H)
HAINES
HAIR(E)
HAIRSTON
HALE
HALL
HALLAM
HALLECK
HALLENBECK
HALLET(T)
HALLEY
HALLIDAY
HALLOCK
HALLOWELL
HALSEY
HALSTE(A)D
HAMER
HAMILL
HAMILTON
HAMLIN
HAM(M)
HAM(M)EL
HAMMETT
HAMMOND
HAMPTON
HANCE
HANCOCK
HAND
HAN(D)LEY
HANDY
HANEY
HANK(E)(S)
HANN(S)
HANMER
HANMORE
HANN
HANNA(H)
HANNAY
HANSEN
HANSON
HARBAUGH
HARDEN
HARDIE
HARD(I)MAN
HARDIN
HARDING
HARDWICK(E)
HARDY
HARE
HARGR(E)AVE(S)
HARING
HARKNESS
HARLAN
HARLEY
HARLOW
HARMAN
HARMER
HARMON
HARPER
HARRIMAN
HARRINGTON
HARRIS
HARRISON
HAR(R)OLD
HARRY
HART
HARTLEY
HARTSHORN(E)
HARTWELL
HARVEY
HARWOOD
HASBROUCK
HASKELL
HASKIN(S)
HASSARD
HASTINGS
HATCH
HATCHER
HATCHET
HATFIELD
HATHAWAY
HATTON
HAUS(E)MAN(N)
HAUSER
HAVILAND
HAWES
HAWK(E)(S)
HAWKINS
HAWLEY
HAWORTH
HAWTHORNE
HAY
HAYDEN
HAY(E)S
HAYMAN
HAYNES
HAYWARD
HAYWOOD
HAZEN
HAZ(Z)ARD
HEAD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEADLEY
HEALD
HE(IA)LE(I)Y
HEARD
HEARN(E)
HEATH
HEATON
HEBB
HEBERT
HEDGE(S)
HEDRICK
HEF(F)NER
HEGEMAN
HELLER
HELM
HENDERSON

HEN(D)LEY
HENDRICK(S)
HENDRIX
HENKEL
HENKLE
HENNING
HENRY
HENSLEY
HEPBURN
HERBERT
HERMAN
HERNDON
HERRICK
HER(R)ING
HERRINGTON
HER(R)ON
HERSEY
HERSHEY
HESS(E)
HEWES
HEWETT
HEWITT
HEWLETT
HEYMAN
HEYWOOD
HIATT
HIBBARD
HIBBERT
HICKEY
HICKMAN
HICKOK
HICKS
HIGDON
HIGGINBOTHAM
HIGGINS
HIGHLAND
HIGHT
HIGLEY
HILDRETH
HILLIARD
HILLIER
HILLMAN
HILL(S)
HILLYER
HILTON
HIN(C)KLEY
HIND(S)
HINE(S)
HINKLE
HINMAN
HINTON
HITCH
HITCHCOCK
HITE
HOAG
HOAGLAND
HOAR(E)
HOBART
HOBBS
HOBSON
HOCH
HODGE(S)
HODGKINS
HODGSON
HOFF
HOF(F)MAN(N)

HOGAN
HOGG
HOG(U)E
HOIT
HOLBROOK
HOLCOMB(E)
HOLDEN
HOLDER
HOLLAND
HOLLENBECK

HOLL(E)Y
HOLLIDAY
HOLLIN(G)SHEAD
HOLLINGSWORTH

HOLLIS
HOLLISTER
HOLLOWAY
HOLLOWELL
HOLMAN
HOLMES
HOLT
HOLTON
HOLYOKE
HOMER
HOOD
HOOK
HOOKER
HOOPER
HOOVER
HOPE
HOPKINS
HOPPER
HOPSON
HORN(E)
HORNER
HORSL(E)EY
HORTON
HOSKIN(S)
HOSMER
HOTCHKISS
HOUGH
HOUGHTON
HOUSE
HOUSEMANN
HOUSER
H(O)USTON
HOWARD
HOW(E)
HOWELL
HOWES

HOWLAND
HOWLETT
HOY(E)
HOYT
HUBBARD
HUBBELL
HUBER
HUBERT
HUCK
HUDDLESTON
HUDGINS
HUDSON
HUFF
HUGGINS
HUGHES
HULL
HUME(S)
HUMPHREY(S)
HUMPHRIES
HUNDLEY
HUNGERFORD
HUNT
HUNTER
HUNTINGTON
HUNTLEY
HURD
HUR(R)LBU(R)T
HURLEY
HURST
HUSBAND(S)
HUSSEY
HUTCHE(R)SON
HUTCHING(S)
HUTCHI(N)SON
HUTTER
HUTTON
HYATT
HYDE
HYETT
HYLAND
IDE

INGALL(S)
INGE
INGERSOLL
INGHAM
INGLIS
INGRA(HA)M
INNES
INNIS
IRBY
IRELAND
IRISH
IRVIN(E)
IRVING
IRWIN
ISAAC(S)
ISBELL
ISHAM
IVES
IV(E)Y
IVINS
JACKMAN
JACK(S)
JACKSON
JACOB(S)
JACQUES
JAE(G)ER
JAMES
JAM(I)E)SON
JANES
JANSON
JANS(S)EN
JAQUES
JARMAN
JARRETT
JARVIS
JAY(E)
JEFFERIES
JEFFERSON
JEFFERY(S)
JEFFREY(S)
JEN(C)K(E)S
JENKES
JENN(E)Y
JENNINGS
JERMAN
JESSUP
JETT
JEWELL
JEWETT
JOB(E)
JOHN(S)
JOHNSON
JOHNSTON(E)
JOINER
JOLL(E)Y
JOLLIFFE
JONES
JORDAN
JORDON
JOSLIN
JOSLYN
JOY
JOYCE
JOYNER
JUDD
JUDKINS
JUDSON
JUDY
JULIAN
JULIEN
JUSTICE
KA(I)N(E)
KAISER
KARL
KATES
KAVANA(U)GH
KAY(E)
KEANE
KEARNEY
KEARNS
KEATING
KEATON
KEELER
KEEL(E)Y
KEELING
KEENAN
KEEN(E)
KEENEY
KEEP
KEHOE
KEIL
KEISER
KEITH
KELLAR
KELLER
KELL(E)Y
KELLOGG
KELSEY
KELSO
KEMP(E)
KEMPER
KENAN
KENDALL
KENDRICK
KENNARD
KENNEDY
KENN(E)Y
KENNON
KENT
KENYON
KEQ(U)GH
KERBY
KERN
KERNS
KERR
KERSHAW
KERWIN
KETCHAM
KETCHUM
KEY(E)
KEY(E)S
KEYSER
KIDD
KIDDER
KILBO(U)RN(E)
KILBURN
KILGORE
KILHAM
KILLAM
KILMER
KILPATRICK
KIMBALL
KIMBERLY
KIMBLE
KINCADE
KINCAID
KINCHELOE
KINDER
KING
KINGMAN
KINGSBURY
KINGSLEY
KINGSTON
KINKADE
KINKAID
KINKEAD
KINNEY
KINSELLA
KINSLEY
KIPP
KIRBY
KIRK
KIRKHAM
KIRKLAND
KIRKPATRICK
KIRKWOOD
KIRWAN
KISER
KITCHEN
KITCHIN
KITTLE
KITTREDGE

KLINE
KNAPP
KNICKERBOCKER
KNIGHT
KNIGHTON
KNOTT(S)
KNOWLES
KNOWLTON
KNOX
KOLB
KRAMER

KRAUSE
KRAUS(S)
KUHN(S)
KULP
KUNKEL
KUR(T)Z
KYLE
LAC(E)Y
LADD
LAFFERTY
LAFORGE
LAIRD
LAKE
LAMB
LAMBERT
LAMONT
LAMI(P)KIN
LAMSON
LANCASTER
LANCE
LAND(E)
LANDER(S)
LANDES
LANDIS
LANDON

LANE
LANG
LANGDON
LANGFORD
LANGHAM
LANGLEY
LANGSTON
LANGTRY
LANHAM
LANIER
LAN(N)ING
LANTZ
LAPHAM
LAPORTE
LARKIN(S)
LARNED
LARUE
LASHER
LATHAM
LATHROP
LATIMER
LAUDER
LAUER
LAUGHTON
LAVENDER
LAWLER
LAWLOR
LAWRENCE
LAW(S)
LAWSON
LAWTON
LAWYER
LAY
LAYMAN
LAYTON
LEA
LEACH
LEADBETTER
LEAR
LEARNED
LEARY
LEATHERMAN
LEATHERS
LEAVER
LEAVITT
LECOM(P)TE
LECONTE
LEDBETTER

LEE
LEECH
LEEDS
LEEMAN
LEEPER
LEESON
LEFE(B)VRE
LEFEVOUR
LEFTWICH
LEGG(E)
LEGGETT
LEHMAN(N)
LEIGH
LEIGHTON
LEITH
LEITNER
LELAND
LEMAN
LEMLEY
LEMMON
LEMON
LENARD
LENNON
LEN(NOX
LENT
LEN(T)Z
LENZ
LEONARD
LEROUX
LEROY
LESLEY
LESLIE
LESTER
LEVER
LEVIS
LEVITT
LEWIS
LEY
LIDDELL
LIDDLE
LIGGETT
LIGHT
LIGHTFOOT
LIGHTNER
LILL(E)Y
LILLIE
LINCK
LINCOLN
LIND(E)
LINDLEY
LINDSAY
LINDSEY
LINE
LING
LINK(E)
LINN(E)
LINTON
LIPPINCOTT
LIPPITT
LISLE
LISTER
LITCHFIELD
LITTELL
LITTLE

LITTLEFIELD
LITTLETON
LIVINGSTON
LLEWELLYN
LLOYD
LOCK(E)
LOCKETT
LOCKHART
LOCKWOOD
LODGE
LOGAN
LOHMAN(N)
LOMAS
LOMAX
LOMBARD
LONDON
LONG
LONGLEY
LOOMIS
LOONEY
LORD
LOTHROP
LOTT
LOUDEN
LOUDON
LOUNSBURY
LOVE
LOVEJOY
LOVELACE
LOVELL
LOVETT
LOVING
LOWDEN
LOW(E)
LOWELL
LOWERY

LOWR(E)Y
LOWTHER
LOYD
LUCAS
LUCE
LUCKETT
LUCK(IE)Y
LUCY
LUDDEN
LUDLAM
LUDLOW
LUDLUM
LUDWIG
LUKE
LUKEN(S)
LUM(B)
LUMLEY
LUMPKIN
LUND
LUNDY
LUNSFORD
LUNT
LUSK
LUTHER
LUTZ
LYFORD
LYLE(S)
LYMAN
LYNCH
LYND(E)
LYNE
LYNN(E)
LYON
LYONS
MAAS
MABEE
MACE
MACKEEN
MACKENNA
MACKIM
MACKINLAY
MACKINLEY
MACKINNEY
MACKINNON
MACKINSTRY
MACLAIN
MACLANE
MACLELLAN
MACMASTER(S)
MCNAIR
MCNALLY
MCNAUGHTON
MCNEAL
MCNEIL(L)
MCNULTY
MCNUTT
MCQUEEN
MCSWEENEY
MCVAY
MCVEY
MCVICKAR
MCVICKER
MEACHAM
MEADE
MEADOW(S)
MEANS
MEARS
MEEKER
MEEK(S)
MEERS
MEIGS
MELCHER
MELCHIOR
MELLEN
MELLER
MELIN
MELLON
MELLOR
MELTON
MELVILLE
MELVIN
MENDENHALL
MERCHANT
MEREDITH
MER(R)IAM
MERRICK
MERRILL
MERRIMAN
MERRITT
MERRY
MESSENGER
MESSER
MESSINGER
METCALF(E)
MEYER(S)
MICHAEL
MICKLE
MIDDLETON
MILES
MILLAR
MILLARD
MILLER
MILLET(T)
MILLIGAN
MILLIKEN
MILLS
MILNER
MILTON
MINER
MINOR
MINTER
MITCHEL(L)
MITTEN
MITTON
MINER
MINOR
MINTER
MITCHEL(L)
MITTEN
MITTON
MIZNER
MOBERLE(Y
MOBLEY
MOCK
MOFFAT(T)
MOFFETT
MOFFITT
MOHR
MOHUN

MOLLOY
MOLONEY
MOLYNE(A)UX
MONK
MONROE
MONSON
MONTAGUE
MONTEITH
MONTGOMERY
MOODY
MOON(E)
MOONEY
MOORE
MO(O)R(E)HOUSE
MOORHEAD
MO(O)RMAN
MOREY
MORGAN
MORIAR(I)TY
MORLEY
MORRELL
MORRILL
MORRIS
MORRISON
MORROW
MORSE
MORTIMER
MORTON
MOS(E)LEY
MOSES
MOSHER
MOSIER
MOSS(E)
MOTHERSHEAD
MOTLEY
MOTT
MOULTON
MOWER
MOWRY
MOYER
MU(E)LLER
MUIR
MULFORD
MULLEN
MULLIGAN
MULLIN(S)

MULLOY
MUMFORD
MUND(A)Y
MUNK
MUNN
MUNROE)
MUNSELL
MUNSON
MURCHISON
MURDOCH
MURDOCK
MURPHY
MURRAY
MUSE
MUSSELMAN
MYER(S)

MCGEE
MYLES
MCGE(H)EE
MCGHIE
MCGILL
MCGINNIS
MCGOWAN
MCGOWEN
MCGRATH
MCGRAW
MCGREW
MCGRUDER
MCGUIRE
MCHENRY
MCHUGH
MCILVAIN(E)
MCINTIRE
MCINTOSH
MCINTYRE
MCKEAN
MCKEE

MCKENNA
MCKIM
MCKINLAY
MCKINLEY
MCKINNEY
MCKINNON
MCKINSTRY
MCLAIN
MCLANE
MCLELLAN
MCMASTER(S)
MCNAIR
MCNALLY
MCNAUGHTON
MCNEAL
MCNEIL(L)
MCNULTY
MCNUTT
MCQUEEN
MCSWEENEY
MCVAY
MCVEY
MCVICKAR
MCVICKER
MEACHAM
MEADE
MEADOW(S)

NAGEL
NAGLE
NANCE
NAPIER
NASH
NASON
NAYLOR
NEAL(E)
NEAL(L)(E)Y
NEEDHAM
NEFF
NEIL(L)
NE(H)LSON
NESBIT
NETTLETON
NEUMAN
NEVILLE
NEVINS
NEVIUS
NEWBERRY
NEWBY
NEWCOMB
NEWELL
NEWHALL
NEWHARD
NEWLAND
NEWLIN
NEWMAN
NEWTON
NICHOLAS
NICHOL(L)S
NICHOLSON
NICKERSON
NIGHTINGALE
NILES
NISBET
NIXON
NOBLE
NOEL
NOLAN
NORMAN
NORRIS
NORTH
NORTHROP
NORTHRUP
NORTON
NORWOOD

NOTT
NOTTINGHAM
NOWELL
NOYES
NUGENT
NUN(N)
NUTT
NYE

O'BRIAN
O'BRYAN
O'CONNOR

O'HAIR
O'HARA
O'HARE
O'LEARY
O'NEAL
O'NEILL
O'ROURKE
O'SULLIVAN
OAK(E)S
OAKLEY
OATES
ODELL
OGDEN
OGILVIE
OGLE
OGLESBY
OLCOTT
OLDHAM
OLDS
OLIVER
OLMSTE(A)D
OLNEY
ORCHARD
ORDWAY
ORME(S)
ORMSBY
ORR
ORT(H)
ORTON
OSBORN(E)
OSGOOD
OSMAN
OSWALD
OTIS
OTT
OVERTON
OWEN(S)

PACE
PACK
PACKARD
PACKER
PADDOCK
PADGETT
PAGE
PAIGE
PAINE)
PAINTER
PALMER
PANNELL
PARDEE
PARDOE
PARHAM
PARKER
PARK(E)S
PARKHURST
PARKINSON
PARKMAN
PARMELEE
PARNELL
PARR
PAR(R)IS
PAR(R)ISH
PARROTT
PARRY
PARSONS
PARTRIDGE
PASC(H)AL
PATE
PATRICK
PATTEN
PAT(T)ERSON
PAT(T)ON
PAUL
PAUL(E)Y
PAULI
PAXSON
PAYNE
PAYNTER
PAYTON
PEABODY
PEACOCK
PEAK(E)
PEAL
PEARCE
PEARL
PEARSE
PEARSON
PEASE
PEAT
PECK
PECKHAM
PEEBLES
PEEK
PEEL
PEET
PEIRCE
PELHAM
PEMBERTON

PENCE
PENDLETON
PENICK
PENN
PENNELL
PENN(E)Y
PENNINGTON
PENNOCK
PENROSE
PENTZ
PEPPER
PERCIVAL
PERCY
PERDUE
PERKINS
PERRIN(E)
PERRY
PERSON(S)
PETER(S)
PETERSEN
PETERSON
PETTIS
REEVE(S)
PET(T)IT
PETTUS
PETTY
PEYTON
PFEIF(F)ER
PHELPS
PHILBRICK
PHILLIPS
PHINNEY
PHIPPS
PIC(K)ARD
PICKEL
PICKESS
PICKERING
PICKET(T)
PICKLE(S)
PIDGEON
PIERCE
PIERSON
PIGGOT(T)
PIKE
PILCHER
PILKINGTON
PILLSBURY
PINCKNEY
PINE
PINKERTON
PINNEY
PIPER
PITCHER
PIT(T)MAN
PITT(S)
PLACE
PLANT
PLATT
PLEASANT(S)
PLUM(B)
PLUM(M)ER
PLUNKETT
POE
POGUE
POINDEXTER
POLAND(D)
POLK
POLLARD
POLLEY
POLLOCK
POMEROY
POND
POOL(E)
POOR(E)
POPE
PORTER
POSEY
POST
POTTER
POTT(S)
POUND
POWELL
POWER(S)
PRATT
PRAY
PREBLE
PRENDERGAST
PRENTICE
PRENTIS(S)
PRESCOTT
PRESTON
PRETTYMAN
PREWITT
PRICE
PRIEST
PRIME
PRIM(M)
PRINCE
PRINDLE
PRINGLE
PRIOR
PRI(T)CHARD
PRITCHETT
PROBST
PROCTER
PROCTOR
PROSSER
PROUT(Y)
PRUETT
PRUITT
PRYOR
PUGH
PULLEN
PULLEY
PUMPHREY
PURCELL
PURDY
PURSELL
PURVES
PURVIS
PUSEY
PUTNAM
PYLE
PYNE

QUACKENBOS
QUACKENBUSH
QUARLES
QUICK
QUIGLEY
QUIMBY
QUINBY
QUIN(N)
QUISENBERRY

RAAB
RABB
RABE
RADCLIFF(E)
RADFORD
RAE
RAGLAND
RAILEY
RAINES
RAINEY
RALEIGH
RALEY
RALPH
RALSTON
RAMAGE
RAMBO
RAMSAY
RAMSDELL
RAMSDEN
RAMSEY
RAND
RANDALL
RANDOLPH
RANGER
RANKIN
RANNEY
RANSOM
RANSON
RAPP
RATCLIFF(E)
RATH
RATHBONE
RATHBUN
RATHBURN
RAU(SI)CH
RAWL(E)S
RAWLIN(G)S
RAWSON
RAY
RAYMOND
RAYNER
RAYNOR

REA
READ
READER
READING
READY
RE(A)GAN
REAM
REARDON
REAVES
RECTOR
REDD
RED(D)ING
RED(D)INGTON
REDDY
REDFIELD
REDMAN

REDMON(D)
REECE
REED
REEDER
REEDY
REESE)
REEVE(S)
REICHENBACH
REID
REIDY
REIF(F)
REILLY
REINHAR(DK)T
REITER
REMICK
REMINGTON
RENARD
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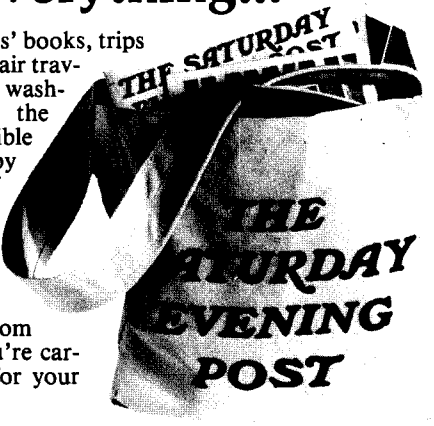

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Sleeping In

continued from page 67

trying a convulsion, as she by now can read me as well as Brutus can. So I try rigor mortis. It works so well that she sees no harm in shattering my eardrum with the command, "You lie down and be quiet!"

Brutus, perhaps thinking she is yelling at me, now puts his Shetland-pony size to good use by sticking his big wet muzzle affectionately on the back of my neck. If it's still slobbery from a recent drink, so much the better. And if this fails to get the appropriate response, he likes nothing better than to wedge his big slobbery muzzle under my arm and happily try to dislocate my shoulder.

What really gets my hackles up is to finally wrench myself out of bed and stagger to the door to let him out, only to find he doesn't want to go out. Nor does he want breakfast. What he wants is love. I could kill him. And if you've ever gone back to bed with your hackles up, you know that the arms of Morpheus aren't exactly waiting to welcome you.

Breakfast. How I envy the "real" Santa's lousy cookies and warm milk. I usually eat a bowl of cereal. Since all the boxes on the cereal shelf contain cereal high in fiber, with multiple vitamins, no sugar or preservatives added, I pay little attention to which box I select. But why in the world would a man's mate decide to stick a box of Minute Rice on the same shelf?

Having poured the stuff in my bowl, however, poured on the skim milk, sprinkled on the sugar and a handful of raisins, I certainly wasn't going to waste it. Boy, oh, boy, nothing can set a man up for the day like a hearty breakfast of Minute Rice. My dear wife ate whole-wheat toast.

I could go on . . . and on . . . and on. But trying to operate this typewriter with a blown-glass unicorn's head glued to the index finger of my best hand is rather time-consuming.

I'm referring to having been aroused with the strange feeling that I was no longer being kicked by my bed companion. Upon checking, I found my bed companion sitting at the kitchen table, awash in tears, trying to reassemble a blown-glass unicorn she had dropped while wrapping it as a Christmas gift to add to my collection.

"My hands were too cold," she whimpered. (The furnace had already quit running.)

The surprise element by now pretty well shot, I volunteered to apply the airplane glue and hold the head in place until the glue dried. "It dries in only a minute," my dear wife sniffled on her way to hit the sack.

And for once, by golly, she was right. A minute later the head was solidly cemented to my finger. And finding no directions on the glue tube for the removal of a glass unicorn's head from a human finger, I went back to bed so adorned. I suppose it will come off in time, but until then I'm not as handy as usual.

One good thing: it doesn't interfere with my pushing that reset button. "My" furnace has just quit again.

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NEW MEXICO'S "MISSION POSSIBLE"

The resort region of Taos will save its unique mission churches only with cross-cultural cooperation.

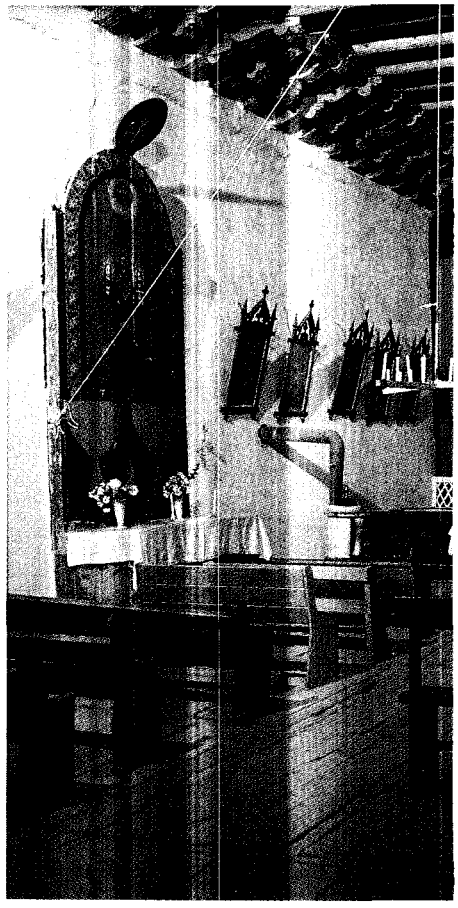
by Dale Chaney

"I feel as if I'm in a foreign country" is a frequent observation of the visitor to northern New Mexico. English, Spanish, and any of a dozen Indian dialects might be heard in the same conversation. Pueblo Indians worship their ancient gods. Religious sects come to partake of the spirituality. Artists come to partake of the inspiration. Travelers, less focused, come to partake of it all.

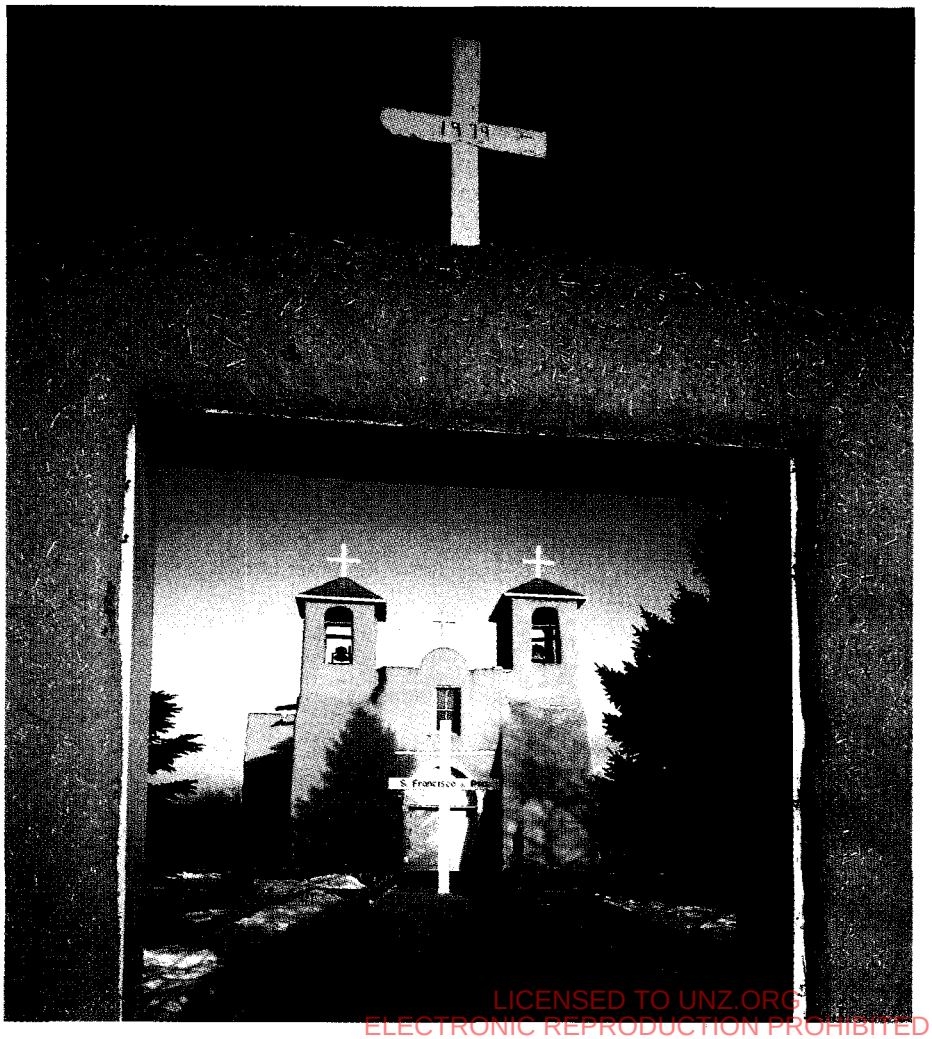
Adobe is present almost everywhere amid the green valleys and the hard-packed sandy hills. Much of it is crumbling, sometimes draped with scarlet chiles. Adobe has reached art form in the mission churches, built by Spanish colonists centuries ago and still used today by their descendants. The churches are reminders that here a medieval Spanish world was preserved by an isolation that lasted nearly 300 years. In the silence of these mountains, the colonists and their descendants continued to practice their timeless ways, beseeching the intercession of numberless saints and invoking the Blessed Virgin against the devil and his agents.

The colonists expressed their hopes and fears through beautiful, if primitive, religious art, devoid of the third dimension that characterized Renaissance art. These colonial artists were known as *santeros*. Many are known only anonymously. They painted *santos*—the saints—with colors they found in nature, and they carved *bultos*—religious statues—from the roots of trees. In all, they gave vent to the colonists' preoccupations with death, penance, and belief in divine intervention.

With few tools the colonists housed their art in churches built with the materials at hand: hand-hewn timber, the mud and straw of adobe. The results are marvelous. Molding, stacking, and smoothing tens of thousands of adobe bricks into their vision of worship, the colonists somehow balanced mass, color, and dimension into a perfect composition with the setting. To light the altars they built their churches with two-level roofs and used, for the first time, clerestory windows. They created soft lines and rounded corners that radiated the mysticism of their religion. Depending on whom you talk to, there are anywhere from 100 to 300 churches in the area worth historical note, if not preservation.



The serenity of San José de Gracia, in Las Trampas, has been disturbed by highway planners and proposed historical digs.



A church that will make it: 70 parishioners of San Francisco de Asis, near Taos, helped with renovations this past summer.

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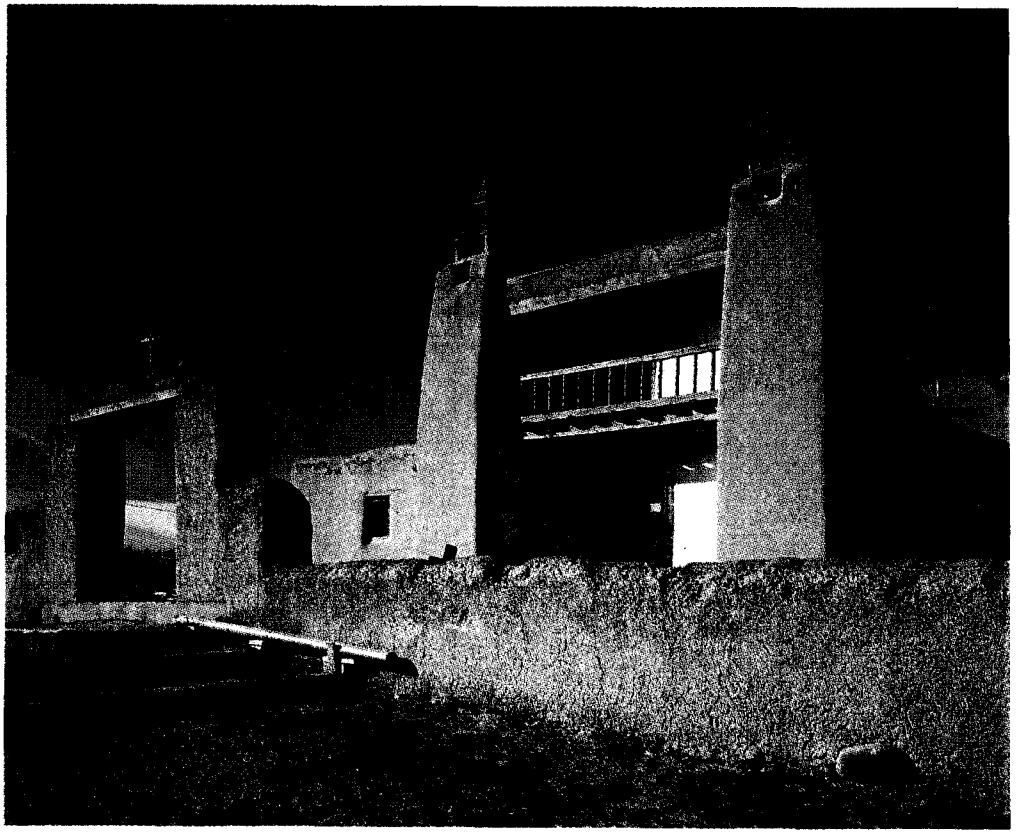

San José's acclaimed architecture was more important to colonials as protection against Comanche attacks.

Despite the enduring appearance of their compact mass and thick walls, the churches themselves seem to fight preservation, melting their adobe walls and roofs back into the earth almost willfully. "It's not just the number of churches," says Victor Johnson, a preservation architect in Santa Fe who serves on the archdiocese's preservation committee. "The problems with moisture and adobe are widespread. The properties are dispersed. It's one of the poorest archdioceses in the country. Every time you add a fact, you multiply the magnitude of the situation. We've taken on a tremendous challenge."

Restoring just a single altar screen can cost $45,000; to re-roof and plaster a church $160,000. To repair the crumbling walls of a church has already cost $400,000. "We want to save our churches," says Father Jerome Martínez, the head of the archdiocese committee, "but not at the expense of the living church."

• • •

Members of the living church often see otherwise. "I fell into conversa-

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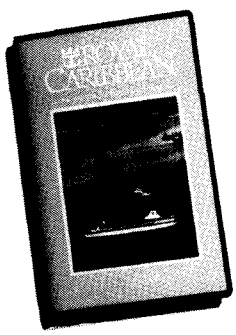

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tion quite accidentally with an old man on the side of a road near an old church," a local photographer recalls. "He was just sitting there, looking at it. He told me he refused to go to the new church that had been built in his village, not even to receive communion. It didn't have any meaning to him. But the old church, he said, 'was alive.' It had history, his family had always gone to it, and he wanted to receive his communion in it."

The same spirit motivated a group of elderly women in the mountain village of Truchas when their old church was threatened. "About two years ago the village had to make a decision to restore it or build a new one, and they built a new one—'an ugly block-and-tin job,' one person called it," the photographer says. "But when they went to tear down the old one, the women moved in and just stonewalled them."

Such fiery attachment feeds the optimism of preservationists. "Sometimes not much money is needed," Victor Johnson says. "They only need labor, and in general there is lots of labor available. So the funding for this preservation is not quite as black-and-white as you might think. There's an awful lot being done without funding, because of the people. A lot of the work and dedication that the villages put in goes back to the self-sufficiency of their culture. Remember, they were preserving these structures long before the Anglo arrived. This is what makes preservation possible in the absence of lots of resources."

In fact, there's been a great deal of self-determination in the people's past, and it must be considered, as preservation officials discovered after a visit to Trampas one cold February night. Townsfolk listened quietly to a plan to excavate the original town plaza, and the officials left. Only later did they learn that muttered threats of violence had swept the town in reaction to the proposal.

It took the loss of two old churches to draw the adversaries closer together. San Miguel del Valle, near Taos in the village of El Valle, was demolished. So was the church in Peña Blanca, west near the Rio Grande. (More "practical" new structures took their places.) Other churches were showing signs of trouble. Soon, the New Mexico historic preservation division rushed to match a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts for a survey of the churches in the northeastern sector of the state. Archbishop Sanchez of Santa Fe appointed a "blue ribbon" commission to size up the job at hand and develop a formal preservation plan. And residents of the communities began to pledge their labor and materials to the task—although, as Father Martinez notes, their traditional proud self-sufficiency is no longer enough: "Many of them don't have enough people . . . they need help."

The New Mexico Community Foundation has set itself up as a sort of clearinghouse for requests and donations. The foundation has already received a $40,000 grant from the National Trust for Historic Preservation, three grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, and money from the Xerox Foundation and other private foundations. And many suppliers have donated or reduced the costs of materials. Given the chance, residents are up to the challenge. In Santa Cruz, community members raised the money and, with a loan from the archdiocese, restored their church to impeccable condition.

Still unresolved is the "why" of the project. It's not just an academic argument that's brewing. "I see it as two groups I call the progressives and the traditionalists," says Kirk Gittings, a co-author of the upcoming *Monuments of Adobe,* whose royalties will be dedicated to a church-preservation fund. "The progressives look at the preservation of culture as something to be sold to tourists, and the traditionalists value it for itself."

"Our goal is definitely not to increase tourism," one state official counters.

It would be unfortunate if the churches became a political football, for as Victor Johnson puts it from his architectural point of view: "These churches represent one of the major Hispanic contributions to architecture. They are quite old. And they are ingenious in construction. It would be a shame to let them be disassembled or to melt into ruins without thoroughly understanding their role in the past and present. But to preserve them we have to rely on broad-based community support. No one foundation can help us do it all, no one archdiocese can do it all. It's got to be a combined effort of everyone involved."

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A Taos Primer

Taos County, the home of many of Northern New Mexico's mission churches, is renowned for its clear air, its precipitous slopes, and its amalgam of Indian, Spanish, and Anglo culture. "Discovered" around the turn of the century by avant-garde artists, the area has developed into an artistic and tourist mecca.

Art

80-90 galleries in the town of Taos: fine art, Indian jewelry, Navajo rugs.

Art Festivals

Fall Arts Festival (begins late September); *Taos Art Festival* (late May to mid-June and mid-October).

Other Events

San Geronimo Festival (late September)—Indian dancing, pole-climbing, and foot races; *Taos Music Festival* (July/August)—classical and contemporary chamber music; *Taos Mountain Balloon Rally* (late October); *Taos Poetry Circus* (mid-June); *Jazz Festival* (three weeks in January); *Taos Ski Valley Winterfest* (February); *fiestas* on saints' days throughout the year.

Sites and Sightseeing

Taos Pueblo (longest continuously inhabited pueblo; ceremonial dances on selected days throughout the year); *Carson National Forest* (camping, picnicking, hiking, backpacking, horse trails); *High Road to Taos* (scenic route from Santa Fe to Taos passes by many mission churches); *Kit Carson House* ("preserved," not restored); *Millicent Rogers Museum* (native American and Hispanic art); *Rio Grande Gorge Bridge* (650 ft. above river); *D. H. Lawrence Ranch and Home.*

Skiing

Taos Ski Valley—71 trails, 24% beginner, 51% advanced, 9,200-11,800 feet; *Angel Fire Resort*—53 trails, 34% b., 23% adv., 8,500-10,700 ft.; *Red River*—27 trails, 28% b., 26% adv., 8,800-10,300 ft.; *Sipapu*—18 trails, 17% b., 28% adv., 8,200-9,100 ft.; *Ski Rio*—64 trails, 20% b., 30% adv., 9,500-11,700 ft.; *Santa Fe Ski Basin*—38 trails, 20% b., 40% adv., 10,300-12,000 ft.

December in Taos

Yuletide in Taos (Dec. 1-15)—*farolito* tours, candlelight dinners, dance performances, ski area festivities, holiday food and crafts fairs; *Procession of the Virgin* (Dec. 24)—following vespers at Taos Pueblo; *torchlight processions* (Dec. 24 and 31)—at various ski areas; *Deer or Matachines Dance* (Dec. 25)—at Taos Pueblo.

For Further Information

Taos County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Drawer 1, Taos, NM 87571; 1-800-732-TAOS from outside New Mexico.

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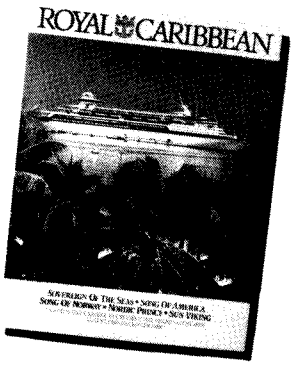

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A WARM SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS TO YOU

Winter comes late to the lower Mississippi; Christmas is frequently hot and muggy. The warm, moist Gulf winds blowing across the cooler Mississippi River create dense fogs as characteristic of Christmas in the area as snow is in New England. In fact, the children of New Orleans, Natchez, and Vicksburg assume that the river is Papa Noel's guide to their homes. Traditionally, tepee-style bonfires have been built along the levees to help Papa navigate.

Gramercy, Louisiana, 45 miles upriver from New Orleans, is bonfire headquarters, annually visited by a flotilla of excursion boats and thousands of automobiles choking the narrow road along the levee.

Bonfire construction has elaborated from the original tepee style to tugboats, log cabins, and "big foot" trucks, all made of pliable willow. Ronald St. Pierre has engineered the most elaborate creations, beginning with a cabin several years ago. He followed that with the *Gramercy Queen Steamboat*, then "Willow Plantation," and last year, an oil rig complete with crane, tugboat, and helicopter on a landing pad.

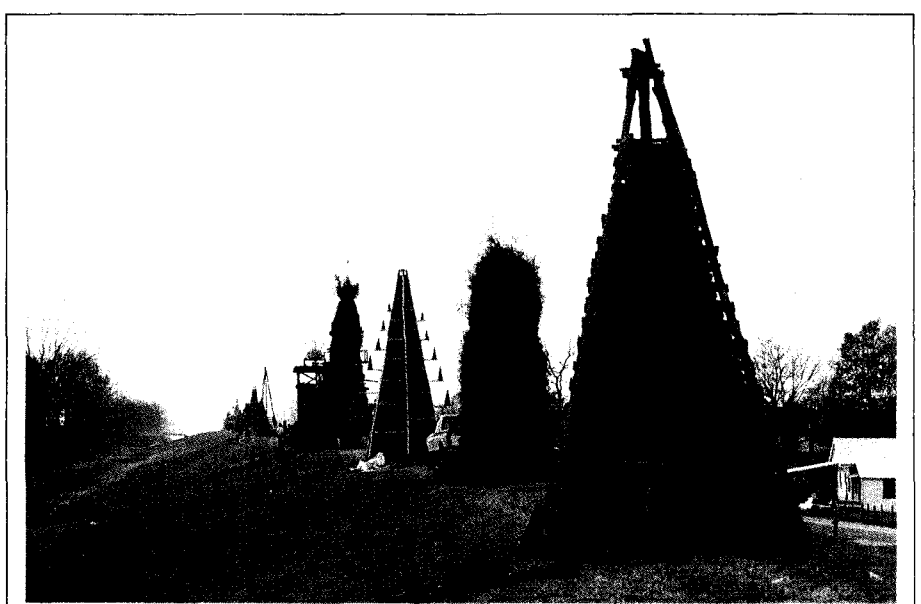
A bonfire builder must make sure the burning wood rolls down the river side of the levee and not the other way, toward Gramercy. The typical bonfire takes some four to five hours to burn. The green cane stuffed inside explodes like huge firecrackers. "The nice part about it," St. Pierre says, "is that so many people come here to enjoy it. We've even had tour buses with foreign tourists stop."

Créole Noëls once meant pine and candles—and a bucket in case of fire.

Exploding sugar cane isn't enough noise for some lower Mississippians. Bottle rockets, firecrackers, and sparklers are sold in Independence Day quantities, a tradition that dates back to pre-Revolutionary days, when colonial garrisons saluted the Christ Child with volleys of musket fire.

Old World traditions are most pronounced in New Orleans, where Anglo and Creole customs blend in a month-long revel. The modern-day Christmas celebration stems from Victorian-era customs, when Christmas Eve Mass at St. Louis Cathedral was followed by a *réveillon* feast: wild game, sweet breads, *daube glacé*, a jellied meat dish, rum cake, and strong coffee. The next morning the children discovered small toys in their stockings, but larger gifts were reserved for New Year's Day parties. The Creoles set out wax myrtle, orange, or Japanese plum trees in their private courtyard gardens and decorated them with tiny handmade cornucopias, sachets, cookies, toys, and flags—all given away later. Magnolia leaves, holly, and pine were draped across mantels and around portraits. Pyramids of fruit decorated tables.

December in modern New Orleans still recalls that era. Such historic French Quarter homes as the Hermann-Grima House, Gallier House Museum, Beauregard-Keyes House, and 1850s House are decorated in



The creativity of bonfire makers has become quite enlightening.

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keeping with the Victorian era. Cornucopia favors rest on parlor tables as gentlemen callers would have left them. Wooden buckets sit beside Christmas trees in case the candles cause a fire. And baskets of food for the poor are filled in the kitchens. Such restaurants as Begue's, Brennan's, Cafe Anglais, Mr. B's, and Tujague's prepare *réveillon* menus. Many of the restaurants adapt recipes from the historic Madame Begue's cookbook, using light entrees served after Midnight Mass.

—*Carolyn Thornton Nation*

Two Festivals

continued from page 40

A few weeks prior to Christmas I was serving the Cohens' Sabbath table. When I finished my ritual, I did as I had been instructed by Papa and invited Rabbi Cohen and his family to have Christmas dinner at our home. Elijah had warned me that they wouldn't come.

Rabbi Cohen was a man not easily forgotten. He was of medium stature but appeared much larger than life, with his bespectacled alert dark eyes, his shocking mass of black hair, his dark beard, and his black clothing—all serving to accentuate the whiteness of his delicate face and hands. We all thought that he was the very image of the man on the Smith Brothers cough-drop box.

In his deep, melodious voice he answered my invitation. "Ah," he said. "Ve vould like to come to your house and meet your mama and papa, but better I talk first to your papa."

"They don't talk English too good," I warned him. "That's why they asked me to invite you. They talk Italian."

"Vell," the rabbi said with a smile. "I don't talk too good, either. But ve'll understand each other. Vy not? Ve're neighbors."

When he was at home Papa could always be found in his garden. Behind the house grew endless vegetables: onions, peppers, garlic, zucchini, carrots, lettuce, and whatever the seasonal vegetables or fruits were. The front of the house was always a profusion of flowers. It was especially lovely this Christmas season, with large bushes of poinsettias—double red, in full bloom.

continued on page 104

Norman Rockwell Encyclopedia

A Chronological Catalog of the Artist's Work 1910-1978
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by Mary Moline

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—John Collins Bossidy

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HEARTBEAT

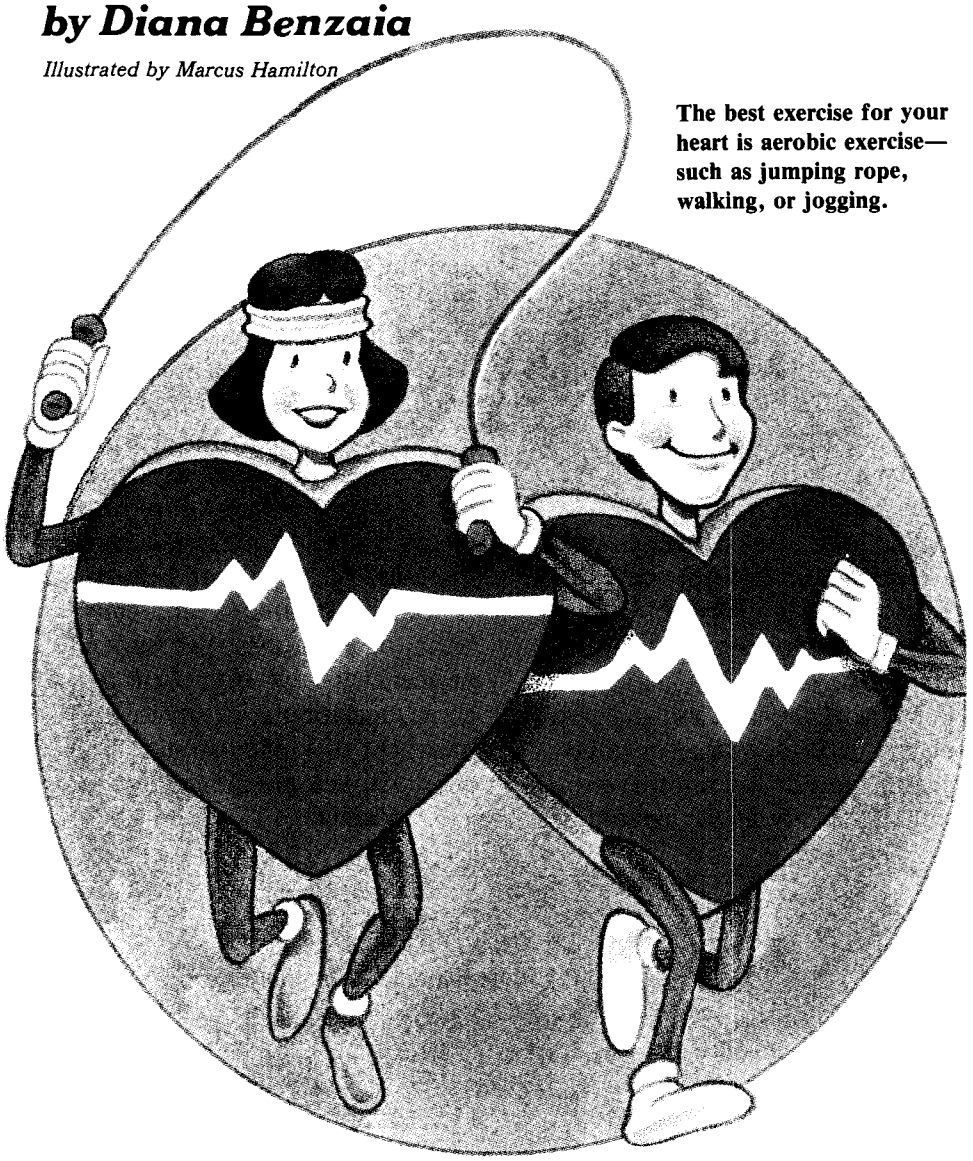
The Healthy Heart Report

WALK AWAY FROM HEART ATTACKS

New studies show that mild degrees of exercise, even regular walking, can be as protective as more strenuous activity.

by Diana Benzaia

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton



The best exercise for your heart is aerobic exercise—such as jumping rope, walking, or jogging.

There's been a revolution in medical attitudes toward heart health and exercise in the past 25 years, and you can see the results on country roads, in city parks, and in health clubs across the nation. The "fitness" boom is, in part, a direct result of medical findings that regular exercise can improve heart health. But despite evidence available years earlier, physicians often did not link the benefits of exercise to heart-disease prevention or rehabilitation.

"Up until about 1950, people with heart disease were told not to exercise at all, and we used to treat patients who had had a heart attack by keeping them on bed rest in the hospital for six weeks," explains Philip Greenland, M.D., the director of cardiac rehabilitation and preventive cardiology at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry. "In contrast, most heart-attack patients are now on their feet within a few days and out of the hospital in less than two weeks."

One book on longevity, published in 1700, reported on 1,712 people who had lived to be older than 100. The author concluded, "It is not the rich and the great, nor those who depend on medicine, who become old, but such as use much exercise."

In more recent years studies have found that people whose jobs require physical exertion, such as mail carriers and dock workers, have a lower than average incidence of heart attacks. Epidemiological studies have documented that those who exercise consistently have a lower incidence of heart disease. More recently, research has documented how exercise can help maintain a healthy heart.

PREVENTING HEART DISEASE

The preventive benefits of exercise primarily relate to its impact on other heart-disease risk factors. For example, regular exercise has been shown to improve such risk factors as a poor cholesterol profile, hypertension, poor diabetes management, and obesity. It also may improve heart function directly as well as provide positive psychological benefits.

► *Cholesterol*—This is a fatty substance that travels in blood, attached to proteins called lipoproteins. Low-density lipoproteins (LDL), the so-called bad cholesterol, promote the build-up of plaque on artery walls in the atherosclerotic process. High-density lipoproteins (HDL), the so-called good cholesterol, seem to help carry cholesterol from the walls of arteries back to the liver. Because regular exercise helps to improve the ratio of LDL to HDL—decreasing

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the former and increasing the latter—it can help prevent and even reverse the atherosclerotic process.

► *Hypertension*—High blood pressure is one of the most important risk factors for heart disease. Today, before starting drug therapy for hypertension, many physicians will urge lifestyle changes to lower the pressure, and exercise is at the top of the list. "Regular exercise conditions the heart so it pumps more blood per contraction, works more efficiently, and helps lower pressure," explains Joseph Izzo, Jr., M.D., the director of the hypertension service at the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry.

► *Diabetes*—According to the American Diabetes Association, people who have diabetes are two to four times more likely to have heart disease than those who do not have diabetes. "The risk of cardiovascular morbidity and mortality is significantly increased, in both sexes, in people who have any evidence of impaired glucose tolerance, whether it be hyperglycemia [high blood sugar], glycosuria [sugar in the urine], or diagnosed diabetes," reports William B. Kannel, M.D., the principal investigator of the Framingham Study and the chief of preventive medicine and epidemiology at Boston University Medical Center. Men with diabetes are particularly prone to silent myocardial infarctions—heart attacks without clinical symptoms. However, he noted that this increased risk "can be markedly reduced by controlling the major cardiovascular risk factors, as well as the diabetes." Diabetologists report that regular exercise can be a significant aid in controlling blood-sugar levels.

► *Obesity*—Being overweight makes your heart work harder and increases your risk of developing hypertension and diabetes. Imagine the stress on your heart from carrying around a 30-pound suitcase all day! Nevertheless, that's what many overweight people are carrying in excess poundage on their bodies. Weight distribution also appears to be an important factor. Those who carry excess weight above the waistline in bulging bellies seem to be at greater risk of developing heart disease than those who carry it below the waist in big behinds and thighs. Further, getting even close to your ideal weight, with no other change, may return high blood pressure to normal.

► *Heart Function*—"Regular exercise improves the function of the heart muscle and its ability to perform oxygen interchange with the lungs and to stimulate optimal blood flow throughout the body," Julian M. Whitaker, M.D., and June Roth, M.S., report in their new book, *Reversing Health Risks.*

► *Psychological Benefits*—Often underestimated are the psychological benefits of exercise. Exercise helps reduce stress by letting you release pent-up energy. And as you start to feel more fit, you are more apt to take care of your body in other ways, such as eating properly and avoiding smoking. "People who are exercising find it difficult and contradictory to do bad things to themselves," Dr. Greenland explains.

"Studies have found that people whose jobs require physical exertion . . . have a lower than average incidence of heart attacks."

CARDIAC REHABILITATION

As cardiac-rehabilitation programs have sprung up at university medical centers around the country, exercise has become a key component of their regimens.

"Evidence is accumulating that exercise is valuable in people who have heart disease, assuming that they are appropriately careful," Dr. Greenland says. "After a heart attack, it appears that supervised, prolonged programs of intense exercise may indeed strengthen the heart muscle."

One of the most famous heart-health programs is the Duke University Preventive Approach to Cardiology. In a book about the program —*Surviving Your Heart Attack,* by James V. Warren, M.D., and Genell J. Subak-Sharpe—the authors report that exercise conditions the heart muscle, increases its strength, and helps lower the resting heart rate because the heart pumps blood more efficiently. "It is obvious that a well-conditioned heart does not have to work as hard to pump the same amount of blood," they point out. "The slower heart rate also means that the cardiac muscle is able to use oxygen more efficiently."

Dr. Greenland emphasizes that modern cardiac rehabilitation urges people to get as active as possible: "Even within a couple of weeks after a heart attack, it is appropriate for most people to start doing mild levels of physical activity. They are encouraged to get out of the house and start walking a mile a day." Studies have found that those inactive after heart attacks are at greater risk of developing such complications as blood clots and that they may be less able to regulate their blood pressures normally. In contrast, those who participate in regular programs of physical activity may increase their capacities by as much as 50 percent. For example, persons with angina may develop the ability to walk up stairs or mow the lawn without developing symptoms.

WHAT KIND AND HOW MUCH

If you have had heart disease—or if you are seemingly healthy, but are over 35 and have been sedentary for many years—you should have a complete medical checkup, including a stress test, before embarking on any exercise regimen.

You also must learn how to take your pulse in order to monitor yourself during exercise. Although many exercise programs urge exercising with your heart at 75 percent to 85 percent of its maximum rate (calculated by subtracting your age from 220 and then multiplying by .75 or .85), those who have had heart disease or been sedentary should get advice from physicians or exercise physiologists. It's likely that they will start you at 50 percent to 65 percent.

The best type of exercise for your heart is known as aerobic exercise. This is muscle work sustained for a considerable time, such as walking, jogging, swimming, or bicycle riding.

"Recent findings suggest that you don't need to exercise as heavily as

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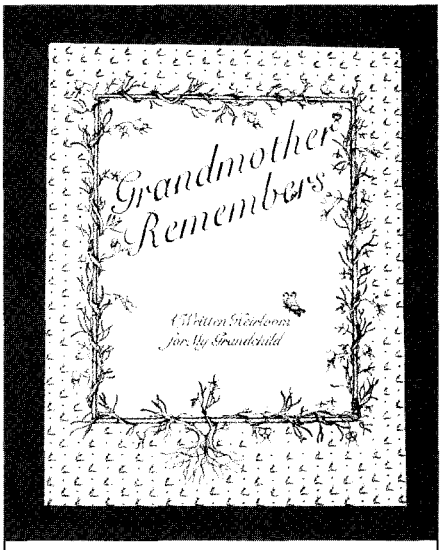

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81

originally thought," Dr. Greenland says. Earlier rules for exercise urged people to exercise three times a week, for 45 minutes each, at 75 to 85 percent of their maximum heart rates. While this is indeed ideal, it is also very stressful, and many older people can't do it because of arthritis problems. "Newer studies are showing that milder degrees of exercise, even regular walking, can be as protective as more strenuous activities," he says.

If you're ready to start exercising—and have the all-clear sign from your doctor—be sure to start slowly. If you already have heart disease or heart-disease risk factors and are over 40, consider joining a cardiac rehabilitation program. "One of the big values of supervised exercise for people who have had a heart problem is that it gives them a lot of confidence," Dr. Greenland explains. "Once people learn what they can do in a supervised setting, they don't feel as nervous about doing it on their own."

If you want to do it on your own, consider the following program developed for new runners by Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City.

PRELIMINARY TRAINING PROGRAM

Below is a preliminary progressive training program. Upon completion of the first day at level one, immediately count your pulse. If your pulse is below the heart rate at which you should be functioning, go to level two the next time you train. Continue moving up, if needed, until you find the correct level to produce the desired heart rate. Then, progress in the time intervals indicated.

Pace	Weeks
1. Walk 30 min./mile x 20 min. = .67 mi.	2
2. Walk 20 min./mile x 20 min. = 1 mi.	2
3. Walk 15 min./mile x 20 min. = 1.33 mi.	2
4. Alternately walk 50 steps, jog 50 steps x 20 min. = 1.40 mi.	2
5. Alternately walk 50 steps, jog 100 steps x 20 min. = 1.48 mi.	2
6. Alternately walk 50 steps, jog 200 steps x 20 min. = 1.57 mi.	2

PROGRESSIVE TRAINING

Once you reach this level, you must always do stretching exercises before and after the workout. Do *not* progress more rapidly than indicated.

Running Pace	Time	Dist.	Weeks
7. 12.0 min./mi. x	20 min. =	1.67 mi.	3
8. 11.5	20	1.74	2
9. 11.0	20	1.82	2
10. 12.0	25	2.08	2
11. 11.5	25	2.17	2
12. 11.0	25	2.27	2
13. 10.5	25	2.38	2
14. 10.0	25	2.50	2
15. 9.5	25	2.63	2
16. 8.5	25	2.94	3
17. 9.0	30	3.33	2
18. 8.5	30	3.53	2
19. 8.0	35	4.37	3
20. 8.0	40	5.00	3
21. 7.5	35	4.67	3
22. 7.5	40	5.33	

Level 22 is a maintenance level. However, some people may not be able to exceed the pace of level 17. If this is your situation, just add time to your running session. If two or more days of running are missed consecutively, go back to the previous level for at least one week.

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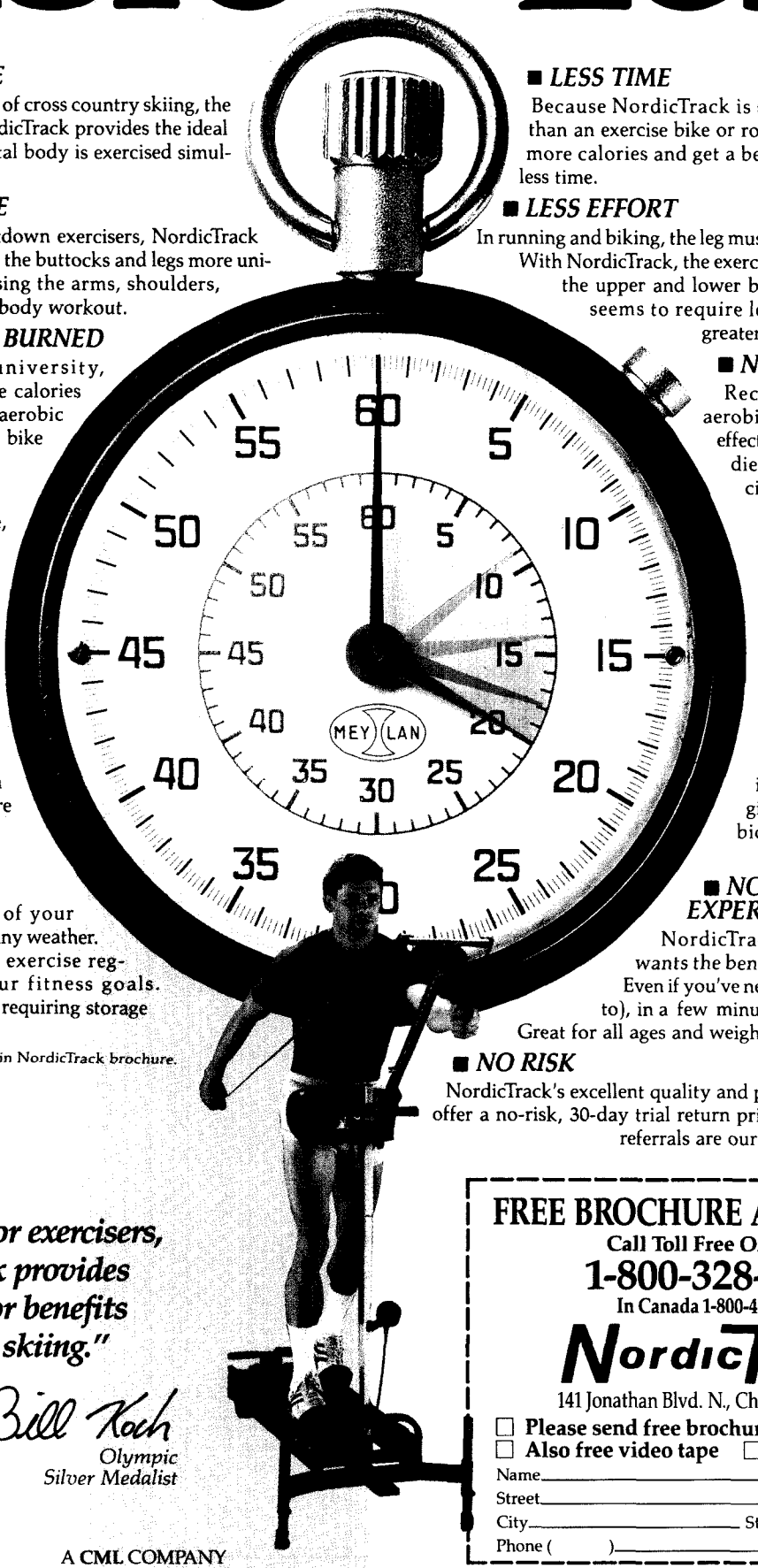
*Scientific test results included in NordicTrack brochure.



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Polar Bear

continued from page 65

rectangular. He was not far from one end, and started for the other.

He stayed on top for a little while, rejoicing in the view and in the fact that he was being taken somewhere at no cost to himself, and then got a bit bored with it. He went down one side and continued along near the water line. That was better; there were many caves and irregularities along the sides, and the waves broke just below him. He found a dead fish and ate it, but its small size brought to his mind the fact that he was hungry. His happy mumble changed a little and became slightly peevish, and his pace picked up. He found no more fish, but as he approached the other end the berg flattened out and suddenly, near the end and not far from the water line, there appeared a most splendid sight—the huge bulks of two dead walruses.

This was eating for a long time to come, and he started at a run for it. He was within 50 yards of the corpses when the figure of an Eskimo moved into sight around one of the walrus' heads; the Eskimo saw him, stopped, and stood staring. Whitey also stopped, so quickly that he fell over himself. He bounced up again and stood staring back, shaken and dismayed, and his belly began to yammer desperately at him.

The Eskimo, who was the lost wife, Kikortaloriak, had been left to watch the walrus while the hunting party moved on, and was marooned when the berg broke from the glacier. She shook the skirt of her woman's parka at him in the ancient gesture of peace between women and bears, but Whitey hadn't been instructed in that matter. All he saw was an Eskimo standing between him and the meat; his belly filled his head with its clamor, it knotted and writhed within him, and his caution was overborne by these things and his new warlike picture of himself. He started anew, purposefully, for the Eskimo.

• • •

Kikortaloriak had little hope for her life, except to prolong it with the meat. She ran behind the walrus, picked up the heavy shaft of a spear from which the point had been broken, ran back, swung the shaft, and by luck hit Whitey square on the nose with it. He fell over backward; lights exploded before his eyes, and pain filled him all the way back to his tail. He rolled about, howling, and, when the anguish diminished somewhat, retreated farther and presently sat up. Kikortaloriak stood by the walrus, holding the shaft, and for a moment Whitey, seeing the tons of meat once more through his watering eyes, thought of going for her again, with more care. But his head was throbbing, his nose was on fire, and he discovered that his taste for combat had evaporated. He remembered that there were easier ways to get a meal. He moved closer; Kikortaloriak picked up the shaft. Whitey at once abased himself; wagging his rear, he slowly crept closer, and the closer he crept the more rapidly he wagged himself.

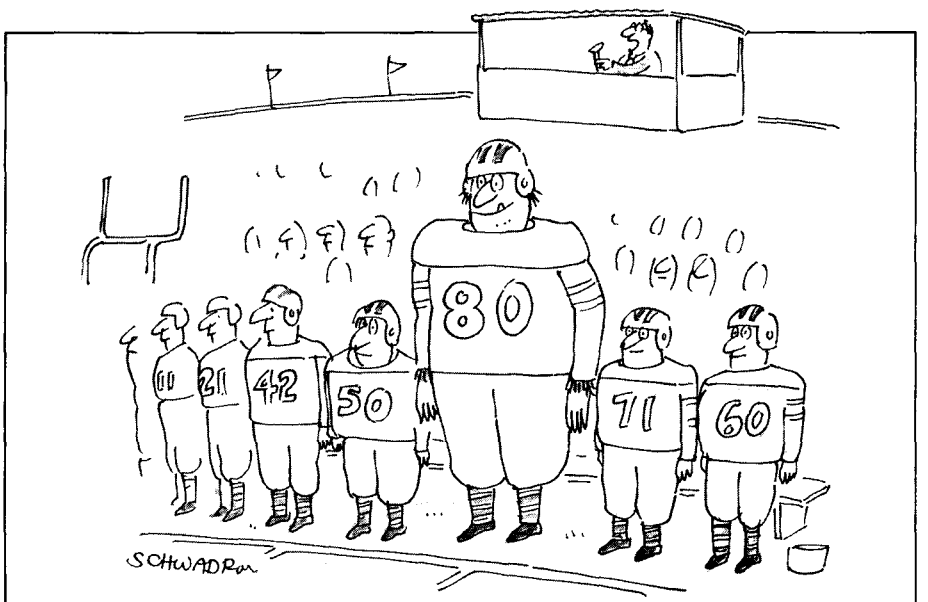
Kikortaloriak for a moment was nonplused, but as Whitey rolled up his eyes, panted supinely, and eyed the walrus, she got the idea. She had fed huskies all her life and had often seen such antics. She watched him for a moment, took a knife from her belt, and cut him a great wedge of meat. Still wagging now and then, he ate it and sat looking happily at her. Her relief was so great that after a bit she began to sing. She had a voice like a crow, but it had been a long time since Whitey had heard any music. He was ravished by it; he sat for a bit with his head canted and his eyes closed in ecstasy, and then, unable to bear the joy of it quietly, he stood up and went into his clumsy, shuffling dance. Kikortaloriak laughed with pleasure and renewed hope, and sang on. When she was tired, she stopped; Whitey sat down again, and they beamed upon each other while the berg moved majestically on.

• • •

And so they were carried south by the currents that move out the arctic's ice, through Hudson Strait, out into the Atlantic, down the coast of Labrador and around Newfoundland. The berg slowly diminished as the water warmed, and the walrus diminished with it. Kikortaloriak was content to be drifting south, having heard in summer camps around Cape Dorset that there were many people in that direction, and Whitey didn't care where he went.

They got on together very well until they came to the limit of drift ice below Nova Scotia, where the current swings east, away from the coast. Kikortaloriak didn't want to go east; she knew vaguely that there was a lot of empty ocean that way; she was determined to go south, and so she became possessed by a minor devil. First she sat brooding, and then she ran about, saying, "*Pin-ung-nak! Pin-ung-nak!*" which means "South! South!"

Then a brilliant idea occurred to her. She took Whitey to the end of the berg, got into the water, and began to kick with her feet. She indicated to Whitey that he was to do the same thing. He stared at her, amused, and she began to scream at him. He was amused no longer, and wandered



". . . number 80, an eight-foot, 490-pound genetic engineering major from Ann Arbor, Michigan . . ."

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off, whereupon she ran for the spear shaft and pursued him. Whitey finally had to give in and start paddling.

• • •

Whatever minute propulsive effort Whitey was able to exert would ordinarily have done nothing but increase his appetite, but an odd and uncharacteristic wind came up. For a time it just equalized the current; and so Whitey's energy, like the fabled straw that broke some camel's back, started them south again.

The wind held, and well out off Nantucket a Navy plane spotted them, circled the berg, and saw Kikortaloriak. Presently a helicopter came out and hovered like a huge bird of prey. It frightened Whitey, who hid in the last remaining cave and watched them take off Kikortaloriak to unimaginable horrors. Before she went, she argued and even struggled with the man who came down the ladder, crying, "*Nahnook! Nahnook!*" The man didn't understand Eskimo, and couldn't comprehend that she wanted to save her bear. He was anxious to be gone, so Kikortaloriak was finally bundled, weeping, up the ladder, and the bird flew away.

Boredom would have descended upon Whitey again if he'd had time for it, but the berg was rapidly melting now and breaking up. Its center of gravity shifted several times as it melted, and occasionally it would roll over, catapulting him and his larder into the sea. When this happened, he would have to struggle desperately to save himself from a watery grave and drag what was left of his rations back onto the ice again. These affairs kept him moderately busy, and in the quiet intervals the force of habit sent him to the end of the berg, where he paddled away. Kikortaloriak would have been delighted with this tribute to the force of her personality if she had been able to see him.

Aircraft occasionally came out to report on the location and drift of Whitey's ice menace to navigation, but otherwise he was left pretty much alone; the Coast Guard had ordered all boats to stay wide of it because of its unpredictable rollings. It shrank to the size of a football field, then an auditorium, then a house, and then a split-level cottage; Whitey's efforts and the wind combined to bring the berg between the Gulf Stream and the Florida coast, until late one afternoon it stood off Miami Beach. By

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this time the last of the walrus was gone and the berg would just hold Whitey up.

• • •

The lights ashore began to come on; they sparkled in their myriads up and down the beach and glittered high in the air. The world was filled with lights, and the sepulchral blues and screeching reds of neon, in counterpoint, flashed off and on to remind the dwellers of the place of the delights of chewing gum, whiskey, and somebody's matzoth.

Whitey was enthralled; it seemed to him much more intimate, friendly, and exciting than the northern lights. The ice rolled a little under his feet and he decided to go ashore. He got into the water—the deliciously warm water—and struck out. It was like being gently enwrapped in summer, without the maddening nuisance of clouds of blood-sucking mosquitoes and flies. He basked in it and paddled on, bemused, finally coming ashore in front of the Roney Plaza.

He ambled happily across the beach, and as he came, big and white and dripping, to the sidewalk, into the glitter of the lights and crowds of people, there was a rippling gasp, a storm of yells and screams, and then a stampede. The noise died away as a passing wind dies, and in the following silence he stood confused a moment until he heard somewhere in front of him the lively and wonderful singing of an accordion. He started for it, through the Roney Beach Club. The caged monkeys and parrots screamed at him and thrashed about, but above the uproar he could still hear the accordion; he increased his pace and lumbered into the bar.

There was another stampede, the accordion stopped, and after a moment of whirling confusion, he was facing Armand across the overturned tables and chairs of the empty bar. Armand stared at him in disbelief; Armand didn't know whether to stand or flee. They stared at one another for a long minute, and then Whitey, in his joy, began to wag himself furiously. Armand struck a chord tentatively, then another, and then several more. Whitey stood up and he began to dance.

"Whitey!" Armand shouted. "*Ah, mon vieux, mon ami!*" He dropped the accordion and ran across the room, throwing wide his arms. "*Ah, pauvre petit! À mon bras!*" They embraced, crooning, wagging, talking; stood off to admire each other; and embraced again. Armand, with his jacket and shirt in tatters, sat Whitey down and fed him with what solid refreshment he could find in the trampled place.

• • •

He was still doing it when the sirens came wailing, and a hastily gathered detail of police with riot guns moved rather gingerly in. They stood staring until one of them recalled their mission and shouted to Armand to get out of the way. Armand jumped up and stood in front of his new-found friend, spreading his arms.

"No! No!" he said. "You cannot shoot him! When I was a sailor at the North Pole I caught him! I trained him! He is fond of people! He came looking for me! He is my friend! I sue anybody that hurts him! Look! He wags himself! . . . Wag, Whitey!" Whitey wagged. "He dances!" He ran across the room, got his accordion, and began to play. Whitey got to his feet and began his clumsy shuffle. He was the center of attention, everyone was looking at him, and he gave it all he had.

The police detail relaxed and even began to applaud. Presently the manager stuck his head fearfully around the edge of the door and saw what was going on.

"Shoot him!" he screeched. "Shoot him! I should be having one of my acts playing house with bears while the customers all run to the airport? Shoot!"

Armand ran furiously up to him. "*Ah, cochon!*" he said to the manager. "Ah, stupid pig! He is mine! He is tame! Comprehend how much money will come in if we have him in the Garden Zoo, the only bear of the arctic that comes to Miami Beach. And where does he come? To the Roney Plaza, *naturellement.* Where else?"

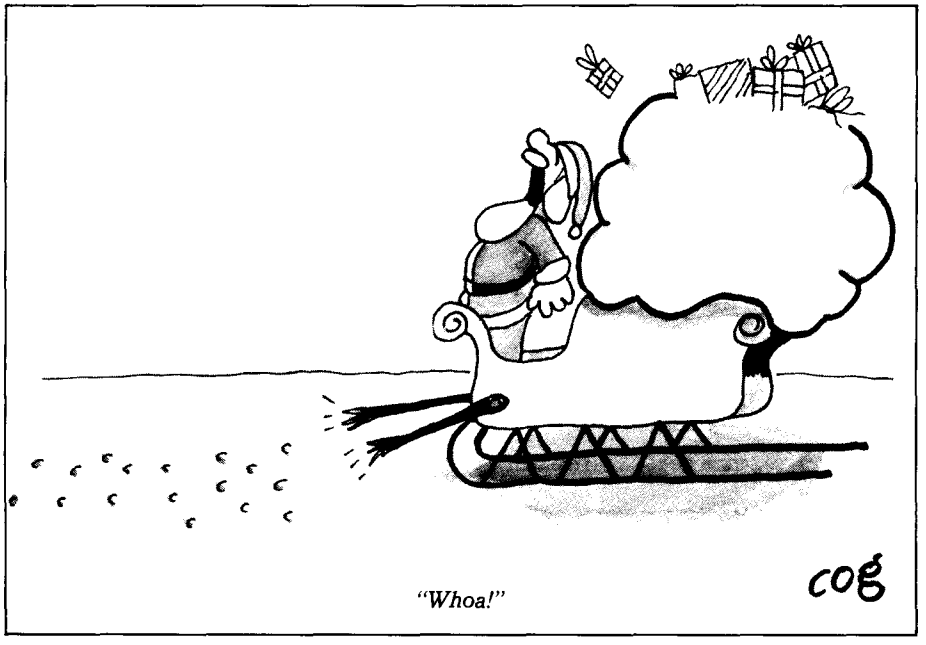
The manager emerged a little from behind the door and looked at Armand. "H'm," he said; and then again, "H'm. A pool we'll get for him, hah? A pool and a nice big place to have his picture taken. So. I raise your pay, and take more publicity men on the payroll. One or two maybe."

"I have the little house," Armand said. "I take him there until you have this arranged, yes?"

"H'm?" the manager said, his mind busily engaged in framing his newspaper release. "Sure. I get them started now."

He ran out, and Armand and Whitey soon followed him. Practically arm in arm they emerged into the street and set out for Armand's little house. The air was soft as cream, there was a rustle of palms on the wind; the world was full of delightful smells, and Armand began to play softly a happy tune on his accordion as they marched.

Whitey ambled along beside him, touching him frequently, bemused with bliss. He had come home; it was characteristic of him that he never thought of Kikortaloriak, who had brought all this about.



"Whoa!"

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

We of this generation through the decline of the family are witnessing the most sudden biological change the human race has known.—*Sir James Calvert Spence*

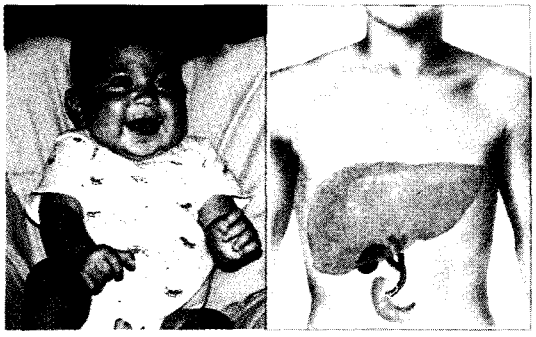
Infant Lives

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

On May 22, 1988, our then four-month-old son Stephen underwent a lifesaving liver transplant at the University of Wisconsin Hospital in Madison, Wisconsin. Although liver transplantation is becoming quite common, Stephen's transplant was the *first* of its kind. Stephen received his new liver from a 19-year-old man.

Stephen is the first infant in our country to receive an adult-segmented liver. His donor liver was virtually "cut down" to size. Liver segmentation was first done in Paris and was only being done on adults and children at the University of Chicago in our country. Dr. [Christoph] Broelsch in Chicago had done liver segments on children, but no one had attempted an infant before Dr. [Munci] Kalayoglu did Stephen.

On May 21, Dr. Kalayoglu at the University of Wisconsin in Madison received a call that the liver of a 19-year-old was available. He knew that Stephen only had a few days to live, so he asked for our consent to do the liver segmentation for Stephen.



When no liver from an infant donor was available, Stephen Slavin's doctor broke new ground in transplant surgery—he saved the baby's life by using one-fourth of a liver from a 19-year-old accident victim.

We had been waiting for months for an infant liver, and there was none to be found for Stephen. Infant organs are the hardest size to find.

Dr. Kalayoglu and the transplant team at the University of Wisconsin feel that a new day for liver transplantation in children has arrived. Children will no longer have to wait until they are near death before receiving a new liver. Some, as you know, never get the new organs their little bodies need so desperately.

Two infants came to Madison for evaluation after Stephen was transplanted. Both of them received a segmented liver. One had to wait four days and the other two days! They are doing well, and so are the next three that came after the first three went home.

I think the parents of babies and children with liver disease need to be aware of this lifesaving, time-cutting procedure. You'd never know Stephen had a liver transplant by looking at him!

Thank you for your consideration.

Mike Slavin
Montgomery, Alabama

"O.K., gang, wake up! It's 'Happy Hour'!"

Pre-conception Vitamins

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

My new husband and I are both 37, never married before, and hope to start a family very soon. We want our children to be as healthy as possible, and because of my age we want to be as careful as possible.

We've begun eating better, taking supplements, and limiting our exposure to harmful chemicals. We'd like to know if you have any information that would be helpful to us before, during, and after my pregnancy.

Some time ago I read in the *Post* about prevention of spina bifida. What was it that had been recommended? I'd appreciate any help you could give us.

Mrs. Michael Gormley
Vallejo, California

A study done some time ago by British researchers showed that high-risk women in the United Kingdom who had already had one infant with neural tube defect (NTD), also called spina bifida, had fewer recurrences than one would expect when given vitamin supplements. Among those mothers taking the supplements, none of the 44 had infants with NTD. Among those not taking the vitamins, 6 of 67 had infants with NTD.

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It was felt that the vitamin most beneficial was probably folic acid, a B-complex vitamin. Folic acid is involved in making the building blocks for DNA, and in this case, is thought to play a key role in preventing a neural tub defect.

Prenatal vitamins are routinely prescribed for pregnant women, but we believe they should be prescribed *before* conception occurs. A baby's spinal cord is formed in the first 28 days following conception, so many women don't start taking their prenatal vitamins until *after* the damage has been done. It's important to take prenatal vitamins before conception and to make sure they include 800 to 1,000 micrograms of folic acid.

If either you or your husband has had a blood transfusion since 1977, you are advised to also have a test for the HIV virus before beginning a pregnancy. If a mother carries the HIV virus, the baby has more than a 50 percent chance of being born with AIDS.

Many Suffer Hair Loss

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I read with interest the "Hair-Raising Experiment" letter by Ada E. Gladu, Page 100, Nov. '88 issue of the *Post* regarding Pituitrin (S). I have long known (and read) that the pituitary gland plays a great part in one's hair health.

I hope you will have some information to give us regarding this gland and its "care and feeding" because it is so important in one's overall health.

E. Marek
San Antonio, Texas

The pituitary gland is a small gray, rounded body attached to the base of the brain like an upside-down mushroom on a pedicle. It is about one-third of an inch in diameter.

It secretes hormones that regulate many bodily processes, including growth and reproduction. It is sometimes called the "master gland" of the body. The anterior lobe

"And do you, Harley, promise to love, honor, cherish, stop smoking, lose 20 pounds, eat more wholesome foods. . . ."

The Olympics in Seoul couldn't afford more excitement than the Children's Better Health Institute Fitness Fair for these youngsters who compete for ribbons in the parent-child relays. Do you ever get tired of hearing about how our children aren't physically fit? Heard too much about "couch potato" children? Want to do something about it? Then start a Fitness Fair, and you'll find it's easy to get the kids motivated. Write to the Children's Better Health Institute if you would like directions for parent-child relays, horseshoe pitching, and numerous competitive games that inspire confidence and just might point a child toward a productive career in sports or even the Olympics. We specialize in games that can be done in almost all weather and by all children—even those whose parents are penniless. For full particulars write to the Children's Better Health Institute, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. *Continued on page 102.*

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secretes hormones, which regulate growth, the thyroid, the ovaries, testicles, and even the release of milk in a fully developed mammary gland.

The posterior lobe produces *oxytocin*, which acts specifically on smooth muscle of the uterus, and vasopressin, which induces contraction of smooth muscles of the blood vessels. Vasopressin is associated with an antidiuretic principle that prevents excessive loss of water through the kidneys. A deficiency of this antidiuretic hormone (ADH) causes increased urine production.

Another Alopecia

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am a 50-year-old, female school principal who began symptoms of menopause eight years ago. Two years ago I began losing my hair. Not one person could tell me why: perhaps medicine Calan or Inderal; perhaps hormone change; perhaps tension. No one knew. A dermatologist prescribed an amino-acid complex produced by a company in California and sold by only one pharmacy 25 miles from where I live. This did produce some regrowth—however, not enough to be satisfactory. I cannot keep a neat appearance, which is disturbing.

In the November *Post* I read where someone had injections of Pituitrin (S). Please provide me with possibilities of the success and adverse reactions in using this drug. My internist is very conservative, for which I am appreciative; nevertheless, if it's safe I'd sure like to try the injections. I am healthy and have extensive physical exams each year.

I subscribe to a newsletter for those with alopecia areata. Even though my problem is not the same, I am interested since it's related to hair loss. At this year's conference at Johns Hopkins Hospital, reports on testosterone were provided. I have ordered that material and wonder what you think about taking testosterone?

Virginia Thompson
Flat Rock, North Carolina

Hair loss or *alopecia* is one of the side effects described for Inderal.

Pituitrin is a proprietary name for posterior pituitary extract. It is used to stimulate contraction of blood vessels, peristalsis in intestines, and uterine contractions in labor. Posterior pituitary hormones are also used for *diabetes insipidus*. Diabetes insipidus is a condition causing the excretion of large quantities of sugar-free urine. It is sometimes seen in women who have undergone a hypophysectomy (surgical removal of the pituitary gland) for treatment of breast cancer.

Extracts of the posterior pituitary glands of animals have been used to prevent diabetes insipidus patients from becoming dehydrated. When the disease is mild, patients can keep it under control by inhaling a powdered form of the extract through the nose for systemic absorption from the mucous membranes lining the nose. The more potent posterior pituitary injection (Pituitrin) is used for more severe cases.

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internists now prefer to use the purer form of the hormone, *vasopressin injection* (Pitressin), or a longer-lasting preparation, *vasopressin tannate injection* (Pitressin Tannate).

Lypressin, a synthetic form of this hormone, has several advantages over the natural posterior pituitary gland hormone. This drug is available as a liquid nasal spray that is less irritating than the dry posterior pituitary gland powdered extract and more convenient than the injections. One or two sprays in each nostril as needed can control polyuria and thirst for up to six hours.

You asked about adverse effects. As with most medications, there are some. It can cause increased bowel movements and abdominal cramps. Constriction of arterial smooth muscle may cause a mild rise in blood pressure. Patients with *angina pectoris* may suffer from more chest pain with this drug—it isn't prescribed for patients who suffer from cardiovascular diseases.

Colitis on Campus

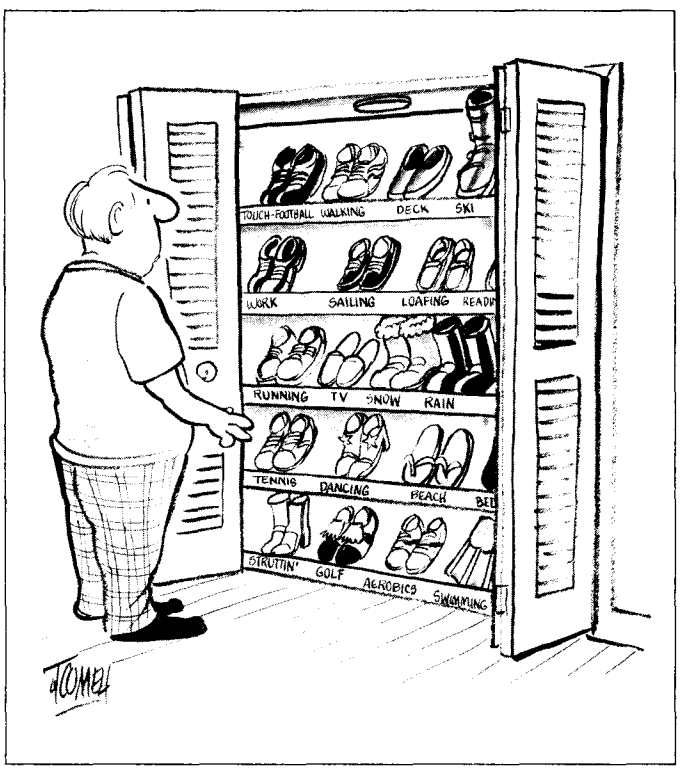
Dear Dr. SerVaas:

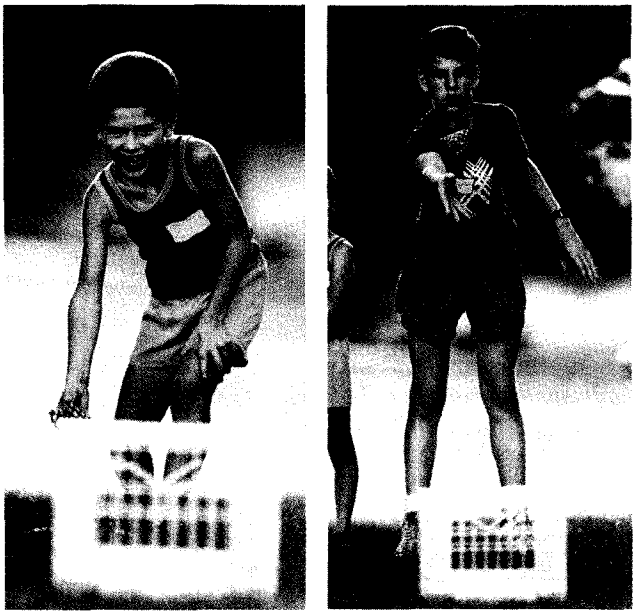
I have a subscription to the *Post*. In the April '88 edition on page 100 there was a letter to Dr. SerVaas in the "Medical Mailbox." The person had been troubled with colitis and had sent for a diet plan from the Colitis Club which had greatly helped the person.

I have a college-age daughter who has suffered from colitis for several years and has been taking medication to relieve it when she is in pain. I would like to get the diet for colitis from the Colitis Club but don't know how to go about it. Could you possibly get this letter to the right person so that I could request a copy of the diet?

Anne L. Redman
Virginia Beach, Virginia

For these diets, write to the Colitis Club, c/o *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.





Bean-bag competitions develop skills for horseshoe pitching and perhaps a discus throw for the gold later.

Younger competitors don't care if the ribbons they win are blue, red, or white, but one of each is more fun for this happy budding athlete. All children who compete win ribbons.

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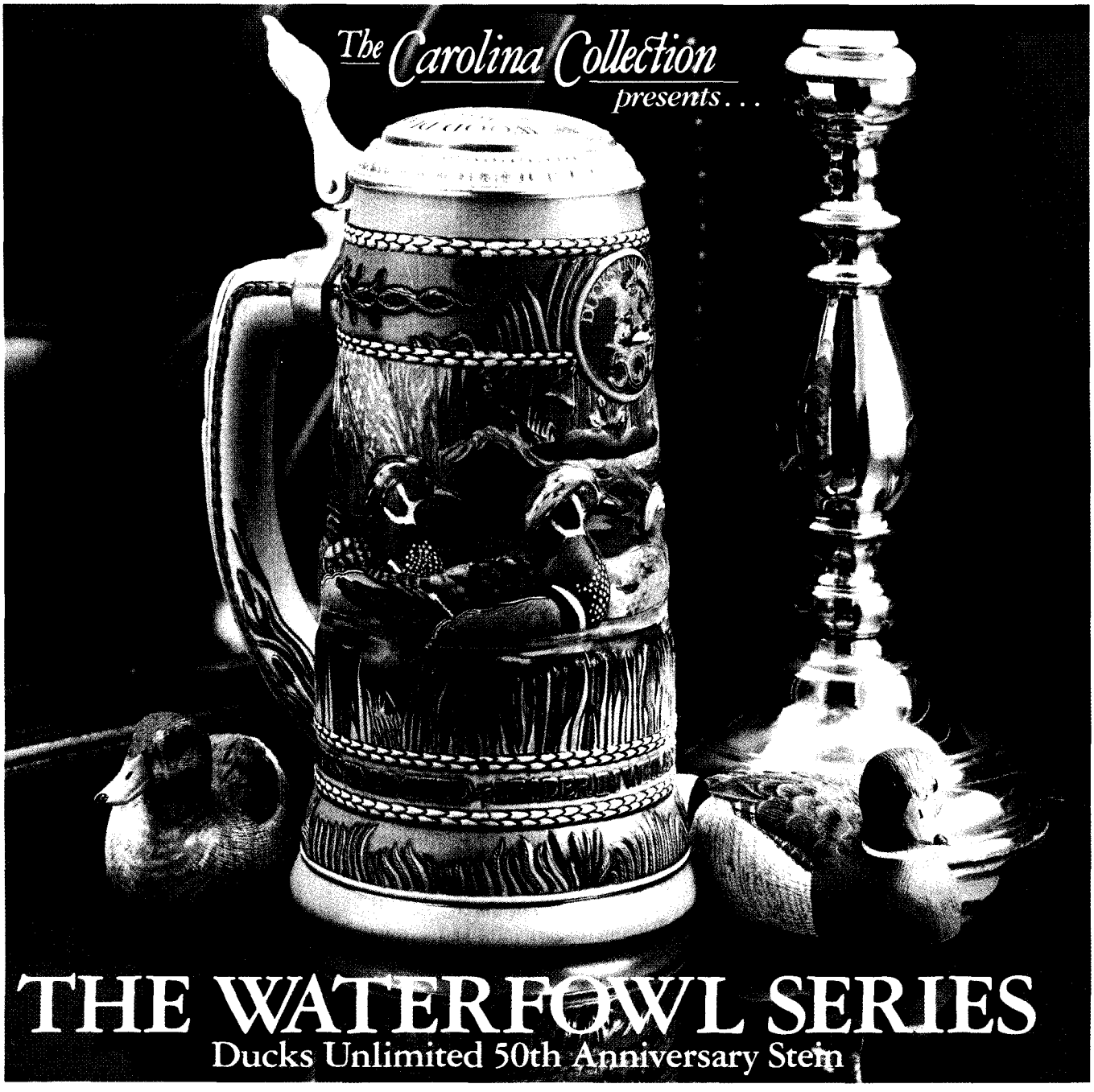
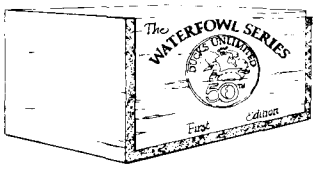


In tribute to the Golden Anniversary of Ducks Unlimited, *The Carolina Collection* proudly presents the premiere issue of **The Waterfowl Series.** This first-in-a-series of collectible steins features the colorful **Wood Duck.**

Meticulously molded in deep relief, this extraordinary collectors stein has been crafted by world renowned, **Ceramarte, Ltd.** Measuring a full 9″ in height, your stein will be lidded in pewter and ceramic, hand numbered and packaged in a handsome pine storage box.



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Allow 4 to 6 weeks for shipment.

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Two Festivals

continued from page 87

Rabbi Cohen stopped Papa at his weeding a few days later. Elijah and I, now good friends, stood close by to watch the historic encounter.

"I'm Rabbi Cohen, your new neighbor."

"I know you jus-a move in," Papa said. "Is-a good you jus-a move in."

"It's time ve should meet," Rabbi Cohen said, with his unique inflection. He shook Papa's hand warmly. "I vant to thank you for the invitation to be vis you and your family for Christmas dinner."

"It's-a all right," Papa said. "You and your family come. We gotta plenty to eat."

"That's a problem," the rabbi said and smiled. "You see, ve can only eat certain style foods. Ve run a kosher household."

"Well," said Papa, in the usual way he had of refusing to allow anything to present a problem. "We'll cook what-a you eat—kosher." Of course, Papa had no idea what kosher was. He was counting on Mama's usual creativity in the kitchen.

"Vell," replied Rabbi Cohen, "it's a little more complicated dan dat."

He proceeded to explain what a kosher household entails. Papa nodded understanding, but it became plain that evening at the dinner table that he had understood very little of what the rabbi told him. What he concluded was that Jews ate differently from other people, that they did know what Christmas was all about, and that they too had a very special holiday in December called Hanukkah.

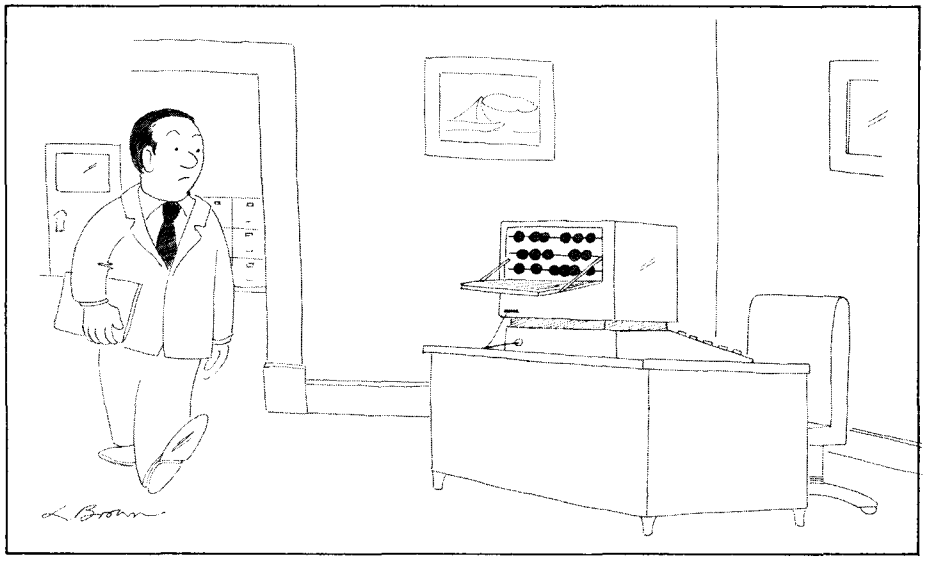
But in spite of communication problems, Papa was delighted to tell us that the Cohens would be our guests for Christmas dinner and, in turn, we were invited to share their Hanukkah ceremony several nights later.

My elder sister was sent out to the nearby kosher market on Wabash and Evergreen with instructions to buy enough kosher food to satisfy at least ten people. Papa wanted to be sure there would be enough. Though we had very little money to spare, feeding our new neighbors was a very high priority.

My mother was delighted and intrigued when my sister returned with large bags of assorted foods in tightly sealed jars and containers marked "kosher." The grocer had helped her select a very special feast, indeed.

Both holiday visits were great successes. After surmounting various problems and supplying appropriate utensils of their own, the Cohens were very touched by the special dinner set before them. The Buscaglias devoured their Christmas feast with their accustomed gusto. There were gifts for the Cohens under the Christmas tree, and in the soft glow of Christmas lights we serenaded them with carols, in both English and Italian.

Each year Mama proudly displayed a traditional manger scene made up of several small hand-carved figures: Mary, Joseph, the infant Jesus, and a few shepherds, angels, and animals she had managed to carry with her among the few possessions she brought from Italy. Over the manger was a tiny banner on which were printed the words: *"Pace sulla terra agli uomini di buon volonta."*



During the evening, Mrs. Cohen fingered each of the images tenderly, then asked, "What does the banner say, Mrs. Buscaglia?"

"*Pace.* Peace," Mama answered.

"Yes," the rabbi sighed. "Peace."

I can remember much laughter that night, but I recall more vividly the tears brought on by shared memories of the "old country." How much they missed the families left behind, the dear friends, the special foods now unavailable, the places of their childhoods that perhaps they would never see again.

Several evenings later we sat in the Cohens' living room eating potato latkes, sharing small glasses of wine, and breaking bread—the challah. We watched in silence as Mrs. Cohen lit the last of the Hanukkah candles from the flame of the *shammash*—eight in all—until the menorah was ablaze with light. Mrs. Cohen looked beautiful in the bright candlelight. "Like a Madonna," my mother told her. "Oy vey," Mrs. Cohen said, "a Jewish Madonna!" We listened to the prayers and the songs. Rabbi Cohen had a beautiful basso voice that towered over the others in a strange harmony. We were all presented with Hanukkah gifts. We learned to spin the dreidel, a great game that produced much laughter.

When the time came for us to depart, Rabbi Cohen put his arm around my father's shoulder. "Hanukkah isn't Christmas, but like your Christmas, it's a time of a miracle, a Festival of Light," he explained. He told us it celebrates a rededication of their temple, a reminder to put away thoughts of revenge and battle and share love in peace with family and friends. "Just like it says on your manger—time for 'peace on earth to men of good will.' "

I can still visualize the moment when we departed from the Hanukkah celebration. Papa huddled us all together under umbrellas at the bottom of the Cohens' front porch. He turned and said, "Happy Hanukkah, *cari amici.*" Rabbi Cohen, his family surrounding him, smiled down at us and said, "Merry Christmas, neighbors. *Mazel tov!*"

This was the beginning of a loving friendship between our two families that was to last more than 30 years. Thirty years in which so many things

continued on page 110

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Jews must be interesting

or God wouldn't have written so much about them in the Bible.

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FOOD

ELEGANT HOLIDAY ENTRÉES

Delicious ways to keep Christmas entertaining luxurious and light.

by Pat Perry

Old Santa's not the only one making a list and checking it twice. Holiday chefs are busy planning menus and shopping for just the right ingredients to make the season's celebration a merry memory.

Fellowship and, of course, good food are the highlights of the holidays. So this year let family and friends know how much you care by going all-out. Fetch the finery, stoke up the fire, and keep the bayberry candles aglow. An elegant evening meal makes entertaining special. And with planning, the gourmet cook can create a stylish, savory meal without feeling totally frazzled.

Before the dinner party, organize yourself. Make sure that you have all of the necessary ingredients *before* you begin preparing the recipes. Decorate the dining-room table several days before the party, if possible. Keep attractive garnishes on hand to transform otherwise simple dishes into elegant entrées. Grapes, sliced apples, or parsley, for example, can add both fresh flavor and appealing color to the dish. Use your own personal flair.

Keep the well-seasoned celebration merry and "light." These salt-free, low-fat menu suggestions will both please the palate and delight the diet-conscious.

The succulent Salmon Steaks recipe calls for fresh salmon, sprinkled with spicy seasonings, baked briefly in light oil to prevent drying out, and garnished with grapes.

If another fish strikes your fancy, the Reddened Fish recipe will allow you to use the fillet of personal choice—cod, haddock, halibut, black bass, or sole. Top steaks with Herbed Lemon Sauce—a rich mixture of apple juice, low-fat yogurt, and lemon-and-herb seasonings.

Minted Carrots is a quick and easy side dish, bringing together the tart flavor of apple and lemon juices with a hint of mint and white pepper. Another enjoyable option is delicious Fettucini Jardiniere, which also pools apple, lemon, and orange juices, with tasty tapioca, fresh-cut vegetables, and grated sapsago cheese, served on a bed of the all-time favorite pasta—fettucini. Colorful and unique, Red Cabbage is a creative combo of cabbage, onion, apple, and potato, spiced with cider vinegar and red wine.

A delightfully fresh idea, Port Poached Peaches, coated with a delicious sauce of port wine, butter flavoring, and allspice, will tame the sweet tooth without the sugar.

Salmon Steaks

(Makes 4 servings)

1 pound salmon
1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons Mrs. Dash Lemon and Herb Seasoning
1 teaspoon corn oil
Grapes

Cut salmon into serving-size steaks and moisten with lemon juice. Sprinkle with Mrs. Dash seasoning. Bake in lightly oiled pan 5 minutes per inch of thickness at 350° F. Garnish with grapes before serving.

Reddened Fish

(Makes 4 servings)

1 pound fish fillets (cod, haddock, halibut, black bass, or sole)
1 teaspoon fresh lemon juice
2 tablespoons Mrs. Dash Extra Spicy Seasoning
2 tablespoons paprika
1 teaspoon corn oil

Cut fish into serving-size pieces and moisten with lemon juice. In shallow dish or pie pan, mix together Mrs. Dash and paprika. Coat one side of each fillet with reddened mixture. Place coated fillets in hot, lightly oiled, nonstick, oven-proof sauté pan Sauté about 1 minute on each side Place pan of fish in 425° F. oven t finish cooking. Fish should be cooke quickly to avoid drying out, whic makes it tough and tasteless. A goo rule to follow is to cook 10 minutes pe inch of thickness at 425° F. Example Cook ½" thick fish fillet 5 minutes Serve with wedge of lemon or Herbe Lemon Sauce (see recipe below).

Herbed Lemon Sauce

(Makes 4 servings)

½ cup apple juice
1½ teaspoons cornstarch
1 teaspoon Mrs. Dash Lemon and Herb Seasoning
¼ cup low-fat yogurt

Combine apple juice, cornstarch, an Mrs. Dash in small saucepan. Brin to boil; whisk constantly. Remov from heat; let cool one minute. Ad yogurt; whisk until smooth.

Poached Salmon

(Makes 8 servings)

8 cups water
4 cups dry white wine
1 large onion, coarsely chopped
1 celery stalk, cut up
1 carrot, sliced
5 parsley sprigs
2 bay leaves
½ teaspoon rosemary leaves, crushed
½ teaspoon thyme leaves, crushed
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 3-pound whole salmon, dressed
Watercress
Lemon slices

In fish poacher or covered roasting pan (long enough for fish) with rack, over high heat, heat first 11 ingredients to boiling. Reduce heat to low. Cover; simmer 30 minutes. Then fold

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several thicknesses of cheesecloth to make rectangle at least twice as wide and about 12 inches longer than fish. Center fish on cloth. Fold long sides of cloth over fish; tie knots in ends of cloth to secure fish. Lower salmon onto rack in simmering mixture; cover. Over medium-low heat, simmer until fish flakes easily when tested with fork, allowing 10 minutes per inch of thickness at the thickest part. Cool slightly in broth. Remove fish from broth; carefully remove and discard skin. To serve: Place salmon on platter; garnish with watercress and lemon slices. Serve warm.

Red Cabbage
(Makes 6-8 servings)

1 head red cabbage, cored and shredded
1 onion, peeled and thinly sliced
1 apple, peeled and chopped
1 potato, peeled and finely chopped
1 cup cider vinegar
1 cup dry red wine or water
⅓ cup Brown Sugar Twin
3 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 teaspoon ground allspice

Combine all ingredients in large pot. Bring to boil, turn down heat, and simmer 30 minutes, stirring occasionally, until cabbage is tender.

Minted Carrots
(Makes 8-10 servings)

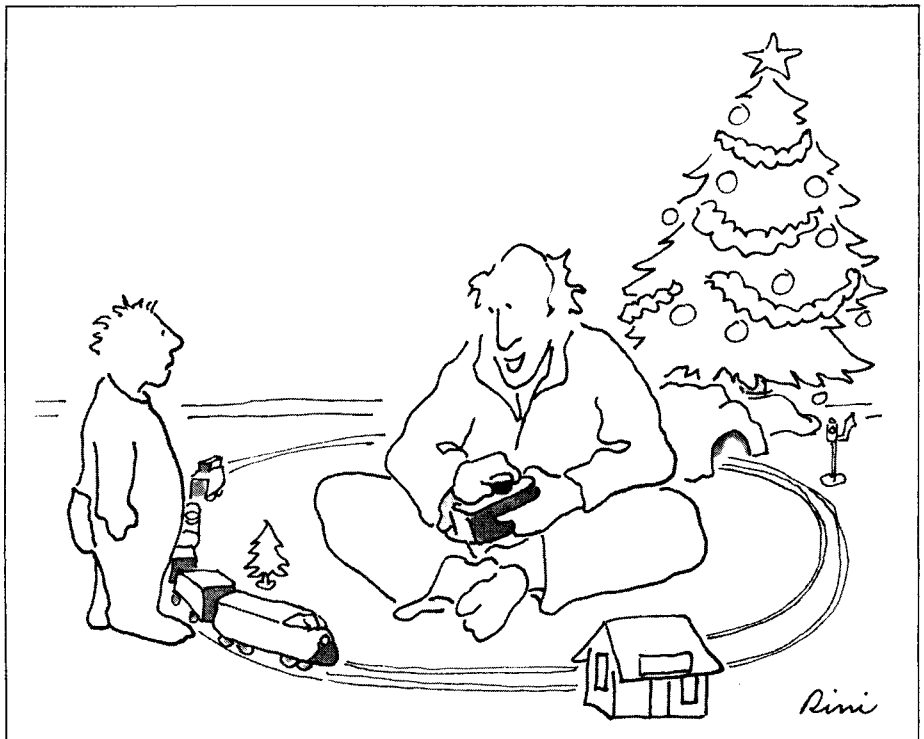
6 cups sliced carrots
⅔ cup apple juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup Sugar Twin
1 tablespoon cornstarch
3 tablespoons dry mint leaves
Dash white pepper

Place carrots in large pot with enough water to cover by 1". Bring to boil, reduce heat, and simmer 8-10 minutes or until tender but crisp. Drain and set carrots aside, keeping warm. Put remaining ingredients in large pot and mix well. Stirring constantly, bring liquid to boil. Reduce heat, add carrots, and toss gently until thoroughly coated. Serve.

Brussels Sprouts and Walnuts
(Makes 4 servings)

1 pound Brussels sprouts
2 tablespoons margarine
½ cup broken walnuts

With sharp knife, trim stems from Brussels sprouts. Cut X into stem ends of sprouts to speed cooking time. Rinse sprouts. In 2-quart saucepan over medium heat, in 1" salted water, heat sprouts to boiling. Reduce heat to low. Cover; simmer 10-15 minutes or until sprouts are tender-crisp. Drain. Add margarine and walnuts; toss to combine. Heat through.



"Son, one afternoon all this will be yours."

Minted Peas
(Makes 6 servings)

2 pounds peas, shelled
Mint sprig
2 tablespoons margarine
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt, if desired
Dash pepper

In 2-quart saucepan over medium heat, boil 1" salted water. Add peas and mint; return to boiling. Reduce heat to low. Cover; simmer 5 minutes. Drain; discard mint sprig. Stir in margarine, sugar, salt, and pepper; heat through.

Tip: Prepare as above but substitute 2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen peas for fresh peas; cook as label directs. Substitute ½ teaspoon dried mint leaves, crushed, for fresh mint.

Fettucini Jardiniere
(Makes 5 servings)

1 cup apple juice
¼ cup orange juice
1 tablespoon tapioca (instant)
2 tablespoons whole-wheat flour
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
1 pound fettucini
2 teaspoons vegetable oil
5 cups cut-up fresh vegetables (see note below)
2½ teaspoons Mrs. Dash Lemon and Herb Seasoning Blend
5 teaspoons grated sapsago cheese

For sauce, combine apple juice, orange juice, tapioca, flour, vinegar, and lemon juice in small saucepan; let stand 10 minutes. Bring to boil; stir constantly. Remove from heat. Place sauce mixture in blender; blend until smooth. Set aside. Cook pasta according to package directions. Place cooked pasta in colander; rinse thoroughly with cold water. Toss with 1½ teaspoons oil. Place remaining oil in 12" nonstick sauté pan over medium to medium-high heat. Place 1 cup sauce in pan. Add pasta and vegetables; toss until hot. Just before serving, add Mrs. Dash seasoning blend. Remove from heat and toss. Top each serving with 1 teaspoon grated sapsago cheese.

Note: Any combination of red or green pepper, yellow squash, zucchini, green onion, mushrooms, broccoli, and cauliflower may be used.

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Vegetables may be julienned or cut into bite-size pieces, steamed slightly or used raw, as desired.

Port Poached Peaches
(Makes 6 servings)

6 firm, medium-size, fresh peaches
1½ cups red port wine (ruby)
½ teaspoon ground allspice
1 tablespoon Molly McButter All Natural Butter Flavor Sprinkles
½ teaspoon cornstarch
2 teaspoons water

Pare peaches; leave skins intact. To prevent browning, dip peaches into 1 quart water to which 1 teaspoon lemon juice has been added. Place peaches upright in shallow 1½-quart or 8" square baking dish; set aside. In small saucepan, combine wine and allspice; bring to boil over medium heat. Reduce heat; simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat; whisk in Molly McButter sprinkles. Pour wine sauce evenly over peaches. Bake at 350° F. 30 minutes; baste peaches with sauce every 10 minutes. Cover baking dish with foil; continue baking 20-30 minutes until peaches are crisp-tender when tested with fork. Place peaches in individual dessert dishes. In small saucepan, dissolve cornstarch in water. Gradually add wine sauce; stir constantly. Boil over medium heat and stir 1 minute. Spoon sauce over peaches.

Spiced Peaches
(Makes 4 servings)

1 can (16 oz.) peach halves in fruit juice (not syrup)
1 small cinnamon stick
12 whole cloves
Juice of 2 lemons
¼ cup Brown Sugar Twin
1 teaspoon brandy extract
¼ cup apple juice
2 teaspoons cornstarch
4 tablespoons nonfat yogurt

Drain peach halves, reserve fruit juice, and set peaches aside. Combine reserved juice and remaining ingredients except yogurt in saucepan. Over medium-high heat, whisk until thoroughly blended and bring to boil. Reduce heat to low and simmer 3-5 minutes. Strain liquid; discard remaining spices and pour liquid over peach halves. Chill. Place 2 peach halves each in individual glass dishes. Top with 1 tablespoon yogurt and serve.

Coffee Rum Fluff with Mocha Sauce
(Makes 4 servings)

½ tablespoon unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup evaporated milk
⅛ cup Brown Sugar Twin
½ teaspoon rum extract
1 teaspoon instant coffee
Mocha Sauce (see recipe below)

Sprinkle gelatin over cold water in small saucepan. Over low heat, stir constantly until gelatin dissolves. Add evaporated milk, Brown Sugar Twin, rum extract, and instant coffee. Blend well. Chill until mixture is partially set. Whip at high speed until soft peaks form. Spoon into parfait glasses.
Mocha Sauce: Combine ¾ cup water, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 1 teaspoon unsweetened cocoa powder, 1 teaspoon instant coffee, and ½ cup Sugar Twin in saucepan. Whisking constantly, bring to boil. Chill and serve over Coffee Rum Fluff.

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Two Festivals

continued from page 104

happened, none of which we could foretell during that first special season. Rabbi Cohen died one day on his way to *shul*. His heart simply stopped. My brothers and sisters, one by one, left home. Elijah got married and I was his best man. His sister went off to college to become a doctor. Mrs. Cohen went to live with her brother in New York. My parents sold the family home and moved into a small apartment nearer to my elder sister.

Beautiful memories recalled have a way of re-creating the original glow and warmth surrounding them. I feel them still, writing these thoughts, even after 50 years. I can settle back and yield to the feeling of love we radiated during that holiday, a love that will never die as long as there is one of us to remember.

"Happy Hanukkah, *cari amici.*"

"Merry Christmas, neighbors. *Mazel tov!*"

Benefit

continued from page 57

the two actors in front of her. Ethel's own eyes reflected the hurt suffered earlier in the day, and the muscles of her jaw seemed to be holding back anger or tears or both.

Six years in the school system had gradually taught Janet the folklore that surrounded Ethel Christian. She had cast her first vote in a national election for Franklin Roosevelt the year after she began teaching. Nearly 30 years later she voted for John Kennedy at the 1960 convention and openly cried and closed her classroom the day Norman Williams came running in with the news that the President was dead. She voted for Carter in 1976 and more secretly in 1980, only after still more secretly voting for another Kennedy in the Democratic primary.

No matter the secrecy; it was a small-town school, and the small town had pegged her as a liberal. Ethel Christian had remained in her classroom at Northside Elementary when it integrated in 1958, lived through phone calls in the night, and survived cries of "nigger lover" when she had shielded a first-grade student from rotten eggs. She was also getting old, and words like "old white bitch" cut easily through the stern facade she had cultivated over a 50-year tenure. She would retire in June at age 72.

David's head raised up straight. His large deep-brown eyes never blinked.

"Miss Christian, I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry. I said something that wasn't me. I like you. My family likes you. But you remind me of my grandma. And *she* wasn't coming thi Christmas. And I was trying to ge money to pay her way. And I wa mad. Brian and Tom and Crai knew. But they was scared. And yo were the only one stopping me." H stopped for breath, his words rushin closer together. "I'll shovel you walk when the snow comes. This win ter and every winter. Not just 'caus Miss Janet will pay me . . ." h paused, unsure whether the bargai was private or not. "But 'cause want to. You've done good by m and my family and they all know i and you don't have nobody and don't . . ." David was crying. Ethe Christian stepped forward, holdin her own breath, a dam of tears abou to break. She put her arms aroun David's shoulders and he wrapped hi gangling arms about her torso.

They stood in the silence shared on ly with Janet and the bare, gray coun try play yard outside. Then Janet fel a tear form and the need to leave th scene without breaking it. She slippe back, then out the door, catching then preserving for a later day, th brief glance of gratitude and peace i Miss Christian's eye.

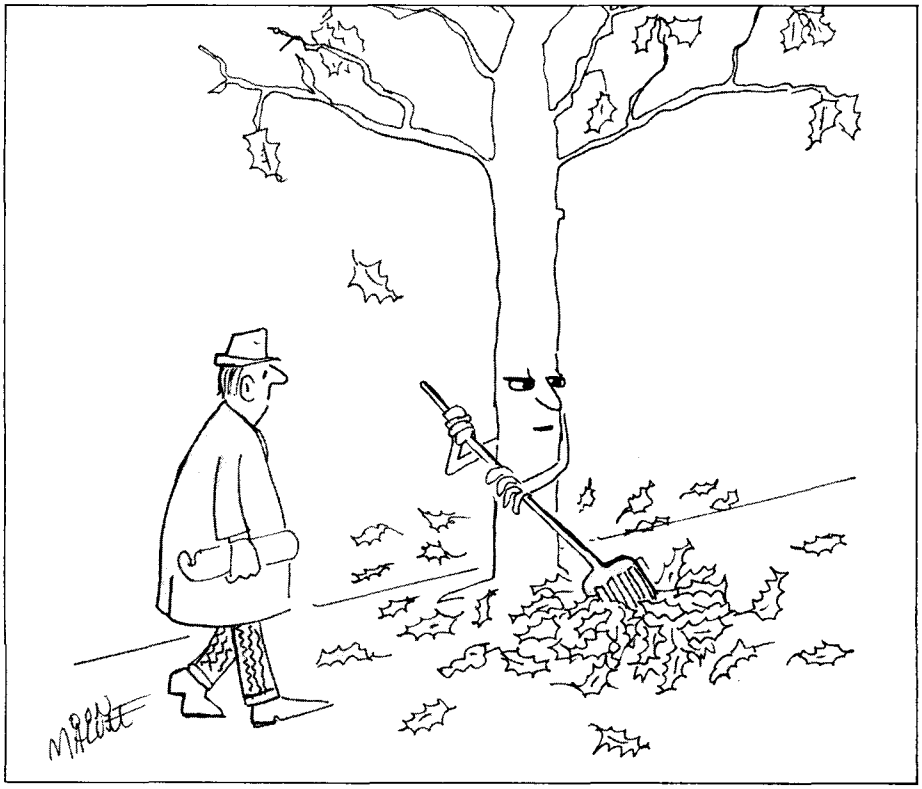
Janet walked the hallway alone thi time, quickly took her one crisp $2 bill from her wallet, placed it in a envelope, and rapidly scribbled o the outside: "David Mays. For serv ices performed and to be rendered."

She returned to Miss Christian' room in the growing darkness. Thei embrace broken, teacher and studen stood side by side, David's right arm about her broad back, hers propped lightly on his shoulders, staring ou the window at two squirrels running up and down the limbs that criss-crossed and rubbed against the win-dows of the school.

"I need to get going," Janet noted quietly. They turned around. Miss Christian came to her and David followed.

"Thank you, Janet. You have been a capable mediator in our little dispute." Even while Ethel Christian verbally resumed the persona of Teacher that she had chiseled upon herself for 50 years, the gentle squeeze Janet felt against her hand related much more. "Please have a very merry Christmas. And do have a good visit with your family. They must love you very much."

Janet started, then smiled politely. Poor Ethel Christian. Perhaps she



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was slipping. Janet had mentioned over lunch just the other day that she would not be staying with her parents over Christmas.

"And David," Janet said, "here's the benefit of our bargain. It looks as though we have all been well-served." David hugged her, harder, tighter, as he would have hugged his mother. He looked up and said nothing.

A sudden change of expression flashed over David's face. Janet read his thoughts.

"The shovel." Janet said, "I almost forgot. Miss Christian, David needs a shovel. Do you have one he can borrow?"

"Of course."

"Good. You two work out the rental," she said jokingly. "Now I've got to run."

Janet thrust her arm into the strap of her purse and briefcase and left the room behind her for the holidays.

The rush of cold air first took her breath away and then invigorated her as Janet crossed the gravel parking lot and fumbled with the stiff door lock of her Chevette. The car turned over on the fourth try, and Janet sat shivering while she waited for the heater to kick on. As she loosened the brake, the car sputtered slowly forward, and she eased past the school just as David Mays emerged from the front door. Slipping into second gear, she honked the horn in a moment of good-bye and celebration. Past the county library and Murphy's Furniture store on her right, past the Winn-Dixie and Rexall drugstore on her left, Janet was warm, in fifth gear, and going 50 when she left the city limits headed for Louisville.

Two hundred yards ahead, Susan's and Lucy's cars stood out clearly in the parking lot of the Old Stone Inn. Janet slowed to third gear and put on her right signal light. For a moment she contemplated the method by which she would share her afternoon with Susan and Lucy, then realized she simply couldn't. It was too fragile out of context, and when they left the last sip of wine in their glasses and returned to Louisville for an evening with family or friends, Janet would leave for her apartment and the breakfast dishes.

It was probably the dirty dishes that decided the issue. Janet shifted back into fourth gear and turned at the next ramp onto the expressway. Turning on the radio, Janet adjusted her seat slightly backward for a longer trip. Without even thinking twice about stopping for clothes (her mother, like her, was a perfect four) Janet wound around the city on the Watterson Expressway and then turned south for Birmingham. They rolled by like depot stops on an old-fashioned train route: Elizabethtown, Cave City, Bowling Green, Franklin, Nashville, and on south.

She got off the expressway at the Murfreesboro "midway" point and was halfway through a Wendy's single with cheese when a discordant thought made her sit upright.

It came to her that all the way down I-65 and halfway through dinner, she had been wondering whether *David* would learn and profit from his experience; she had reviewed the afternoon's events and wondered whether his grandmother would come, whether he would keep his contract, and whether he would ultimately profit from her solution.

Then Janet remembered that Ethel Christian had wished *her* a good visit with her family. Had Miss Christian really forgotten, or did she know more than Janet the full consideration Janet had received from her contract with David?

The rain outside was turning to sleet, and Janet rebuttoned her coat and took the remainder of her coffee with her, eager to move on toward Birmingham. She wondered then—and she would wonder again when Ethel Christian retired and David Mays moved on to middle school at the year's end—whether, after all, she had received the greatest benefit of the bargain struck that lonely afternoon.

Thyroid Mystery

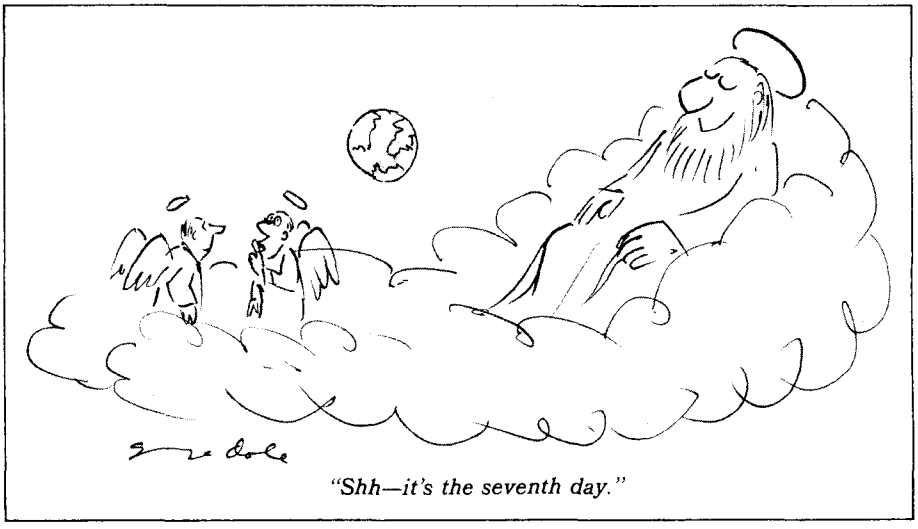
continued from page 53

hormone therapy for some years. Her thyroid gland should have been anything but enlarged. That enlargement suggested that something was stimulating it. I began to wonder if I was dealing with a genetic problem—a genetic susceptibility. Mrs. Jacobson had her own house. She didn't live with her son. But they both had what looked like the same illness. On the other hand, that hardly explained the other cases.

"Well, Dan Fishbein arrived. He had with him an enthusiastic assistant—a young woman medical student named Janet Farhie. She was working at CDC as an intern. Dan was originally from California—from Hollywood, no less! She was from upstate New York.

"Dan and Jan—as they came to be—had with them another helper: a copy of *The Thyroid,* by Drs. Sidney Ingbar and Lewis Braverman, the standard text in the field. They had been giving themselves a crash course in endocrinology. But they had something valuable that I didn't have. Dan was trained in epidemiology and had years of experience, and she was learning. They moved into the Holiday Inn here, and we got down to work. We agreed, at least for the moment, that what we seemed to be seeing here was the same as the York outbreak. The fact that that York County outbreak ended so abruptly and inconclusively gave us a sense of urgency. We didn't want to be left dangling here. And our outbreak was growing pretty fast."

(continued next issue)



"Shh—it's the seventh day."

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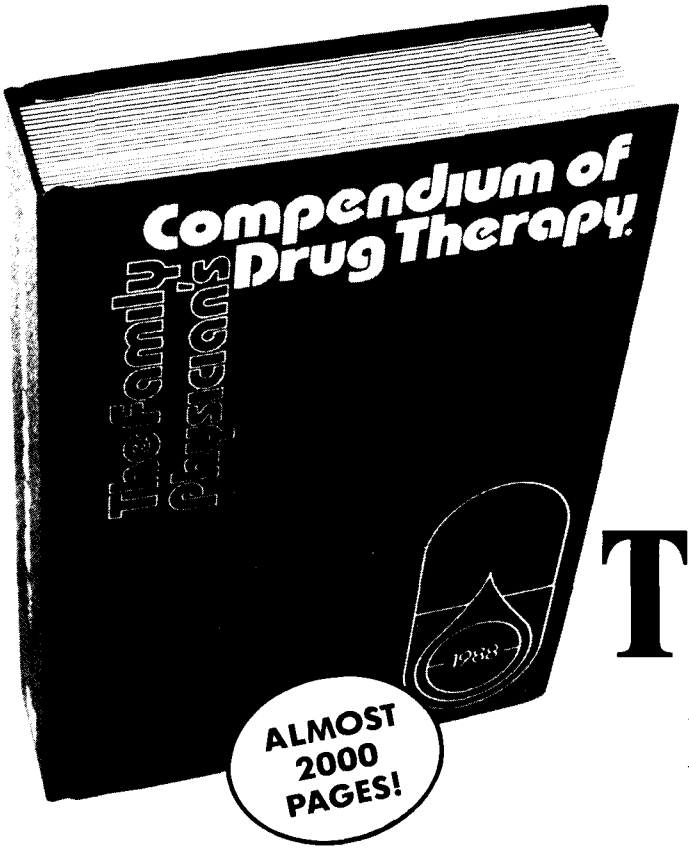

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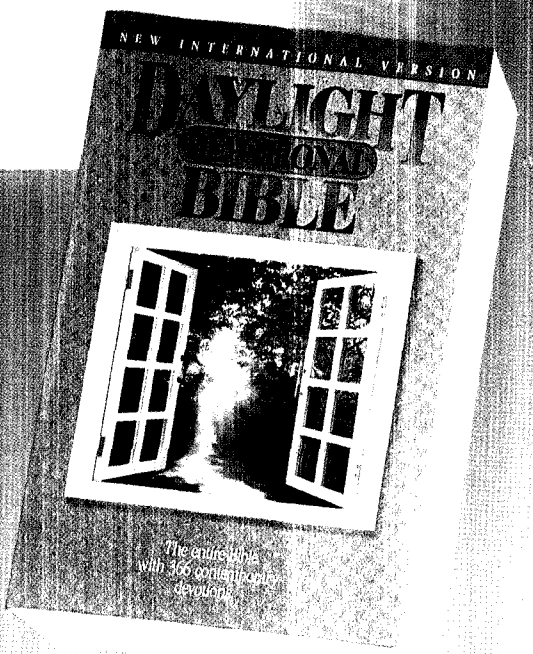
When you're looking for sunlight, open this.



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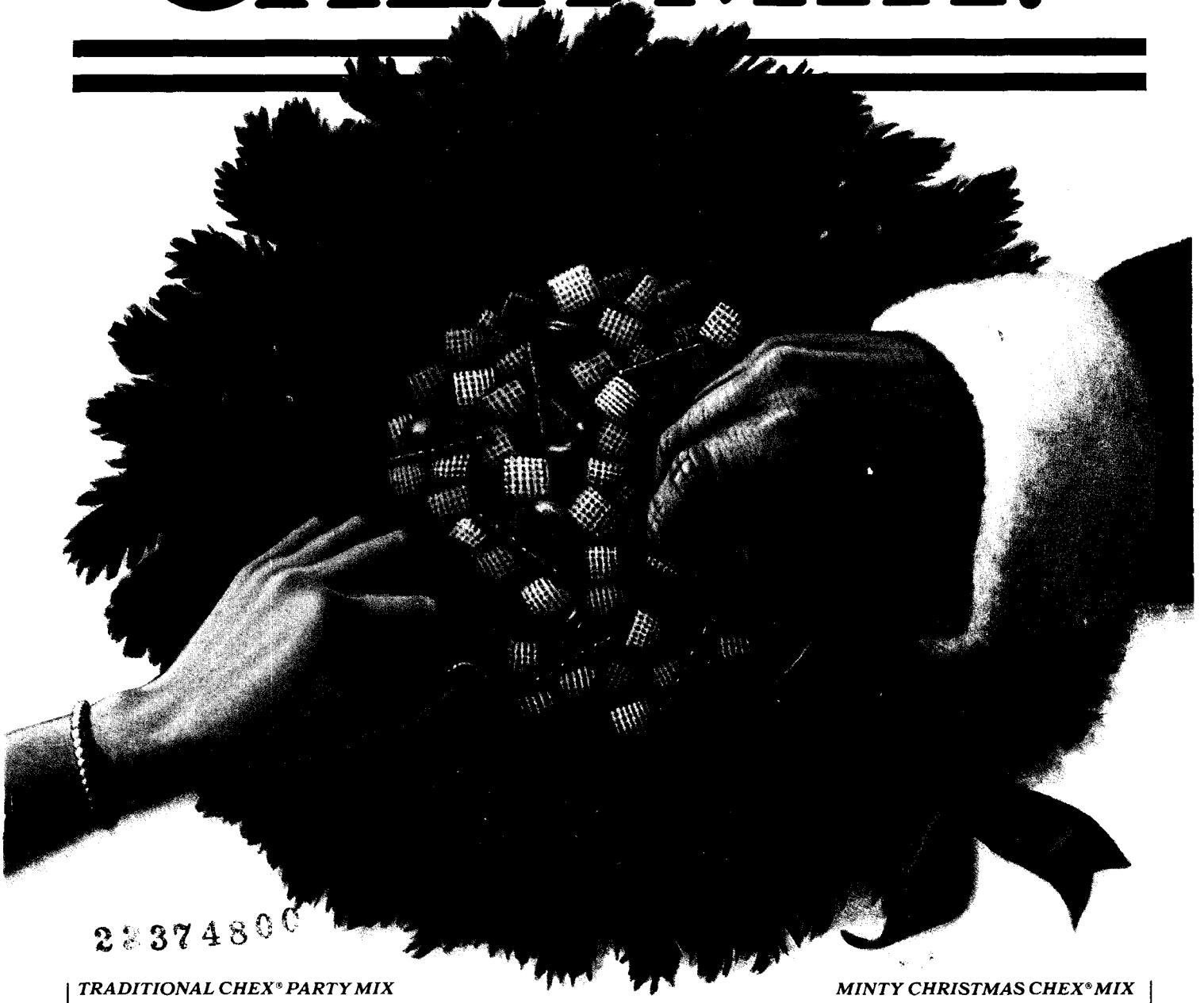
MERRY CHEX® MIX!



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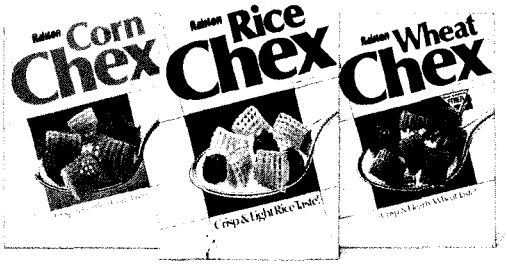
TRADITIONAL CHEX® PARTY MIX

¼ cup (½ stick) butter or margarine
1¼ teaspoons seasoned salt
4½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
2⅔ cups Corn Chex® brand cereal
2⅔ cups Rice Chex® brand cereal
2⅔ cups Wheat Chex® brand cereal
1 cup salted mixed nuts
1 cup pretzel sticks

Preheat oven to 250°. In open roasting pan melt butter in oven. Remove. Stir in seasoned salt and Worcestershire. Gradually add cereals, nuts and pretzels, stirring until all pieces are evenly coated. Bake 1 hour, stirring every 15 minutes. Spread on absorbent paper to cool. Store in airtight container. Makes 9 cups.

Now you can prepare Chex® Party Mix in the microwave! See directions on any package of Wheat, Rice or Corn Chex® Brand cereal.



CHEX® PARTY MIX THE CLASSIC CRUNCH

MINTY CHRISTMAS CHEX® MIX

¼ cup (½ stick) butter or margarine
¼ cup sugar
2 teaspoons peppermint extract
2⅔ cups Corn Chex® brand cereal
2⅔ cups Rice Chex® brand cereal
2⅔ cups Wheat Chex® brand cereal
1 cup yogurt covered peanuts
½ cup candy coated chocolate pieces
½ cup miniature chocolate covered mint patties

Preheat oven to 250°. In open roasting pan, melt butter in oven. Stir in sugar and extract. Gradually add cereals, stirring until all pieces are evenly coated. Bake 20 to 25 minutes. Spread on absorbent paper to cool. Stir in peanuts, chocolate pieces and mint patties. Store in airtight container. Makes 9 cups.

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